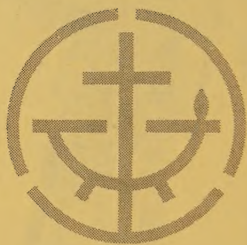


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H O R A C E .



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"*THE CHANDOS CLASSICS.*"

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# H O R A C E :

*The Odes, Epodes, Satires, and Epistles.*

TRANSLATED BY

*THE MOST EMINENT ENGLISH SCHOLARS  
AND POETS,*

INCLUDING

BEN JONSON, MILTON, DRYDEN, ADDISON,  
LYTTON, CONINGTON, CALVERLEY,  
SIR THEODORE MARTIN,  
&c., &c.



LONDON AND NEW YORK :  
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.

1889.

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## PREFACE.

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IN spite of the great difficulty of rendering the exquisite Odes of Horace into another language without at least diminishing their singular charm, they have found more translators than any other classic poet. From the days when the gallant and gifted Surrey and Sir Philip Sidney tried to achieve the task of rendering a few Odes, to the present day, numbers of our poets and greatest scholars have attempted to bestow on English Literature a more or less perfect version of the Roman Poet's works. Thus the terseness, the picturesqueness, the archness, or pathos of Horace have had the advantage of being reflected from many minds, and given in rhymeless metre or melodious verse as each translator preferred. The earliest ones were remarkable for almost too close a fidelity to the original, with the exception, perhaps, of Milton's rendering of the Ode to Pyrrha, which is as beautiful as it is faithful.

Then came paraphrastic translators and imitators, as Cowley and Dryden; and at last the version by Francis, which was long considered the standard one, appeared, and since then numbers of our best poets

or ripest scholars have given us more or less excellent translations of the poet. It is to obtain this varied reflection of the poet's genius from many minds, that this translation of Horace has been compiled; selections being made from poets and scholars dating from Ben Jonson to the present day.

Amongst the earliest will be found the names of Sir R. Fanshawe, Sir T. Hawkins, Sir John Beaumont (brother of the dramatist), Lord Roscommon, C. Pitt (whose translation of the *Æneid* Dr. Johnson preferred to Dryden's), Boscawen, Warton, Mitford, &c. &c., with other names too well known to need specifying.

For the more recent and admirable versions of the Odes with which the Editor has been permitted to enrich this volume, sincere thanks are offered to Sir Theodore Martin, to Professor Newman, and to the publishers of Lord Lytton's Odes of Horace, of J. Conington's and of the late Herbert Grant's, for their courtesy in permitting their insertion. If by chance any Ode should have been inserted without acknowledgment, apologies are now made for the oversight.

THE EDITOR OF  
"THE CHANDOS CLASSICS."

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## MEMOIR.

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QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS—the delightful “Horace” beloved by all classic scholars—was born on December 8, in the year of Rome 689, sixty-five years before the birth of Christ, during the Consulate of L. Cotta and L. Manlius Torquatus.

The poet’s native place is one of the loveliest in Italy—Venusia (now Venosa), placed on a lofty pine-clad slope of the Apennines, is situated near the source of one of the tributaries of the Aufidus, a rushing, impetuous river, now called the Ofanto, in Apulia, on the mountain side facing the Adriatic. It had been a Roman colony ever since the Samnite wars. It was in Horace’s time a military town. Above his home rose the heights of Mount Vultur (now Voltore); near it were the woods and glens of Bantia (Banzi), where Acherontia nestled amidst the groves—such a home was in truth

“Meet nurse for a poetic child.”

His father was a freed-man; probably he had been the slave before his enfranchisement of a member of the great and distinguished family of the Horatii, whose name, according to the general Roman custom, he was allowed to take on being emancipated. Recent writers \* have, however, discovered that Venusia

\* G. F. Grotefend in “Ersch und Gruber’s Encyclopædie,” C. L. Grotefend in the “Darmstadt Lit. Journal,” and Franke, “Fasti Horatiani,” note 1.

belonged to the Horatian tribe at Rome, and Horace's father may therefore have been a freed-man of the town itself. He found employment, after he became a freed-man, as a collector of payments made at auctions. The collector was a servant of the State; and as probably he received a percentage on the sales, he may have saved money: for it was a period of confiscation and rapid changes of fortune. However that may be, the freed-man became in time able to purchase a farm near Venusia, on the boundaries of Lucania and Apulia.

Here, as we have said, Horace was born. Of his mother he has said nothing, and, as he was a most affectionate son to his father, we may conclude that she died in his infancy. Not otherwise can we understand how the lonely infant could have been allowed to wander unguarded on Mount Vultur's side, where the black viper and the prowling bear might have taken his life. He tells us—

“ Fatigued with sleep and youthful toil of play,  
When on a mountain's brow reclined I lay  
Near to my native soil, around my head  
The fabled woodland doves a verdant foliage spread.

“ Matter, be sure, of wonder most profound  
To all the gazing habitants around,  
Who dwell in Acherontia's airy glades,  
Amid the Bantian woods, or low Ferentum's meads,

“ By snakes of poison black, and beasts of prey,  
That thus in dewy sleep unharmed I lay;  
Laurels and myrtle were around me piled,  
Not without guardian gods, an animated child.”\*

There is something charming in this incident. The innocent child sleeping fearlessly under the care of

\* Book III., Ode iv.

the gods; the doves covering him with leaves; his bed of myrtle and laurel leaves—together form a charming picture. Indeed, Horace is so graphic and picturesque in his descriptions that every ode nearly might task the skill of the artist.

The time came for commencing the education of the boy. It is quite likely that his father may have been a man of education: many slaves were capable of acting as tutors to their owners' sons; and probably the elder Horatius superintended the lessons of his only son till he was ten or twelve years old; then, no doubt aware of the genius of the boy, he resolved not to send him to the country schoolmaster Flavius, where the children of the neighbouring landowners and centurions went, but to take him at once to Rome, and give him the best teaching Italy afforded: and he did this though, as his son says,

“ Maintained  
By a lean farm but poorly.” \*

Horace was deeply grateful, and the world also has great cause of gratitude to this devoted father.

And not only did he send his Horace to study in Rome, but he accompanied him thither, to watch over and guard him from the perils and temptations of a great city, providing him also with slaves, and garments such as would save the boy from the petty scorn of his richer schoolfellows.

Horace has mentioned the name of Orbilius, the grammarian, as one of his schoolmasters: a severe one too, who did not spoil the child by sparing the rod.

\* Satires, I.—VI.

With him the future poet read Homer in Greek—going through the whole *Iliad*—and in Latin Livius Andronicus, the earliest writer of Roman tragedy and the translator of the *Odyssey* into the vernacular metre of Italy—the Saturnian.

Stirring events occurred in Rome during Horace's schooldays. The war between Pompey and Cæsar had begun; Cicero was at the height of his fame; and when Horace was sixteen Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, and entered triumphantly into Rome. The lad probably then shared, as a boyish partizan of Pompey, the indignation of the Roman populace and their fears of a renewal of the horrors of Marius' and Sylla's proscriptions.

His schooldays finished, his excellent father sent his boy to Athens, then the teaching mother of the world; for the conquered had won a mental victory over their conquerors, and the world's masters went to Greece to be trained in the arts and learning of the age. It was in Athens that the education of the poet was, so to speak, completed; here he went through the whole range of Greek poetry and studied also the Greek historians and comic writers. These peaceful studies were interrupted by the news of the assassination of Cæsar, an act which, we regret to know, was approved of by Cicero in a treatise he then sent to his son, who was also a student at Athens; there were many sons of senators also there who favoured the assassins. Then Brutus, the son-in-law of Cato, appeared on his way to Macedonia; in need, it would seem, of officers for his legions; and Horace, as well as many other Roman students, was eager to lend him his aid. He was at once made a military tribune, and had the command



of a legion.\* Is there not some hint here as to the cause of the inferiority of Brutus's troops, or at least of their leading, at the fatal battle of Philippi? Yet the young Roman obtained the confidence of his commanders and was engaged in some perils or difficulties;† but he was not a born soldier, and when the army of Brutus was defeated at Philippi, he tells us himself that he threw away his shield and fled. Yet we can scarcely blame the young tribune for flying from a hopeless field, when we remember that Brutus and Cassius at the first tidings of defeat died by suicide, and made not the slightest effort to rally their broken soldiers. The escape of the poet was so remarkable that he ascribes it to Mercury.‡ In fact he fled because all had fled, and abandoned the cause of his leader only when that leader had abandoned it himself. Messala—the third in command—had refused to assume the generalship, and went over to the other side. “A few only,” we are told, “among whom was the friend of Horace, Pompeius Varus, threw themselves into the fleet of Sex. Pompeius, a pirate rather than a political leader.” §

With difficulty and probably in some peril of shipwreck,|| Horace returned to Rome, and found that his paternal estate was lost—confiscated; for Venusia was one of the eighteen cities with the possession of which the victors of Philippi rewarded their veteran soldiers. Reduced to extreme poverty Horace had to earn his bread in Rome. He had probably been included in some general amnesty, for he at last succeeded in

\* Satires, I.–VI.

† Odes, Book II., Ode vii.

‡ Odes, Book II.–VII.

§ Milman.

|| Odes, Book III.–IV.

obtaining the situation of secretary to a questor. He endeavoured to eke out his small salary by writing poetry.\* Probably his poems brought him acquainted with the two great poets of the day, Virgil and Varius—the latter wrote poems on several occasions, but is remembered only as a dramatist. Virgil had already acquired fame as a poet by his smaller poems and a few of his Eclogues. He possessed the friendship of Asinius Pollio—statesman and dramatic writer—and to him, probably owed his introduction and subsequent intimacy with Mæcenas.

These two elder poets at once befriended the younger one, with generous aid and even more welcome appreciation of his early poems; moreover, Virgil changed his fortunes by presenting him to Mæcenas, the friend and confidential minister of Augustus. Horace has himself described this interview in *Satire*, Book I., 6, addressing Mæcenas thus :

“ When introduced, in few and faltering words  
 (Such as an infant modesty affords,)  
 I did not tell you my descent was great,  
 Or that I wandered round my country seat  
 On a proud steed in richer pastures bred :  
 But what I really was, I frankly said.  
 Short was your answer in your usual strain—  
 I take my leave, nor wait on you again  
 Till nine months past, engaged and bid to hold  
 A place among your nearer friends enroll'd.”

*Francis.*

Thus commenced one of the tenderest friendships on record. Mæcenas was able fully to appreciate the genius of the young poet, and gratitude and admiration for the noble statesman's great gifts, attached Horace to him most devotedly both in life and death.

\* *Epis. B. 2. 2*, p. 356.

Two years after he had been presented to the minister, Horace followed his patron to Brundisium, where in company of Cocceius Nerva and Capito, he was employed in endeavouring to arrange a reconciliation between Antony and Augustus. An amusing description of the miseries of the journey thither is given by him in the 5th Satire of the First Book. In fact the Odes, Satires, and Epistles supply an autobiography of the poet, in following which his biographers can scarcely err. He volunteered to accompany Mæcenâs in the expedition against Antony and Cleopatra, which ended in the battle of Actium, but Mæcenâs refused the offer, knowing that Horace's health unfitted him for the voyage. But he undoubtedly rightly gauged the affection that thus lent courage to the unwarlike poet,—and he did not forget it.

In u.c. 719, B.C. 35, the First Book of Satires was published, and next year Horace received as a gift from Mæcenâs the Sabine farm which he has immortalised.

This estate was not extensive, but it produced corn, olives, and vines; and it was surrounded by shady woods. It was managed by a bailiff, and cultivated by five families of free Coloni. Horace possessed also about eight slaves.\* From this time the genius of the poet had its full development. He wrote one or two of the Epodes, it is thought, during his period of adversity, but they are not equal to those produced in the ease and rest from anxiety that he enjoyed on his Sabine farm.

\*[Satires, II.—VII.

The Second Book of Satires next appeared.

The publication of the Epodes followed; amongst them were some of Horace's earliest compositions now first gathered together, though probably dating from the year after his return to Rome.

The ten years following the victory of Actium (celebrated in the Ninth Epode), were devoted by the poet to the composition of his three first books of Odes.

They were published about twenty-three years before Christ.\*

He had been introduced by Mæcenas to Augustus, and soon won the favour of the sagacious Emperor. Cæsar had hitherto been his own secretary; he now wished to offer the post to Horace—a strong proof of his trust in the latter's honesty, and his sense of his capacity. The sovereign wrote to Mæcenas, telling him that hitherto he had been equal to carrying on his own correspondence, but that he was much occupied now and infirm in health, therefore he wanted to rob Mæcenas of their "friend Horace, who would leave his (Mæcenas's) table where he dined as a parasite and go to the palace to help him (Augustus) to write letters." Horace declined the offer, unwilling to leave Mæcenas, and dreading, perhaps, the responsibility if not the jealousy of the court of the Cæsar. But his refusal was not resented by Augustus, who continued his kindness and expressed it in several letters to the poet. He says, "If you are so proud as to disdain my friendship, I shall not become haughty in my turn."

When one remembers this bold rejection by the poet of the personal service of the master of the world,

\* Franke, "*Fasti Horatiani*."

one can scarcely think that his praises of the Emperor were either servile or insincere. In fact the better he became acquainted with Augustus the more sincerely he grew attached to him. The Emperor enriched him by many acts of munificence, and sometimes called him playfully "a pleasant manikin;" for the poet was short and corpulent. In another letter the Emperor also says, in allusion to his size, "If you lack inches, you do not lack a dear little body."

It was by the express desire of the Emperor that the Fourth Book of Odes and the Secular Hymn were written; Augustus wishing that his stepsons, Tiberius and Drusus, should receive immortality in the strains of Rome's great lyric poet.

The friendship between Horace and Mæcenas grew with the years. The latter was ever desirous of the poet's company, but sometimes Horace excused himself on the plea of his feeble health and love of retirement. Mæcenas suffered also from feeble health and had been weakly from his childhood.

"He had laboured from his youth," Mr. Dunlop says, "under a perpetual fever, and for many years before his death, he suffered much from watchfulness, which was greatly aggravated by his domestic chagrins. Mæcenas was fond of life and enjoyment; and of life even without enjoyment. He confesses, in some verses preserved by Seneca, that he would wish to live even under every accumulation of physical calamity. (Seneca, Epist. 101.) Hence he anxiously resorted to different remedies for the cure or relief of this distressing malady." He seems to have uttered sad complaints to his friend, and Horace, in one of the loveliest and most touching of his Odes,—exquisitely

translated by Sir Theodore Martin—passionately reproaches him for giving him (Horace) so much pain by speaking of his death, and declares that they will be fellow-travellers on that sad journey; even death should not divide them — prophetic words they proved!

But for a time Mæcenas was relieved and spared to his friend, and Horace passed altogether thirty happy years, content with living a simple life on his beloved Sabine farm, broken only by occasional visits to Rome and Mæcenas, while in their turn his distinguished friends were glad to visit him.

Horace never married, and his love poetry has no depth of feeling or ring of truth in it. If he ever loved at all it was the “Cinera,” who won his affections in his youth, and herself died young. The poet’s most delightful biographer, Sir Theodore Martin, tells us that “She, if anyone, had touched his heart and haunted his fancy.” His Lalage, Lydia, Glycera, &c., appear to be simply poetical mistresses who had no real hold on his affections; and the great immorality of the period may have been the chief cause of his and of other Romans of the upper class being averse to marriage, even though Augustus tried all means to induce them to wed.

Horace’s want of reverence and affection for women may, perhaps, have originated in his not having known the tender care of a mother, and by the little he could have seen in his youth of domestic life; nor could Mæcenas’s troubles with his wilful Terentia have done anything to excite such feelings. But he was a good son, a kind master, a devoted friend, and a warm patriot.



It is difficult for us to think that Horace really believed in the deities of his mythology; yet that he did so, and was in some sense a devout worshipper of them, is certainly proved by his poems. They contain hymns to the gods and goddesses—expressions of gratitude to them for his preservation from danger, and he attributes the calamities of the Romans to their neglect of religion.

Philosophy at this period supplemented by its moral teaching the deficiencies in the heathen theology. Horace's was not that of Epicurus—except in his youth—nor of Zeno; probably it was rather that of the Academy. It was, however, sufficient to form his moral character, and to sustain him under trials and difficulties. “The best evidence . . . of the claims of the poet as a moral philosopher,” writes Dean Milman, “as a practical observer, and sure interpreter of human nature in its social state, are the countless quotations from his works which are become universal moral axioms. Their triteness is the seal of their veracity; their peculiar terseness and felicity of expression or illustration, may have commended them to general acceptance, yet nothing but their intuitive truth can have stamped them as household words on the memory of educated men. Horace might seem to have thrown aside all the abstruser doctrines, the more remote speculations, the abstract theories of all the different sects, and selected and condensed the practical wisdom in his pregnant poetical aphorisms.”

The First Book of the Epistles was published, it is believed, when Horace had attained the age of forty-five. They have been thought by many great critics the finest productions of his pen, though we think

they cannot be compared with the Odes. A second Book of Epistles followed the first, some little time intervening, and in this was included the Epistle to the Pisos, known as the "Art of Poetry."

It was in the fifty-seventh year of Horace's life that his mortal sorrow fell on him—he lost his friend Mæcenas.

The Emperor stood by the couch of the dying statesman, and Mæcenas, true in death to the love he bore the poet, then uttered the words recorded by Suetonius, "Remember Flaccus as you would myself."

There is not a doubt that Augustus would have fulfilled his minister's dying wish, and taken his place with the poet, but Horace had no longer need of imperial favour. His promise to take the last sad journey—so terrible to the heathen—with his friend, was kept too faithfully; he survived Mæcenas only three weeks. His last illness was sudden and so severe, that he had not strength to sign his will; therefore in the presence of witnesses he declared the Emperor his heir.

Horace was short and rather stout, with dark hair and eyes. He was undoubtedly of a cheerful, contented, and amiable temper; temperate in his ordinary life; full of wit and genius, and so loveable by nature, that he is still, and will probably always be, as popular and as much beloved by succeeding generations as he was by the poets and statesmen of the Augustan age.

Horace was buried next to the tomb of Mæcenas at the extremity of the Esquiline Hill.

THE  
ODES OF HORACE,  
AND  
THE SECULAR ODE.



# THE ODES OF HORACE.

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## BOOK I.

---

### ODE I.

#### TO MÆCENAS.\*

*“ Mæcenas atavis.”*

MÆCENAS from old princes sprung !  
My glory and protection strong !  
Some 'mid Olympian dust delight  
To urge the chariot's rapid flight,  
And watch the glowing axles roll  
Swift round the scarce avoided goal ;  
For them the palm of noble worth  
Exalts above their mother earth.  
Others the civic crown desire,  
And to the triple power aspire.  
And these rejoice in garners deep  
To store the grain from Libya's heap.  
The swain who loves the pleasing toil  
To hoe his own ancestral soil,  
Not Asia's wealth would tempt to sail  
O'er Myrto's main and brave the gale.

\* Caius Cilnius Mæcenas was said to be descended from Elbius Volterrenus, one of the Lucumones or chiefs of Etruria.

Lauding his rural city's ease,  
The merchant shuns the stormy seas ;  
Till failing funds and want in view  
Soon rig his shattered fleet anew.  
Another drinks of ancient wine  
Pressed from the fruit of Massic vine ;  
See his free limbs at leisure laid  
Beneath the arbuté's grateful shade ;  
See now he makes his mossy bed  
Nigh the cool fountain's sacred head.  
Many prefer a martial life,  
The trumpet-sound and fields of strife,  
With ardour seek the tented plain,  
And battles wage—the mother's bane.  
Exposed to cold nocturnal dews,  
The hunter his employ pursues,  
Unmindful of his consort's charms,  
When his true hound the stag alarms,  
Or when the boar in fury borne  
The well-wove nets and toils hath torn.  
But learning renders me divine,  
With ivy wreaths my temples shine ;  
Far from the world's tumultuous throng  
The nymphs enchant me with their song ;  
When sounds Euterpe's lute again,  
Or Polyhymnia's dulcet strain,  
If I to lyric fame arise  
My brow shall touch the very skies.

HERBERT GRANT.

(By courteous permission of Messrs. HARRISON.)



## ODE II.

## TO AUGUSTUS.

*"Jam satis terris."*

ENOUGH of snow and hail in tempests dire  
 Have poured on earth, while heaven's eternal sire  
 With red right arm at his own temples hurled  
 His thunders, and alarmed a guilty world,

Lest Pyrrha\* should again with plaintive cries  
 Behold the monsters of the deep arise,  
 When to the mountain summit Proteus drove  
 His sea-born herd,† and where the woodland dove

Late perched, his wonted seat, the scaly brood †  
 Entangled hung upon the topmost wood,  
 And every timorous native of the plain,  
 High-floating, swam amid the boundless main.

We saw, pushed backward to his native source,  
 The yellow Tiber roll his rapid course ;  
 With impious ruin threat'ning Vesta's fane,  
 And the great monuments of Numa's reign ;

With grief and rage while Ilia's‡ bosom glows,  
 Boastful, for her revenge, his waters rose ;  
 But now th' uxorious river glides away,  
 So Jove commands, smooth-winding to the sea.

\* Alluding to the deluge of Deucalion. Pyrrha was his wife.

† Seals.

‡ Rhea Silvia, the mother of Romulus, was fabled to be the wife of the Tiber, into the waters of which she had been thrown by order of her uncle Amulius. Ovid mentions her as wife to the Anio, *Amores* III., 6, 45.

And yet, less numerous by their parents' crimes,  
Our sons shall hear, shall hear to latest times,  
Of Roman arms with civil gore imbrued,  
Which better had the Persian\* foe subdued.

Among her guardian gods, what pitying power  
To raise her sinking state shall Rome implore?  
Shall her own hallowed virgins' earnest prayer  
Harmonious charm offended Vesta's ear?

To whom shall Jove assign to purge away  
The guilty deed? Come, then, bright god of day,  
But gracious veil thy shoulders beamy bright,  
Oh! veil in clouds th' unsufferable light.

Or come, sweet queen of smiles, while round thee rove  
On wanton wing, the powers of mirth and love;  
Or hither, Mars, thine aspect gracious bend,  
And powerful, thy neglected race defend.

Parent of Rome, amidst the rage of fight  
Sated with scenes of blood, thy fierce delight,  
Thou, whom the polished helm, the noise of arms  
And the stern soldier's frown with transport warms:

Or thou, fair Maia's wingèd son appear,  
And human shape† in prime of manhood wear;  
Declared the guardian of th' imperial state,  
Divine avenger of great Cæsar's fate:

Oh! late return to heav'n, and may thy reign  
With lengthened blessings fill thy wide domain!

\* Parthians, called Persians because they possessed Persia.

† The form of Augustus. There was a singular likeness between Augustus and the statues of Mercury.

Nor let thy people's crimes provoke thy flight,  
On air swift rising to the realms of light.

Great prince and father of the state, receive  
The noblest triumphs which thy Rome can give;  
Nor let the Parthian with unpunished pride,  
Beyond his bounds, O Cæsar, dare to ride.

PHILIP FRANCIS, D.D.

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ODE III.

TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VIRGIL SAILED  
TO ATHENS.

*"Sic te Diva."*

So may the auspicious queen of love,  
And the twin stars \* (the seed of Jove),  
And he who rules the raging wind,  
To thee, O sacred ship, be kind,  
And gentle breezes fill thy sails,  
Supplying soft Etesian gales,  
As thou, to whom the muse commends  
The best of poets and of friends,  
Dost thy committed pledge restore,  
And land him safely on the shore;  
And save the better part of me  
From perishing with him at sea.  
Sure he, who first the passage tried,  
In hardened oak his heart did hide,  
And ribs of iron armed his side!  
Or his at least, in hollow wood

\* The Gemini, favourable to mariners.

Who tempted first the briny flood ;  
Nor feared the winds' contending roar,  
Nor billows beating on the shore ;  
Nor Hyades portending rain ;  
Nor all the tyrants of the main.  
What form of death could him affright  
Who, unconcerned, with steadfast sight,  
Could view the surges mounting steep,  
And monsters rolling in the deep ?  
Could through the ranks of ruin go,  
With storms above, and rocks below ?  
In vain did Nature's wise command  
Divide the waters from the land,  
If daring ships, and men profane,  
Invade the inviolable main ;  
The eternal fences overleap,  
And pass at will the boundless deep.  
No toil, no hardship can restrain  
Ambitious man inured to pain ;  
The more confined, the more he tries,  
And at forbidden quarry flies.  
Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,  
And stole from heaven the reed of fire :  
A train of ills, a ghastly crew,  
The robber's blazing track pursue ;  
Fierce Famine, with her meagre face,  
And fevers of the fiery race,  
In swarms the offending wretch surround,  
All brooding on the blasted ground ;  
And limping Death, lashed on by Fate,  
Comes up to shorten half our date.  
This made not Dedalus beware,  
With borrowed wings to sail in air :

To Hell Alcides forced his way,  
 Plunged through the lake, and snatched the prey.  
 Nay, scarce the gods, or heavenly climes  
 Are safe from our audacious crimes :  
 We reach at Jove's imperial crown,  
 And pull the unwilling thunder down.

DRYDEN.

ODE IV.

TO LUCIUS SESTIUS.\*

*"Solvitur acris hiems."*

By spring and zephyr's gladsome sway  
 Unloosed, stern winter hastes away.  
 Again the vessel tempts the sea ;  
 The herds again bound o'er the lea ;  
 His ingle-nook the hind forsakes,  
 And frosts no longer bleach the brakes.  
 Beneath the moon, o'er grassy meads  
 The sprightly dance soft Venus leads ;  
 And linked the Nymphs' and Graces' train  
 With foot alternate beats the plain ;  
 While Mulciber with kindling fires  
 The Cyclops' toilsome forge inspires.  
 Now round the brow be myrtle twined  
 In verdant braid ; now chaplets bind

\* Lucius Sestius was the son of the Sestius defended by Cicero. He served under Brutus in Macedonia, and always retained his affection for his former leader, preserving his images. Augustus, however honouring his fidelity, appointed him Consul Suffectus in his own room. B. C. 23.

Of flowers, from Earth's freed bosom thrown ;  
 The sacrifice now lead to Faun,  
 Lambkin or kid, whiche'er he claim,  
 In grove deep-hallowed with his name.

Pale Death knocks with impartial foot  
 At prince's hall and peasant's hut :  
 Warned, Sestius, by life's brief amount  
 Forbear on distant bliss to count.  
 Soon, soon to realms of night away,  
 Hurried where fabled spectres play,  
 Thou shalt, 'neath Pluto's shadowy doom,  
 —Thyself a shadow,—thither come.  
 No more shall dice allot to thee  
 The banquet's jovial sovereignty ; \*  
 Nor Chloe more shalt thou admire  
 The virgin's pride, the youth's desire.

ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

*"Quis multa gracilis."*

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,  
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
     Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou  
 In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he  
 On faith and changèd gods complain, and seas

\* The "governor of the feast" was chosen by the throw of dice  
 Venus, *i.e.*, double sixes, was the highest throw.

Rough with black winds, and storms  
Unwonted shall admire !

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,  
Who, always vacant, always amiable  
Hopes thee, of flattering gales  
Unmindful. Hapless they

To whom thou untried seem'st fair. Me, in my vowed  
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung  
My dank and dropping weeds  
To the stern god of sea.

MILTON.

ODE VI.

TO M. VIPSANIUS AGRIPPA.\*

*" Scriberis Vario fortis."*

'Tis by Varius that Song, borne on pinions Homeric,  
Shall exalt thy renown as the valiant and victor,  
Whatsoe'er the bold soldier by land or by ocean  
With thee for his leader achieved.

Themes so lofty we slight ones attempt not, Agrippa,  
Nor the terrible wrath of unyielding Pelides,

\* Agrippa was sprung from an obscure family, but happening to be a fellow student of Octavius at Apollonia he became one of his most intimate associates, and in the end the most influential adviser of the Emperor of the world. He made the Roman navy ; defeated Sextus Pompeius, then master of the sea ; and secured by his skill the victory at Actium. He built aqueducts and adorned Rome with magnificent buildings. He twice refused a triumph. *Note abbreviated from Lord Lytton.*



Nor the fell house of Pelops, nor seas which Ulysses  
The double-tongued hero, explored.

While the Muse who presides over lutestrings unwar-  
like,  
And my own sense of shame would forbid me to lessen,  
By the inborn defect of a genius unequal,  
The glories of Cæsar and thee.

Who can worthily sing Mars in adamant tunic,  
Or Merion all grim with the dust-cloud of Ilion,  
Or Tydides, when, thanks to the favour of Pallas,  
He stood forth a match for the gods ?

We of feasts, we of battles, on youth rashly daring  
Waged by maids armed with nails too well pared for  
much slaughter,  
Sing, devoid of love's flame ; or, if somewhat it scorch  
us,  
Still wont to make light of the pain.

LORD LYTTON.

(By courteous permission of MESSRS. BLACKWOOD.)

#### ODE VII.

#### TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.\*

*"Laudabunt alii."*

SOME Rhodes or Lesbos in their lays  
And some will twinned-sea'd Corinth praise

\* Munatius Plancus was first the adherent of Decius Brutus, then the friend of Antony, and at length the courtier of Octavius. It was at his suggestion that the name of Augustus was conferred on Octavius.

Or Thebes, or Delphi's hallowed towers  
 And some Thessalian Tempe's bowers.  
 Others in still unwearied verse  
 Pallas, thy city's fame rehearse ;  
 And (prized above each rival bough)  
 With olive chaplet wreath their brow ;  
 While rich Mycenæ many a Muse,  
 Or Argos' steeds with song pursues,  
     Me, nor unflinching Sparta's groves,  
 Nor so Larissa's verdure moves,  
 As does Albunea's sounding dome,  
 And headlong Anio's sheet of foam ;  
 And the irriguous orchard's pride  
 Which quaffs at will the fattening tide.

Oft does the south wind's ministry  
 Sweep the black tempest from the sky,  
 Nor aye breeds storms. So, Plancus thou  
 Wisely with wine chase care and woe ;  
 Whether 'mid banners bright arrayed  
 Or in thy Tiber's dear loved shade.

His home, his sire when Teucer \* fled  
 The poplar garland round his head,  
 Dropping with wine he turned, and cried  
 (His friends all saddening at his side).

“Comrades where Fortune (kinder she  
 Than Telamon) shall marshal me,  
 We'll go ; nor, gallant hearts, despair—  
 Teucer your guide leaves nought to fear.  
 When press our steps a foreign strand  
 And a new city decks the land,

\* The son of Telamon, King of Salamis, who banished him. He founded a second Salamis in Cyprus.

Its walls—sure Phœbus vouches this—  
 Shall vie with ancient Salamis.  
 Courage, brave souls ! erewhile stern doom  
 Has stamped our days with deepest gloom  
 This hour be given to wine and glee—  
 To-morrow—and again to sea.”

ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

ODE VIII.

TO LYDIA.

“ *Lydia, dic, per omnes.* ”

LYDIA, I conjure you, say,  
 Why haste you so to make away  
     Poor Sybaris with love ?  
 Why hates he now the open air ?  
 Why heat, and clouds of dust to bear,  
     Does he no more approve ?  
 Why leaves he off his martial pride ?  
 Why is he now afraid to ride  
     Upon his Gallic steed ?  
 Why swims he not the Tiber o'er ?  
 Or wrestles as he did before ?  
     Whence do his fears proceed ?  
 Why boasts he not his limbs grown black  
 With bearing arms, or his strong back  
     With which he threw the bar ?  
 Is he like Thetis' son concealed,  
 And from all manly sports withheld,  
     To keep him safe from war ?

JOHN EVELYN.

## ODE IX.

## TO THALIARCHUS.

*“ Vides, ut altâ.”*

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height  
Made higher with new mounts of snow :  
Again behold the winter's weight  
Oppress the labouring woods below ;  
And streams with icy fetters bound  
Benumbed and cramped to solid ground.

With well-heaped logs dissolve the cold  
And feed the genial hearth with fires ;  
Produce the wine that makes us bold,  
And sprightly wit and love inspires ;  
For what hereafter shall betide  
God (if 'tis worth His care) provide.

Let Him alone with what He made,  
To toss and turn the world below ;  
At His command the storms invade,  
The winds by His commission blow,  
Till with a nod He bids them cease,  
And then the calm returns and all is peace.

To-morrow and its works defy ;  
Lay hold upon the present hour,  
And snatch the pleasures passing by  
To put them out of Fortune's power ;  
Nor love nor love's delights disdain—  
Whate'er thou gett'st to-day, is gain.

Secure those golden early joys  
 That youth unsoured with sorrow bears,  
 Ere with'ring time the taste destroys  
 With sickness and unwieldy years.  
 For active sports, for pleasing rest,  
 This is the time to be possest ;  
 The best is but in season best.

Th' appointed hour of promised bliss,  
 The pleasing whisper in the dark,  
 The half-unwilling willing kiss,  
 The laugh that guides thee to the mark,  
 When the kind nymph would coyness feign  
 And hides but to be found again—  
 These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.

DRYDEN.

ODE X.

TO MERCURY.

*“Mercuri facunde.”*

MERCURY ! Atlas' smooth-tongued boy, whose will  
 First trained to speech our wildest, earliest race,  
 And gave their rough-hewn forms with supple skill  
 The gymnast's grace.  
 Be it my task thy glories to declare,  
 Herald of Jove ! inventor of the lyre ;  
 Right apt in merry theft to take whate'er  
 Thou may'st desire.

When as a boy the oxen stolen by thee,  
 He urged thee to restore, light-fingered one !  
 Chiding Apollo turned and laughed to see  
     His quiver gone,

Rich-laden Priam, by thy favour led  
 Amid the foe beneath the encompassed wall,  
 Through sentries and Thessalian watch-fires sped  
     Unseen by all.

'Tis thine the unbodied spirits of the blessed,  
 To guide to bliss, and with thy golden rod  
 To rule the shades ; above, below, caressed  
     By every god.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOE.

*"Tu ne quæsieris."*

STRIVE not, Leuconoë, to know what end  
 The gods above to me or thee will send ;  
 Nor with astrologers consult at all,  
 That thou mayst better know what can befall ;  
 Whether thou liv'st more winters, or thy last  
 Be this, which Tyrrhen waves 'gainst rocks do cast.  
 Be wise ! drink free, and in so short a space  
 Do not protracted hopes of life embrace,  
 Whilst we are talking, envious time doth slide :  
 This day's thine own ; the next may be denied.

SIR THOMAS HAWKINS. 1625.

## ODE XII.

## TO AUGUSTUS.

*"Quem virum."*

WHAT man, what hero, will you raise,  
By the shrill pipe, or deeper lyre !  
What god, O Clio, will you praise,  
And teach the Echoes to admire ?

Amidst the shades of Helicon,  
Cold Hæmus' top, or Pindus' head,  
Whence the glad forests hastened down,  
And danced as tuneful Orpheus played.

Taught by the muse, he stopped the fall  
Of rapid floods, and charmed the wind :  
The listening oaks obeyed the call,  
And left their wondering hills behind.

Whom should I first record, but Jove,  
Whose sway extends o'er sea and land,  
The king of men and gods above,  
Who holds the seasons in command ?

To rival Jove, shall none aspire ;  
None shall to equal glory rise ;  
But Pallas claims beneath her sire  
The second honours of the skies.

To thee, O Bacchus, great in war,  
To Dian will I strike the string,  
Of Phœbus wounding from afar,  
In numbers like his own I'll sing.



The muse Alcides shall resound ;  
The twins of Leda shall succeed ;  
This for the standing fight renowned,  
And that for managing the steed,  
Whose star shines innocently still :  
The clouds disperse ; the tempests cease ;  
The waves, obedient to their will,  
Sink down, and hush their rage to peace.

Next shall I Numa's pious reign,  
Or thine, O Romulus, relate ;  
Or Rome, by Brutus freed again ;  
Or haughty Cato's glorious fate ?

Or dwell on noble Paulus' \* fame,  
Too lavish of the patriot's blood ?  
Or Regulus' immortal name,  
Too obstinately just and good ?

These, with Camillus brave and bold,  
And other chiefs of matchless might,  
Rome's virtuous poverty of old  
Severely seasoned to the fight.

Like trees, Marcellus' glory grows  
With an insensible advance ;  
The Julian star, like Cynthia, glows,  
Who leads the planetary dance.

The Fates, O sire of human race,  
Intrust great Cæsar to thy care ;  
Give him to hold thy second place,  
And reign thy sole vicegerent here.

\* Emilius Paulus, after the lost battle of Cannæ, which had been fought by his advice, refused a horse offered to him by a tribune of the soldiers, not desiring life. He perished on the field.

And whether India he shall tame,  
Or to his chains the Seres doom ;  
Or mighty Parthia dreads his name,  
And bows her haughty neck to Rome ;

While on our groves thy bolts are hurled,  
And thy loud car shakes heaven above,  
He shall with justice awe the world,  
To none inferior but to Jove.

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

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ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

*"Cum tu, Lydia."*

WHEN thou the rosy neck of Telephus,  
The waxen arms of Telephus, art praising,  
Woe is me, Lydia, how my jealous heart  
Swells with the anguish I would vainly smother.

Then in my mind thought has no settled base,  
To and fro shifts upon my cheek the colour,  
And tears that glide adown in stealth reveal  
By what slow fires mine inmost self consumeth.

I burn, or whether quarrel o'er his wine,  
Stain with a bruise dishonouring thy white shoulders,  
Or whether my boy-rival on thy lips  
Leave by a scar the mark of his rude kisses.

Hope not, if thou wouldst hearken unto me,  
 That one so little kind prove always constant;  
 Barbarous indeed to wound sweet lips imbued  
 By Venus with a fifth part \* of her nectar.

Thrice happy, ay more than thrice happy, they  
 Whom one soft bond-unbroken binds together,  
 Whose love serene from bickering and reproach  
 In life's last moment finds the first that severs.

LORD LYTTON.

(By courteous permission of Messrs. BLACKWOOD.)

#### ODE XIV.

#### TO A SHIP.†

*“O navis, referent.”*

YET on fresh billows seaward wilt thou ride,  
 O ship? What dost thou? Seek a hav'n and there  
 Rest thee: for lo! thy side  
 Is oarless all, and bare.

\* “Quinta parte sui nectaris.” It has been disputed whether Horace means by this expression the Pythagorean quintessence, which is ether. Most modern translators so take it—“an interpretation,” says Macleane, “which I am surprised to find Orelli adopts with others, that does not commend itself to my mind at all.” Neither does it to mine. I think the interpretation rendered by Dillenburger much less pedantic and more poetical. The ancients supposed that honey contained a ninth or tenth part of nectar, and therefore the lips of Lydia were imbued with double the nectar bestowed on honey.—*Lord Lytton's note.*

† The Ship of State; the Roman Empire already torn by the civil strife of years.—*Ed.*

And the swift south-west wind hath maimed thy mast,  
 And thy yards creak, and, every cable lost,  
 Yield must thy keel at last

On tyrannous sea-waves tossed

Too rudely. Goodly canvas is not thine,  
 Nor gods,\* to hear thee when thy need is sorest;

True, thou—a Pontic pine †

Child of a stately forest—

Boast'st rank and empty name; but little trust  
 The frightened seamen in a painted stern.

Stay—or be mocked thou must

By every wind in turn.

Flee—what of late sore burden was to me,  
 Now a sad memory and a bitter pain,—

Those shining Cyclads flee,

That stud the far off main.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

#### ODE XV.

#### THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

*“Pastor cum traheret.”*

FROM Sparta's hospitable shore,  
 His prize when faithless Paris bore,  
 While guilt impatient crowds his sail,  
 Prophetic Nereus ‡ checks the gale,

\* At the stern of a ship the tutelary gods of Rome were generally placed with an altar; the meaning is that the divinities displeased at the Civil Wars withdrew their protection.—ED.

† The pinewood of Pontus was the best for shipbuilding.—ED.

‡ A god of the sea, the son of Oceanus and Tethys.

By force the flying robber holds,  
And thus the wrath of heaven unfolds :

‘In vain thy fleet transports the dame,  
Whom injured Greece shall soon reclaim,  
Prepared to break thy lawless tie,  
And Priam’s ancient realm destroy.  
Behold the troops, the foaming steed,  
To labours doomed, and doomed to bleed !  
See ! victim to thy lewd desires,  
Thy country blaze with funeral fires !  
See ! Pallas eager to engage,  
Prepares her car and martial rage :  
She waves her ægis, nods her plumes,  
And all the pomp of war assumes !  
In vain, devoted to thy side,  
Shall Cytherea swell thy pride ;  
In vain thy graceful locks express  
The studied elegance of dress ;  
Thy languid harp, with amorous air,  
In vain shall charm the listening fair ;  
The palace screen thy conscious heart  
In vain, against the Cretan dart,  
And Ajax, nimble to pursue.  
What though, concealed from public view,  
The chamber guards thy nicer ear  
From all the horrid din of war !  
At length, adulterer ! fall thou must,  
And trail those beauteous locks in dust !  
See ! author of thy country’s fate,  
Ulysses, practised in deceit.  
Behold the hoary Pylia sage  
Against her forfeit towers engage.

Teucer and Sthenelus unite  
 With various skill, in various fight.  
 Tydides, greater than his sire,  
 To find thee, burns with martial fire.  
 But as a grazing stag, who spies  
 The distant wolf, with terror flies;  
 So shalt thou fly, with panting breath,  
 And faltering limbs, the approach of death.  
 Where is thy boasted courage? Where  
 Thy promise plighted to the fair?  
 Though fierce Achilles' sullen hate  
 Awhile protracts the city's fate,  
 Heaven shall its righteous doom require,  
 And Troy in Grecian flames expire!

E. CARTER.

ODE XVI.

A PALINODE.

*"O matre pulchra."*

NYMPH of a beauteous mother born,  
 Whom still superior charms adorn,  
 My slanderous verses as you please  
 Destroy, by flames, or in the seas.  
 Not Phœbus could his prophets fire  
 Nor Bacchus to extremes so dire,  
 Nor Corybantian cymbals wound  
 The ear with such a clattering sound  
 As baleful rage, which neither flame,  
 Nor steel, nor tempest can reclaim;

And Jove, its madness to restrain,  
 Would hurl his triple bolt in vain.  
 'Tis said when Japhet's son \* began  
 To mould the clay and fashion man,  
 He stole from every beast a part,  
 And fixed the lion in his heart.

From rage the tragic ills arose  
 That crushed Thyestes ; hence the woes  
 Of cities, with the ground laid even  
 And ploughshares o'er their ashes driven.  
 Then curb your anger ; heat of youth,  
 (I now, with shame confess the truth),  
 Prompted alone my guilty muse  
 In rapid numbers to abuse  
 Your blameless name—forgiven by you  
 I will a softer theme pursue.

W. DUNCOMBE.

ODE XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

*“ Velox amœnum.”*

PAN from Arcadia's hills descends  
 To visit oft my Sabine seat ;  
 And here my tender goats defends  
 From rainy winds, and summer's fiery heat ;  
 For when the vales, wide-spreading round  
 The sloping hills, and polished rocks  
 With his harmonious pipe resound,  
 In fearless safety graze my wandering flocks ;

\* Prometheus.



In safety, through the woody brake,  
The latent shrubs and thyme explore,  
Nor longer dread the speckled snake,  
And tremble at the martial wolf no more.

Their poet to the gods is dear;  
They love his piety and muse;  
And all our rural honours here  
Their flow'ry wealth around thee shall diffuse.

Here shall you tune Anacreon's lyre,  
Beneath a shady mountain's brow,  
To sing frail Circe's guilty fire,  
And chaste Penelope's unbroken vow.

Far from the burning dog-star's rage,  
Here shall you quaff our harmless wine;  
Nor here shall Mars intemperate wage  
Rude war with him who rules the jovial vine,

Nor Cyrus' bold suspicions fear;  
Not on thy softness shall he lay  
His desperate hand, thy clothes to tear,  
Or brutal snatch thy festal crown away.

FRANCIS.

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## ODE XVIII.

TO VARUS.\*

*"Nullam, Vare."*†

ROUND Catilus' walls, or in Tibur's rich soil,  
 To plant the glad vine—be my Varus' first toil;  
 For God hath proposed to the wretch, who's athirst,  
 To drink; or with heart-gnawing cares to be cursed.  
 Of war, or of want, who e'er prates o'er his wine?  
 For 'tis thine, Father Bacchus; bright Venus, 'tis  
 thine,

To charm all his cares; yet that no one may pass  
 The freedom and mirth of a temperate glass,  
 Let us think on the Lapithæ's quarrels so dire,‡  
 And the Thracians, whom wine can to madness inspire:  
 Insatiate of liquor, when glow their full veins,  
 No distinction of vice, or of virtue remains.

Great god of the vine, who dost candour approve,  
 I ne'er will thy statues profanely remove;  
 I ne'er will thy rites, so mysterious, betray  
 To the broad-glaring eye of the tale-telling day.  
 Oh! stop the loud cymbal, the cornet's alarms,  
 Whose sound, when the Bacchanal's bosom it warms,  
 Arouses self-love, by blindness misled,  
 And vanity, lifting aloft the light head;  
 And honour, of prodigal spirit, that shows,  
 Transparent as glass, all the secrets it knows.

FRANCIS.

\* The poet, Quinctilius Varus, the Epicurean and friend of Augustus and Virgil.

† This ode is an imitation of one written by Alcæus on the same subject, and in the same kind of verse.

‡ A people of Thessaly, near Mount Olympus. During the marriage feast of their king they were slain in a combat with the Centaurs.

## ODE XIX.

## TO GLYCERA.

*“Mater sæva Cupidinum.”*

THE tyrant queen of soft desires,  
With the resistless aid of sprightly wine,  
And wanton ease, conspires  
To make my heart its peace resign,  
And to admit love's long rejected fires.  
For beauteous Glycera I burn ;  
The flames so long repelled with double force return :  
Endless her charms appear, and shine more bright  
Than polished marble when reflecting light :  
With winning coyness she my soul disarms ;  
And when her looks are coldest, most she warms :  
Her face darts forth a thousand rays  
Whose lustre an unwary sight betrays ;  
My eyeballs swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.  
She comes ! she comes ! she rushes in my veins !  
At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns !  
Cyprus no more with her abode is blessed,  
I am her palace, and her throne my breast.  
Of savage Scythian arms no more I write,  
Or Parthian archers, who, in flying, fight,  
And make rough war their sport :  
Such idle themes no more shall move,  
Nor any thing but what's of high import ;  
And what's of high import but love ?  
Vervain and gums, and the green turf prepare ;  
With wine of two years old your cups be filled :  
After our sacrifice and prayer  
The goddess may incline her heart to yield.

CONGREVE.

## ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

*“Vile potabis.”*

I CAN but offer Sabine wine  
 In modest cups, which I laid by  
 When in the theatre thou and thine  
 Received all Rome's applauding cry :

O loved Mæcenas, honoured knight !  
 As from old Tiber's banks the cheer  
 To Vatican's re-echoing height  
 Fell on a mighty nation's ear :

For thee the Cæcuban o'erflows,  
 With all that Cales' press distils ;  
 Ah ! not for me Falernian grows  
 Or Formiæ's grape my goblet fills.

HERBERT GRANT.

*(By kind permission of Messrs. HARRISON.)*

## ODE XXI.

TO DIANA AND APOLLO.

*“Dianam teneræ.”*

SING virgins ! sing the tender Dian's fame ;  
 Shout, boys ! the ever-blooming Cynthian's name ;  
 Latona too, the secret love  
 Of all-subduing Jove.

Laud her, ye girls ! who guards the mountain rill,  
The woods that wave on Algidus' cool hill,

And Erimanthus' deepening shades,  
And Cragus' verdant glades.

Be not outdone, ye boys ! but shouts of praise  
For Tempe and Apollo's Delos raise—

The quivered god, who at his side  
His brother's lyre hath tied.

In Cæsar's reign may he propitious please  
To drive from us war, famine, and disease

To Parthian wilds or Britain's shore,  
While ye his aid implore.

WHYTE-MELVILLE.

ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.\*

*"Integer vitæ."*

THE man, my friend, whose conscious heart  
With virtue's sacred ardour glows,  
Nor taints with death th' envenomed dart,  
Nor needs the guard of Moorish bows.

O'er icy Caucasus he treads,  
O'er torrid Afric's faithless sands  
Or where the famed Hydaspes spreads  
His liquid wealth through barbarous lands.

\* An author and a very dear and intimate friend of Horace. He was a man of high moral character.

For while in Sabine forests charmed  
 By Lalage, too far I strayed,  
 Me—singing careless and unarmed—  
 A furious wolf approached—and fled.

No beast more dreadful ever stained  
 Apulia's spacious wilds with gore,  
 No beast more fierce Numidia's land  
 (The lion's thirsty parent) bore.

Place me where no soft summer gale  
 Among the quivering branches sighs,  
 Where clouds condensed for ever veil  
 With horrid gloom the frowning skies.

Place me beneath the burning zone,  
 A clime denied to human race,  
 My flame for Lalage I'll own ;  
 Her voice, her smiles, my song shall grace.

DR. JOHNSON.

ODE XXIII.\*

TO CHLOE.

*"Vitas hinnuleo."*

CHLOE, me thou shunnest, like a fawn,  
 Who by mountain tracks her scarèd dam,  
 Seeks devious—breeze or wood  
 Oft misdoubting in empty fear.

\* This Ode and Epode iii. are taken, by Professor Newman's kind permission, from his version of the Odes. He has translated them on the principle of adhering to one special *English* metre for each special Horatian metre.

Should the arriving Spring o'er quivering leaves,  
 Bristle rude, or should the liquid green  
     A bramble move aside,  
 Quick she trembles in breast and knees.

Yet not I, as tiger fierce to rend,  
 Or Gætulian lion follow thee.  
     Oh, leave thy mother's side  
 Ripe at length for a dearer love.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN.

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.\*

*"Quis desiderio."*

Ah me ! what bounds can sorrow know,  
 Or in what measured cadence flow  
     For one so loved, so dear ?  
 Teach, plaintive muse ! to whom is given,  
 The lyre that charms the sons of heaven,  
     To soothe a mortal ear.

Doth then the power of endless Sleep  
 In his cold grasp Quinctilius keep ?  
     Doth he remorseless bind  
 The bold but unassuming youth,  
 Whose spotless faith, unvarnished truth,  
     Have left no peer behind ?

\* On the death of his friend Quinctilius Varus.



Wept by the virtuous and the wise,  
 But most by thee, O friend ! he lies,  
     Whose pious prayers in vain  
 From the unheeding gods implore,  
 That they would to thine arms restore  
     Quinctilius once again.

Couldst thou the Thracian bard excel  
 Whose magic song enchanted hell,  
     Yet vain were all thine art !  
 Life's ruddy flame would ne'er return  
 To kindle in their marble urn  
     The ashes of the heart ;

Nor couldst thou from the Stygian coast  
 Recall the pale departed ghost  
     From its relentless guide.  
 'Tis hard !—but resignation knows  
 To soothe irreparable woes,  
     And Fate's stern will abide.

REV. R. N. FRENCH.

ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

*"Parcius junctas."*

THE amorous youths with heated breast  
 Thy windows rarely now molest ;  
 Their songs thy rest disturb no more,  
 And quiet hangs thy silent door.  
 Now less and less each hour thy ear  
 These plaintive strains of love shall hear,

“ Lydia ! while slumbers close thine eye,  
We freeze beneath the midnight sky ! ”  
But thou, in turn when time’s decay  
Bids all thy beauties fade away,  
In the dark streets the wanton crew  
With trembling voice shalt shameless woo.  
While rage for unappeased desires,  
And slighted love thy bosom fires,  
The amorous train for younger brows  
Shall twine the myrtle’s verdant boughs,  
And all thy withered garlands lave  
With scorn in Hebra’s wintry wave.

H. J. PYE,  
*Poet Laureate*, 1813.

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ODE XXVI.

TO HIS MUSE.

“ *Musis amicus.* ”

FRIEND to the Muse, this day I give  
My sorrows to the Cretan wave :  
This day to love and friendship live,  
Nor think a thought of king or slave.

Careless alike whose scourge is laid  
On Asian hill or Scythian snow,  
Beside the Muses’ stream, I braid  
The chaplet for my Lamia’s brow.

Come, Muse ! without thee dies the wreath ;  
 Thy hand its rosiest buds must twine ;  
 Thy lip its sweetest fragrance breathe ;  
 Its life, bloom, beauty, all be thine.

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

ODE XXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.\*

*"Natis in usum."*

WITH glasses, made for gay delight,  
 'Tis Thracian, savage rage, to fight.  
 With such intemperate, bloody fray,  
 Fright not the modest god away.

Monstrous ! to see the dagger shine  
 Amidst the midnight joys of wine.  
 Here bid this impious clamour cease,  
 And press the social couch in peace.

Say, shall I drink this heady wine,†  
 Pressed from the rough Falernian vine ?  
 Instant, let yonder youth impart  
 The tender story of his heart,

\* Horace was at an entertainment, when a dispute began to inflame some of the company, already heated with wine. Instead of endeavouring to restore peace by grave advice and sober reasoning, he makes them a gay proposal of drowning all quarrels in a bumper. It was cheerfully received, and probably the success of it made the poet think it worthy of being the subject of an ode.—*San.*

† Athenæus tells us there were two kinds of Falernian wine : one, strong and heady ; the other, smooth and sweet. The poet therefore offers to drink a cup of the stronger kind, though he knew the strength of it, to show at what expense he would recover the good humour of the company.—*Francis.*

By what dear wound he blissful dies,  
And whence the gentle arrow flies.

What ! does the bashful boy deny ?  
Then, if I drink it let me die.

Whoe'er she be, a generous flame  
Can never know the blush of shame.  
Thy breast no slave-born Venus fires,  
But fair, ingenuous love inspires.  
Then safely whisper in my ear,  
For all such trusts are sacred here.

Ah ! worthy of a better flame !  
Unhappy youth ! is she the dame ?  
Unhappy youth ! how art thou lost,  
In what a sea of troubles tossed !  
What drugs, what witchcraft, or what charms,  
What god can free thee from her arms ?  
Scarce Pegasus can disengage  
Thy heart from this Chimæra's rage.

FRANCIS.

#### ODE XXVIII.

#### ARCHYTAS.\*

*"Te maris et terræ."*

THE sea, the earth, the innumerable sand,  
Archytas, thou couldst measure ; how, alas !  
A little dust on Matine shore has spanned  
That soaring spirit ; vain it was to pass

\* Archytas was a celebrated mathematician and philosopher, and said to be the inventor of analytical geometry. He was a Greek of Tarentum, and is thought to have been contemporary with Plato.—ED.

The gates of heaven, and send thy soul in quest  
 O'er air's wide realms ; for thou hadst yet to die.  
 Ay, dead is Pelops' father, heaven's own guest,  
 And old Tithonus, wrapt from earth to sky,  
 And Minos, made the council friend of Jove,  
 And Panthus' son \* has yielded up his breath  
 Once more, though down he plucked the shield to  
 prove

His prowess under Troy, and bade grim death  
 O'er skin and nerves alone exert its power,  
 Not he, you grant, in nature meanly read.  
 Yes, all " await the inevitable hour ; "

The downward journey all one day must tread.  
 Some bleed to glut the war-god's savage eyes ;  
 Fate meets the sailor from the hungry brine ;  
 Youth jostles age in funeral obsequies ;  
 Each brow in turn is touched by Proserpine. †  
 Me, too, Orion's mate, the southern blast

Whelmed in deep death beneath the Illyrian wave.  
 But grudge not, sailor, of driven sand to cast  
 A handful on my head, that owns no grave.  
 So, though the Eastern tempests loudly threat  
 Hesperia's main, may green Venusia's crown  
 Be stripped, while you lie warm ; may blessings yet  
 Stream from Tarentum's guard, great Neptune, down,  
 And gracious Jove, into your open lap !

What ! shrink ye not from crime whose punishment  
 Falls on your innocent children ? it may hap  
 Imperious Fate will make yourself repent.

\* Euphorbus, a valiant Trojan ; but here meant for Pythagoras, who asserted that he had lived before in the form of Euphorbus.—ED.

† Who was believed to cut a lock of hair from the head of one dying.—*Francis*.

My prayers shall reach the avenger of all wrong ;  
 No expiations shall the curse unbind,  
 Great though your haste, I would not task you long ;  
 Thrice sprinkle dust, then scud before the wind.

JOHN CONINGTON, M.A.

(By courteous permission of Messrs. BELL.)

ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.\*

*"Icci, beatis."*

ICCIUS, the blessed Arabia's gold  
 Can you with envious eye behold ?  
 Or will you boldly take the field,  
 And teach Sabæa's kings to yield,  
 Or meditate the dreadful Mede  
 In chains triumphantly to lead ?

Should you her hapless lover slay,  
 What captive maid shall own thy sway ?  
 What courtly youth with essenced hair  
 Shall at thy board the goblet bear,  
 Skilful with his great father's art  
 To wing with death the pointed dart ?

Who shall deny that streams ascend,  
 And Tiber's currents backward bend,  
 When you have all our hopes betrayed ;  
 You, that far other promise made ;

\* Iccius was a student of philosophy, but abandoned his studies to join an expedition into Arabia. He was afterwards steward of Agrippa's Sicilian estates.

When all your volumes, learned store !  
The treasures of Socratic lore,  
Once bought at mighty price, in vain,  
Are sent to purchase arms in Spain ?

FRANCIS.

---

ODE XXX.

TO VENUS.

*“ O Venus, regina.”*

QUEEN of beauty, queen of smiles,  
Leave, oh ! leave thy favourite isles :  
A temple rises to thy fame  
Where Glycera invokes thy name,  
And bids the fragrant incense flame.  
With thee bring thy love-warm son,  
The Graces bring with flowing zone,  
The nymphs, and jocund Mercury,  
And sprightly Youth, who without thee  
Is nought but savage liberty.

FRANCIS.

---

ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

*“ Quid dedicatum.”*

WHAT gift of Phœbus have I prayed ?—  
The fresh libation duly made,  
What asks the bard ?—No fruitful stores,  
The harvest of Sardinian shores ;

No herds Calabrian hills supply,  
 Nor gold, nor Indian ivory ;  
 For rural meads no wish he knows,  
 Where Liris, gentle river, flows.  
 Let others prune Calenian vines  
 For whom propitious fortune shines ;  
 Let merchants at their board produce  
 In golden cups the purple juice,  
 Exchanged for Syrian wares ; who brave  
 Thrice in each year the Atlantic wave,  
 And safe in Heaven's peculiar care  
 The perils of the ocean bear.

For me shall be the olive dressed,  
 Mallows and endive be my feast.  
 Son of Latona ! grant me this—  
 My destined lot to meet in bliss !  
 Grant to my prayer, health unconfined ;  
 And, oh, preserve my peace of mind !  
 Let my old age unspotted prove  
 And brightened by the Muse's love.

N. L. TORRE.

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

*"Poscimur—si quid."*

WE are called ! If e'en beneath the bower  
 We've sung at leisure what may live  
 Through this, and many a future hour,  
 O lyre ! a Latin measure give !



Toned first by Mitylene's swain,\*  
 Who, fierce amid the clash of steel,  
 Or, landing from the stormy main,  
 On the wet sand he moored the keel,

For Bacchus, and the Muses Nine,  
 Oft did the joyous strain renew,  
 Praised Venus and her boy divine,  
 And Lycus, dark of eye and hue.

O grace of Phœbus ! and delight  
 Of Jove's great festivals on high !  
 Whene'er I thee invoke aright  
 All cares depart and troubles fly.

HERBERT GRANT.

(By kind permission of Messrs. HARRISON.)

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.†

*"Albi, ne doleas."*

No more in elegiac strain  
 Of cruel Glycera complain,  
 Though she resign her faithless charms  
 To a new lover's younger arms.  
 The maid, for lovely forehead famed,  
 With Cyrus' beauties is inflamed ;  
 While Pholoë, of haughty charms,  
 The panting breast of Cyrus warms ;

\* Alcæus.

† The elegiac Latin poet, who was one of Horace's most intimate friends. Four books of his elegies are still extant.

But wolves and goats shall sooner prove  
 The pleasures of forbidden love  
 Than she her virgin honour stain,  
 And not the hateful rake disdain.

So Venus wills, whose power controls  
 The fond affections of our souls:  
 With sportive cruelty she binds  
 Unequal forms, unequal minds.  
 Thus, when a better Venus strove  
 To warm my youthful breast to love,  
 Yet could a slave-born maid detain  
 My willing heart in pleasing chain,  
 Though fiercer she than waves that roar  
 Winding the rough Calabrian shore.

PHILIP FRANCIS.

ODE XXXIV.

TO HIMSELF.

*"Parcus deorum."*

I THAT have seldom worshipped heaven,  
 As to a mad sect\* too much given,  
 My former ways am forced to balk,  
 And after the old light to walk.  
 For cloud-dividing-lightning Jove  
 Through a clear firmament late drove  
 His thundering horses and swift wheels;  
 With which supporting Atlas reels;  
 With which Earth, Seas, the Stygian lake  
 And Hell (with all her Furies) quake.  
 It shook me too. God pulls the proud  
 From his high seat, and from their cloud

\* The Epicurean.

Draws the obscure ; levels the hills,  
 And with their earth the valley fills.  
 'Tis he does all, he does it all :  
 Yet this, blind mortals, Fortune call.

SIR R. FANSHAWE.\*

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ODE XXXV

TO FORTUNE.

*“ O Diva, gratum.”*

FAIR Antium's Goddess ! whose sweet smile or frown  
 Can raise weak mortals from the depths of woe,  
 Or bring the lofty pride of triumph down,  
 And bid the bitter tear of funeral grief to flow.

Thee the poor farmer courts with anxious prayer ;  
 Thee, sovereign of the seas ! does he implore  
 Who in Bithynian bark will boldly steer  
 Where wild Carpathia's waves in vexed commotion  
 roar.

The Dacian fierce, rude Scythia's wandering bands,  
 And towns and nations, warlike Italy,  
 Mother of kings who reign in barbarous lands,  
 And purpled tyrants fear, and trembling kneel to thee.

Let not thy wrath with scornful foot o'erthrow  
 The column firm on which we rest our fate ;  
 Nor let wild discord work anew our woe,  
 Or rouse to arms again, and overturn the state.

\* One of the earliest translators of Horace, 1652.

Before thee stalks stern Fate, who joys to bear  
In iron hand the wedge—the spikes so dire ;  
Nor wants the hook, to torture and to tear ;  
Nor molten lead that rolls its streams of liquid  
fire.

Thee Hope, and white-robed Faith so seldom found,  
Attend to cheer ; nor from thy presence fly,  
When those proud halls, for splendour long renowned,  
Thou leavest in angry haste and garb of poverty.

But that false crew which flatters to betray—  
The perjured partner of Love's wanton bower—  
Will drain the lowest dregs ; then shrink away,  
Nor bear the equal yoke in Friendship's trying  
hour.

O goddess ! let great Cæsar be thy care,  
Whose daring sail seeks Britain's distant coast :  
Return his new-raised bands again to bear  
Our arms beyond the East—a gallant conquering  
host.

But ah ! what crimes are ours ! what deeds of shame,  
Dishonest scars and blood by brothers spilt :  
Our iron age, well worthy of the name,  
What has it left undared !—when made a pause in  
guilt !

Whose altar spared, by piety restrained !  
But, oh dread goddess ! let thy powerful hand  
Our blunted swords, by kindred blood distained,  
New whet against our foes of Scythia's barbarous  
land.

T. BOURNE.

## ODE XXXVI.

## ON NUMIDA'S RETURN FROM SPAIN.

*"Et thure."*

WITH incense now and grateful lay  
 And votive calf the gods we'll pay,  
 Whose guardian care from farthest Spain  
 Safe brings our Numida again.

Many a dear friend his kiss receives,  
 But more to none, though dear, he gives  
 Than Lamia, of his youth fond mate ;  
 With whom on schoolboy's bench he sat,  
 And early manhood's toga shared.

This day in white be calendared,  
 And wine from foaming pitchers flow,  
 And trip, like Salian, many a toe.  
 Nor Bassus now in bumpered glass  
 Let rival Damalis surpass.  
 Nor want there, crown of festal sheen,  
 Brief lily, rose, and parsley green.

On Damalis their gloating eyes  
 Gazers shall rest ; but Damalis  
 Shall her new love with closer grasp,  
 —The elm, the wanton ivy—clasp.

ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

## ODE XXXVII.

## TO HIS COMPANIONS.\*

*"Nunc est bibendum."*

Now let the bowl with wine be crowned,  
 Now lighter dance the mazy round,

\* On the death of Cleopatra.

And let the sacred couch be stored  
With the rich dainties of a priestly board.

Sooner to draw the mellowed wine,  
Pressed from the rich Cæcubian vine,  
Were impious mirth, while yet elate  
The queen breathed ruin to the Roman state.

Surrounded by a tainted train,  
Wretches enervate and obscene,  
She raved of empire—nothing less—  
Vast in her hopes, and giddy with success.

But, hardly rescued from the flames,\*  
One lonely ship her fury tames ;  
While Cæsar with impelling oar  
Pursued her flying from the Latian shore :

Her, with Egyptian wine inspired,  
With the full draught to madness fired,  
Augustus sobered into tears,  
And turned her visions into real fears.

As darting sudden from above  
The hawk attacks a tender dove :  
Or sweeping huntsman drives the hare  
O'er wide Æmonia's icy deserts drear ;

So Cæsar through the billows pressed  
To lead in chains the fatal pest :

\* The fleet of Antony, even after his flight, made such an obstinate resistance, as obliged Augustus to send for fire from his camp to destroy it.—*Dac.*

Cleopatra left Egypt with a numerous and formidable fleet, and sailed, as to a certain conquest, towards Italy, which, from being an object of her hopes, was now become a scene of terror, from which she fled, in the greatest disorder, with all the speed of sails and oars.  
—*San.*

But she a nobler fate explored,  
 Nor woman-like beheld the deathful sword,\*  
 Nor with her navy fled dismayed,  
 In distant realms to seek for aid,  
 But saw unmoved her state destroyed,  
 Her palace desolate, a lonely void ;  
 With fearless hand she dared to grasp  
 The writhings of the wrathful asp,  
 And suck the poison through her veins,  
 Resolved on death, and fiercer from its pains :  
 Thus, scorning to be led the boast  
 Of mighty Cæsar's naval host,  
 And armed with more than mortal spleen,  
 Defrauds a triumph, and expires a queen.

FRANCIS.

ODE XXXVIII.

TO HIS SERVANT.

*"Persicos, odi."*

NAY, nay, my boy—'tis not for me,  
 This studious pomp of Eastern luxury ;  
 Give me no various garlands—fine  
     With linden twine,  
 Nor seek, where latest lingering blows  
     The solitary rose.

\* Octavius had given particular directions to Proculeius and Epaphroditus to take Cleopatra alive, that he might make himself master of her treasures and have the glory of leading her in triumph. Justly sensible of this ignominy, she had reserved a dagger for her last extremities, and when she saw Proculeius enter, she raised it to stab herself, but he dexterously wrenched it from her.—*Lamb.*





Of mighty legions late subdued,  
And arms with Latian blood imbrued,  
Yet unatoned (a labour vast !  
Doubtful the die, and dire the cast !)  
You treat adventurous, and incautious tread  
On fires, with faithless embers overspread :

Retard a while thy glowing vein,  
Nor swell the solemn, tragic scene ;  
And when thy sage, historic cares  
Have formed the train of Rome's affairs,  
With lofty rapture reinflamed, infuse  
Heroic thoughts, and wake the buskined muse :

Hark ! the shrill clarion's voice I hear,  
Its threatening murmurs pierce mine ear ;  
And in thy lines, with brazen breath,  
The trumpet sounds the charge of death ;  
While the strong splendours of the sword affright  
The flying steed, and mar the rider's sight !

Panting with terror, I survey  
The martial host in dread array,  
The chiefs, how valiant and how just !  
Defiled with not inglorious dust,  
And all the world in chains, but Cato, see  
Of spirit unsubdued, and dying to be free.

Imperial Juno, fraught with ire,  
And all the partial gods of Tyre,  
Who, feeble to revenge her cries,  
Retreated to their native skies,

joined Octavius and Antony, and was Consul U.C. 714. He was afterwards commander in Illyria, where he defeated the Parthini, an Illyrian people, and was allowed a triumph, U.C. 715.

Have in the victor's bleeding race repaid  
Jugurtha's\* ruin, and appeased his shade.

What plain, by mortals traversed o'er,  
Is not enriched with Roman gore ?  
Unnumbered sepulchres record  
The deathful harvest of the sword,  
And proud Hesperia, rushing into thrall,  
While distant Parthia heard the cumbrous fall.†

What gulf, what rapid river flows  
Unconscious of our wasteful woes ?  
What rolling sea's unfathomed tide  
Have not the Daunian slaughters dyed ?  
What coast, encircled by the briny flood,  
Boasts not the shameful tribute of our blood ?

But thou, my Muse, to whom belong  
The sportive jest, and jocund song,  
Beyond thy province cease to stray,  
Nor vain revive the plaintive lay :  
Seek humbler measures, indolently laid  
With me beneath some love-sequestered shade.

FRANCIS.

\* Jugurtha was king of Numidia ; he was taken prisoner by Sylla, and led in triumph by Marius. After the triumph he was put to death.

† The poet no longer confines himself to the quarrel between Cæsar and Pompey, but exposes in general the melancholy effects of the whole Civil War. The images of these two strophes are very nobly spirited. Rivers and gulfs appear animated and enlivened : and Italy is represented as a vast body, the fall of which is heard to nations most distant.—*San. Dac.*

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## ODE II.

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS.\*

*"Nullus argento."*

YES, you deservedly despise  
 The wealth that use ne'er taught to shine,  
 That rusting in the coffer lies  
 Like ore yet buried in the mine;  
 For gold, my friend, no lustre knows  
 But what a wise well-tempered use bestows.

Thee, Proculeius !† distant days  
 Will bless, and make thy virtues known,  
 Conspiring tongues will sound thy praise,  
 A father's love to brethren shown:  
 Transcendent worth, like thine will fly  
 On Fame's unflagging pinions through the sky.

A monarch far more potent he  
 Who subject keeps his wayward soul;  
 Who lives from sordid avarice free,  
 And dares each fiercer lust control,  
 Than he whose universal sway  
 Wide earth's extremes, her East and West obey.

That sensual self-indulgent wretch  
 Whose skin the panting dropsy strains,  
 Still must the watery languor stretch,  
 And only Temperance ease his veins;  
 So growing wealth prompts new desire,  
 And Fortune's breeze but fans the wasting fire.

\* Crispus Sallustius Crispus was grand-nephew to Sallust the historian.

† Proculeius generously divided his fortune with his brothers, who had lost their property in the Civil Wars.

The Persian hails the public voice  
 Decked with the crown that Cyrus wore ;  
 But virtue sanctions not the choice ;  
 She calls Phraates,\* blessed no more :  
 Can tyrant hands, defiled with sin,  
 The fair, the spotless mind of virtue win ?  
 Virtue, their rule perverse, shall own  
 Which bliss to wealth and grandeur leaves,  
 From virtue he and he alone,  
 The wreath and diadem receives  
 Who dares the glittering heap pass by  
 With steadfast mien and unreverted eye.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

ODE III.

TO QUINTUS DELLIUS.†

*“Æquam memento.”*

WHEN dangers press, a mind sustain  
 Unshaken by the storms of Fate ;  
 And when delight succeeds to pain,  
 With no glad insolence elate ;  
 For death will end the various toys  
 Of hopes, and fears, and cares, and joys.  
 Mortal alike, if sadly grave  
 You pass life's melancholy day,  
 Or, in some green retirèd cave  
 Wearing the idle hours away,  
 Give to the Muses all your soul,  
 And pledge them in the flowing bowl ;

\* King of Persia.

† Dellius had several times changed sides during the Civil Wars. He joined Cassius ; then Antony and Cleopatra ; and finally deserted them for Augustus. He was the most inconstant of adherents.

Where the broad pine, and poplar white,  
To join their hospitable shade  
With intertwisted boughs delight ;  
And, o'er its pebbly bed conveyed,  
Labours the winding stream to run,  
Trembling, and glittering to the sun.

Thy generous wine, and rich perfume,  
And fragrant roses hither bring,  
That with the early zephyrs bloom,  
And wither with declining spring,  
While joy and youth not yet have fled,  
And Fate still holds the uncertain thread.

You soon must leave your verdant bowers  
And groves, yourself had taught to grow ;  
Your soft retreats from sultry hours,  
Where Tiber's gentle waters flow,  
Soon leave ; and all you call your own  
Be squandered by an heir unknown.

Whether of wealth and lineage proud,  
A high patrician name you bear,  
Or pass ignoble in the crowd  
Unsheltered from the midnight air,  
'Tis all alike ; no age or state  
Is spared by unrelenting Fate.

To the same port our barks are bound ;  
One final doom is fixed for all :  
The universal wheel goes round,  
And, soon or late, each lot must fall,  
When all together shall be sent  
To one eternal banishment.

JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE.

## ODE IV.

## TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

*“ Ne sic ancillæ.”*

NAY, if thou lov'st thy handmaid, Xanthias, blush not:  
Long since the slave Briseïs, with white beauty  
O'ermastering him who ne'er before had yielded,  
Conquered Achilles;

So, too, the captive form of fair Tecmessa  
Conquered her captor Telamonian Ajax;  
And a wronged maiden, in the midst of triumph,  
Fired Agamemnon,

What time had fallen the barbarian forces  
Before the might of the Thessalian victor,  
And Hector's loss made easy to worn Hellas  
Troy's mighty ruin.

How dost thou know but what thy fair-haired Phyllis  
May make thee son-in-law to splendid parents?  
Doubtless she mourns the wrong to race and hearth-  
gods  
Injured, but regal.

Believe not thy beloved of birth plebeian;  
A girl so faithful, so averse from lucre,  
Could not be born of an ignoble mother  
Whom thou wouldst blush for.

That lovely face, those arms, those tapering ankles—  
Nay, in my praises never doubt my honour:  
The virtuous man who rounds the age of forty  
Hold unsuspected.

LORD LYTTON.

*(By courteous permission of Messrs. BLACKWOOD.)*

## ODE V.

*“Nondum subacta.”*

SEE, thy heifer's yet unbroke  
To the labours of the yoke,  
Nor hath strength enough to prove  
Such impetuous weight of love.  
Round the fields her fancy strays,  
O'er the mead she sportive plays,  
Now beneath the sultry beam  
Cools her in the passing stream,  
Now with frisking steerlings young  
Sports the sallow groves among.

Do not then commit a rape  
On the crude, unmellowed grape :  
Autumn soon, of various dyes,  
Shall with kinder warmth arise,  
Bid the livid clusters glow,  
And a riper purple show.

Time to her shall count each day,  
Which from you it takes away,  
Till with bold and forward charms,  
She shall rush into your arms.  
Pholoë, the flying fair,  
Shall not then with her compare ;  
Nor the maid, of bosom bright,  
Like the moon's unspotted light,  
O'er the waves, with silver rays,  
When its floating lustre plays ;  
Nor the Cnidian \* fair and young,  
Who, the virgin choir among,  
Might deceive, in female guise,

\* Gyges.

Strangers, though extremely wise,  
 With the difference between  
 Sexes hardly to be seen,  
 And his hair of flowing grace,  
 And his boyish, girlish face.

FRANCIS.

ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.\*

*"Septimi, Gades."*

COME friend! with me to Gades' remotest shores,  
 Where fierce Cantabrians spurn the Roman chain;  
 To climes barbaric, where unceasing roars  
 Thro' boiling sands the Mauritanian main.  
 May I, in Tybur, rais'd by Argive bands,  
 Close the calm scene of life's eventful stage:  
 There find these limbs, long tossed on seas and lands,  
 A bed of comfort for reposing age!  
 Should Fate, unkind, deny that blissful seat,  
 Thy wave, Galesus! and thou, rural reign  
 Of bold Phalantus! † rest my pilgrim feet,  
 Where snow-white fleeces brighten all the plain.  
 Ye streams delicious, and enchanting fields!  
 Oh! may that spot of all the globe be mine!  
 Hymettus' self not purer honey yields;  
 Venafrian olives dare but rival thine.

\* A Roman knight, and lyric and tragic poet. He attended Tiberius in his Eastern expedition, 731, and was esteemed by Augustus. He was one of Horace's companions at Athens, and a fellow soldier with him under Brutus and Cassius. He was pardoned by Augustus.

† Phalanthus and the Parthenii were expelled from Sparta and colonised Tarentum.



There from soft Zephyr of encroaching Springs,  
 Stern Winter's transient rigours melt away :  
 There grapes, mount Aulon from his full lap flings,  
 Like thine, Falern ! matures a warmer ray.

There every grace that Nature's hand can lend,  
 Invite our steps, and all the clime endear :  
 There pay the last sad office to thy friend,  
 And quench his glowing ashes with a tear.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

ODE VII.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS.\*

*" O sæpe mecum."*

O, oft with me in troublous time  
 Involved, when Brutus warred in Greece,  
 Who gives you back to your own clime  
 And your own gods, a man of peace,  
 Pompey, the earliest friend I knew,  
 With whom I oft cut short the hours  
 With wine, my hair bright bathed in dew  
 Of Syrian oils, and wreathed with flowers ?  
 With you I shared Philippi's rout,  
 Unseemly parted from my shield,  
 When Valour fell, and warriors stout  
 Were tumbled on the inglorious field :  
 But I was saved by Mercury,  
 Wrapped in thick mist, yet trembling sore,

\* An early friend who fought with Horace on the side of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi. When peace was concluded between Sextus Pompeius and the Triumvirate, a general amnesty was granted, and Varus was able to return to Rome.—ED.

While you to that tempestuous sea  
 Were swept by battle's tide once more.  
 Come, pay to Jove the feast you owe;  
 Lay down those limbs, with warfare spent,  
 Beneath my laurel; nor be slow  
 To drain my cask; for you 'twas meant.  
 Lethe's true draught is Massic wine;  
 Fill high the goblet; pour out free  
 Rich streams of unguent. Who will twine  
 The hasty wreath from myrtle-tree  
 Or parsley? Whom will Venus seat  
 Chairman of cups? Are Bacchants sane?  
 Then I'll be sober. O, 'tis sweet  
 To fool, when friends come home again!  
J. CONINGTON.

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## ODE VIII.

## TO BARINE.

*"Ulla si juris."*

Did any punishment attend  
 Thy former perjuries,  
 I should believe, a second time,  
 Thy charming flatteries:  
 Did but one wrinkle mark thy face  
 Or hadst thou lost one single grace.  
 No sooner hast thou, with false vows,  
 Provoked the powers above;  
 But thou art fairer than before  
 And we are more in love.  
 Thus Heaven and Earth seem to declare  
 They pardon falsehood in the fair.

Sure 'tis no crime vainly to swear  
 By every power on high,  
 And call our buried mother's ghost  
 A witness to the lie !  
 Heaven at such perjury connives  
 And Venus with a smile forgives.

The nymphs and cruel Cupid too,  
 Sharp'ning his pointed dart  
 On an old hone besmeared with blood,  
 Forbear thy perjured heart.  
 Fresh youth grows up to wear thy chains  
 And the old slave no freedom gains.

Thee, mothers for their eldest sons,  
 Thee, wretched misers fear,  
 Lest thy prevailing beauty should  
 Seduce the hopeful heir ;  
 New married virgins fear thy charms  
 Should keep their bridegrooms from their arms.  
 SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

## ODE IX.

TO C. VALGIUS RUFUS.\*

*"Non semper imbres."*

CLOUDS do not always veil the skies,  
 Nor showers immerse the verdant plain ;  
 Nor do the billows always rise,  
 Nor storms afflict the troubled main.

\* Valgus was of consular rank, and much admired as an epic poet. He wrote also elegies, epigrams, &c.

Nor, Valgius, on the Armenian shores,  
Do the chained waters always freeze ;  
Nor always furious Boreas roars,  
Or bends with violent force the trees.

But you are ever drowned in tears,  
For Myses \* dead you ever mourn ;  
No setting sun can ease your cares,  
But finds you sad at his return.

The wise experienced Grecian sage  
Mourned not Antilochus so long :  
Nor did King Priam's hoary age  
So much lament his slaughtered son.

Leave off at length these woman's sighs,  
Augustus' number'd trophies sing ;  
Repeat that prince's victories  
To whom all nations tribute bring.

Niphates rolls an humbler wave ;  
At length th' undaunted Scythian yields,  
Content to live the Romans' slave  
And scarce forsakes his native fields.

DR. JOHNSON.

\* Lord Lytton says "the Myses, whose loss Valgius deploras, must have been a slave or of servile origin, as the name denotes—not as Dacier and Sanadon suppose, the son of Valgius."—Ed.

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## ODE X.

TO LICINIUS MURENA.\*

*“Rectius vives.”*

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach ;  
So shalt thou live beyond the reach  
Of adverse Fortune's power ;  
Not always tempt the distant deep,  
Nor always timorously creep  
Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,  
And lives contentedly between  
The little and the great,  
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,  
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,  
Embittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power  
Of wintry blasts ; the loftiest tower  
Comes heaviest to the ground ;  
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,  
His cloud-capt eminence divide,  
And spread the ruin round.

The well-informed philosopher  
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,  
And hopes, in spite of pain ;  
If winter bellow from the north,  
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,  
And Nature laughs again.

\* According to Dacier this Licinius Murena was the brother of Proculus and Terentia, the wife of Maecenas. He entered into a conspiracy against Augustus with Flavius Cæpio in v.c. 731, and was put to death. He would have been wiser had he accepted the counsel of this Ode.

What if thine heaven be overcast ?  
 The dark appearance will not last ;  
     Expect a brighter sky.  
 The god, that strings the silver bow,  
 Awakes sometimes the Muses too,  
     And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,  
 Thy magnanimity display,  
     And let thy strength be seen ;  
 But oh ! if Fortune fill thy sail  
 With more than a propitious gale,  
     Take half thy canvas in.

W. COWPER.

ODE XI.

TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

*“ Quid bellicosus.”*

WHAT the Cantabrian stout, or Scythian think  
 Divided with opposèd Adria's brink,  
 Quintius Hirpinus, do not thou enquire ;  
 Nor for life's use, which little doth desire,  
 Be thou too careful : smooth-faced youth apace  
 Doth backward fly, and with it beauty's grace,  
 Dry agèd hoariness with furrows deep,  
 Dispelling amorous fires, and gentle sleep.  
 The summer flowers keep not their native grace,  
 Nor shines the bright moon with a constant face.  
 Why dost thou tire thy mind, subordinate  
 Unto the counsels of eternal fate ?

Why under this high plane, or pine-tree's shade  
 In discomposed manner, careless laid,  
 Our hoary hair perfumed with fragrant rose,  
 And odours, which Assyria doth disclose,  
 Do we, anointed, not to drink prepare?  
 Free Bacchus dissipates consuming care:  
 But oh! what boy, Falernian wines' hot rage  
 Will soon for me, with gliding streams assuage?  
 Ah! who retirèd Lyde will require,  
 Hither to come? Boy, with her ivory lyre  
 Bid her make haste, and hair to tie not shame,  
 In careless knot, like a Laconian dame.

SIR THOMAS HAWKINS.

ODE XII.

TO MÆCENAS.

*"Nolis longa feræ."*

NUMANTIA'S wars for years maintained,  
 Or Hannibal's vindictive ire,  
 Or seas with Punic gore distained,  
 Suit not the softness of my feeble lyre; \*

Nor savage Centaurs, mad with wine,  
 Nor earth's gigantic rebel brood,  
 Who shook old Saturn's seats divine,  
 Till by the arm of Hercules subdued.

\* The poet does not mean, as some commentators understand him, that grave or tragic subjects do not agree with lyric poetry. This assertion would be absolutely false, and the odes of Pindar and Horace are a proof of the contrary. He only says that his own lyre has no other sounds but what are proper for love, and refuses all subjects of grandeur and sublimity.—*Francis.*

You in historic prose shall tell  
 The mighty power of Cæsar's war ;  
 How kings beneath his battle fell,  
 Or dragged indignant his triumphal car.

Licymnia's \* dulcet voice, her eye,  
 Bright-darting its resplendent ray,  
 Her breast, where love and friendship lie,  
 The muse commands me sing in softer lay ;

In raillery the sportive jest,  
 Graceful her mien in dancing charms,  
 When playful at Diana's feast  
 To the bright virgin choir she winds her arms.

Say, shall the wealth by kings possessed,  
 Or the rich diadems they wear,  
 Or all the treasures of the east,  
 Purchase one lock of thy Licymnia's hair ?

While now her bending neck she plies  
 Backward to meet the burning kiss,  
 Then with an easy cruelty denies,  
 Yet wishes you would snatch, not ask the bliss.

FRANCIS.

ODE XIII.

TO A TREE.

*" Ille et nefasto."*

SHAME of thy mother-soil ! ill nurtured tree !  
 Set to the mischief of posterity.

\* By Licymnia, Horace is supposed to have meant Terentia, the beautiful but capricious wife of Mæcenas.



That hand (whate'er it were) that was thy nurse  
Was sacrilegious sure, or something worse,  
Black, as the day was dismal in whose sight  
Thy rising top first stained the bashful light.  
That man—I think—wrested the feeble life  
From his old father ; that man's barbarous knife  
Conspired with darkness 'gainst the stranger's throat ;  
(Whereof the blushing walls took bloody note)  
Huge high flown poisons, ev'n of Colchis' breed,  
And whatsoe'er wild sins black thoughts do feed,  
His hands have paddled in ; his hands that found  
Thy traitorous root a dwelling in my ground.  
Perfidious totterer ! longing for the stains  
Of thy kind master's well-deserving brains.  
Man's daintiest care and caution cannot spy  
The subtile point of his coy destiny  
Which way it threatens. With fear the merchant's mind  
Is ploughed as deep as is the sea with wind  
Roused in an angry tempest. Oh, the sea !  
Oh, that's his fear ! there floats his destiny.  
While from another, unseen corner blows  
The storm of fate to which his life he owes.  
By Parthian bow the soldier looks to die  
(Whose hands are fighting while their feet do fly).  
The Parthian starts at Rome's imperial name,  
Fledged with her eagle's wing ; the very shame  
Of his captivity rings in his ears.  
Thus, O thus fondly do we pitch our fears  
Far distant from our fates, our fates that mock  
Our giddy fears with an unlooked for shock.  
A little more and I had surely seen  
Thy grisly majesty, Hell's blackest queen,  
And Eacus on his tribunal too,  
Sifting the souls of guilt ; and you, oh you,

You ever blushing meads, where do the blest  
 Far from dark horror's home appeal to rest.  
 There amorous Sappho plains upon her lute  
 Her love's cross fortune ; that the sad dispute  
 Runs murmuring on the strings. Alceus there  
 In high built numbers wakes his golden lyre,  
 To tell the world how hard the matter went,  
 How hard, by sea, by war, by banishment.  
 There these brave souls deal to each wondering ear,  
 Such words so precious, as they may not hear  
 Without religious silence ; above all  
 War's rattling tumults, or some tyrant's fall,  
 The thronging clotted multitude doth feast,  
 What wonder, when the hundred headed beast,  
 Hangs his black lugs, stroaked with those heavenly  
 lines ;  
 The Furies' curled snakes meet in gentle twines,  
 And stretch their cold limbs in a pleasing fire ;  
 Prometheus' self, and Pelop's starvèd sire  
 Are cheated of their pains : Orion thinks  
 Of lions now no more, or spotted lynx.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

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ODE XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

*"Eheu, fugaces."*

How swiftly glide our flying years !  
 Alas ! nor piety, nor tears  
 Can stop the fleeting day ;

Deep-furrowed wrinkles, posting age,  
And death's unconquerable rage,  
Are strangers to delay.

Though every day a bull should bleed  
To Pluto, bootless were the deed,  
The monarch tearless reigns,  
Where vulture-tortured Tityus lies,  
And triple Geryon's monstrous size  
The gloomy wave detains.

Whoever tastes of earthly food  
Is doomed to pass the joyless flood,  
And hear the Stygian roar ;  
The sceptred king, who rules the earth,  
The labouring hind, of humbler birth,  
Must reach the distant shore.

The broken surge of Adria's main,  
Hoarse-sounding, we avoid in vain,  
And Mars in blood-stained arms ;  
The southern blast in vain we fear,  
And autumn's life-annoying air  
With idle fears alarms ;

For all must see Cocytus flow,  
Whose gloomy water sadly slow  
Strays through the dreary soil.  
The guilty maids,\* an ill-famed train !  
And, Sisyphus, thy labours vain,  
Condemned to endless toil.

Your pleasing consort must be left,  
And you of villas, lands, bereft,  
Must to the shades descend ;

\* The Danaides.

The cypress only, hated tree !  
 Of all thy much-loved groves, shall thee,  
     Its short-lived lord, attend.

Then shall your worthier heir discharge,  
 And set th' imprisoned casks at large,  
     And dye the floor with wine,  
 So rich and precious, not the feasts  
 Of holy pontiffs cheer their guests  
     With liquor more divine.

FRANCIS.

ODE XV.

AGAINST THE LUXURY OF THE ROMANS.

*"Jam pauca aratro."*

GLEAMING on Baïæ's golden shore,  
 Yon marble domes their sunny wings expand :  
 And glittering villas crown the yellow strand :  
 But ah ! its wealthy harvests wave no more,  
 The faithful ploughshare quits the encumbered land.  
 Mark yon broad lakes their glittering bosoms spread,  
     Wide, as the Lucrine wave, their waters sheen ;  
 And lo ! the solitary plane is seen,  
     Spreading its broad and fruitless boughs of green,  
 Where erst above the maple's social head,  
 Laden with grapes the tendrils wont to twine ;  
     And thou thy purple clusters shed,  
     Oh ! Italy's beloved vine !  
 How rich the balm Favonius breathes,  
 From banks, with rose and spicy myrtle set !  
 How fair his fragrant blossoms wreathes

Of the dark-eyed violet.

But ah ! the sons of joy forget,  
 (Who the fierce splendours of the summer sky,  
 In the green depth of laurel-groves defy ;)  
 How autumn's ripening hand was wont to pour  
 The orchard fruits from every golden tree,  
 And o'er the ruddy fallows smiled to see  
 The olive drop its fat and mellow shower.

How stern old Cato's shaggy brows would bend ;  
 How darkly glare our founder's angry look ;  
 For ill could they, the conscript fathers, brook  
 To see yon marble porticos extend  
 Wooing the North his breezy shades to lend  
 From many a mountain nook.

The green turf was their humble bed,  
 Their costliest canopy the wild-wood tree ;  
 While its rich breast the marble quarry spread,  
 And high the temple reared its stately head  
 In honour of the deity.

REV. J. MITFORD.

# ODE XVI.

## TO POMPEIUS GROSPHUS.\*

*" Olum divos."*

IN storms when clouds the moon do hide,  
 And no kind stars the pilot guide,  
 Show me at sea the boldest there,  
 Who does not wish for quiet here.

\* According to the Scholiast Pompeius Grosphus was a Sicilian of the Equestrian Order.

For quiet, friend, the soldier fights,  
Bears weary marches, sleepless nights,  
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold ;  
It can't be bought with hills of gold.  
Since wealth and power too weak we find  
To quell the tumults of the mind ;  
Or from the monarch's roofs of state  
Drive thence the cares that round him wait :  
Happy the man with little blessed  
Of what his father left, possessed ;  
No base desires corrupt his head,  
No fears disturb him in his bed.  
What then in life, which soon must end,  
Can all our vain designs intend ?  
From shore to shore why should we run,  
When none his tiresome self can shun ?  
For baneful Care will still prevail,  
And overtake us under sail ;  
'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,  
Outrun the roe, outfly the wind.  
If then thy soul rejoice to-day,  
Drive far to-morrow's cares away.  
In laughter let them all be drowned,  
No perfect good is to be found :  
One mortal feels fate's sudden blow,\*  
Another's ling'ring death comes slow ; †  
And what of life they take from thee,  
The gods may give to punish me.  
Thy portion is a wealthy stock,  
A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,  
Horses and chariots for thy ease,  
Rich robes to deck and make thee please.

\* Achilles.

† Tithonus.

For me a little cell I choose,  
 Fit for my mind, fit for my muse,  
 Which soft content does best adorn,  
 Shunning the knaves and fools I scorn.

OTWAY, 1678.

ODE XVII.

TO MÆCENAS.

*"Cur me querelis."*

WHY wilt thou kill me with thy boding fears ?  
 Why, O Mæcenas, why ?  
 Before thee lies a train of happy years ;  
 Yes, nor the gods nor I  
 Could brook that thou should'st first be laid in dust,  
 Who art my stay, my glory, and my trust.

Ah, if untimely Fate should snatch thee hence,  
 Thee, of my soul a part,  
 Why should I linger on, with deadened sense,  
 And ever aching heart,  
 A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine ?  
 No, no, one day shall see thy death and mine !

Think not that I have sworn a bootless oath ;  
 Yes, we shall go, shall go,  
 Hand linked in hand, whene'er thou ledest, both  
 The last sad road below !

Me neither the Chimæra's fiery breath,  
 Nor Gyges, even could Gyges rise from death,  
 With all his hundred hands from thee shall sever ;  
 For in such sort it hath  
 Pleased the dread Fates, and Justice potent ever,

To interweave our path.

Beneath whatever aspect thou wert born,  
 Libra, or Scorpion fierce, or Capricorn,

The blustering tyrant of the western deep,  
 This well I know, my friend,  
 Our stars in wondrous wise one orbit keep,  
 And in one radiance blend.

From thee were Saturn's baleful rays afar  
 Averted by great Jove's refulgent star,

And his hand stayed Fate's downward-swooping wing  
 When thrice with glad acclaim  
 The teeming theatre was heard to ring,  
 And thine the honoured name :

So had the falling timber laid me low  
 But Pan in mercy warded off the blow.

Pan who keeps watch o'er easy souls like mine.  
 Remember then to rear

In gratitude to Jove, a votive shrine,  
 And slaughter many a steer ;

While I, as fits, an humbler tribute pay,  
 And a meek lamb upon his altar lay.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.  
*(By kind permission.)*

#### ODE XVIII.

#### AGAINST AVARICE AND LUXURY.

*" Non ebur neque aureum."*

No walls with ivory inlaid  
 Adorn my house ; no colonnade



Proudly supports my citron beams,  
Nor rich with gold my ceiling flames;  
Nor have I, like an heir unknown,  
Seized upon Attalus's throne;  
Nor dames, to happier fortunes bred,  
Draw down for me the purple thread;  
Yet with a firm and honest heart,  
Unknowing or of fraud or art,  
With liberal vein of genius blessed,  
I'm by the rich and great caressed.  
My patron's gift, my Sabine field,  
Shall all its rural plenty yield;  
And happy in that rural store,  
Of Heaven and him I ask no more.

Day presses on the heels of day,  
And moons increase to their decay;  
But you, with thoughtless pride elate,  
Unconscious of impending fate,  
Command the pillared dome to rise,  
When, lo! thy tomb forgotten lies;  
And, though the waves indignant roar,  
Forward you urge the Baian shore;  
While earth's too narrow bounds in vain  
Your guilty progress would restrain,  
The sacred landmark strives in vain  
Your impious avarice to restrain:  
You break into your neighbour's grounds,  
And overleap your client's bounds.  
Driven out by thee, to new abodes  
They carry their paternal gods:  
The wife her husband's sorrow shares,  
And on her breast her squalid infant bears.

Yet destined by unerring fate,  
Shall death this wealthy lord await:

Then whither tend thy wide domains ?  
 For Earth impartial entertains  
 Her various sons, and in her breast  
 Princes and beggars equal rest.

Nor gold could bribe, nor art deceive  
 The gloomy life-guard of the grave,  
 Backward to tread the shadowy way,  
 And waft Prometheus into day.  
 Yet he, who Tantalus detains,  
 With all his haughty race in chains,  
 Invoked or not, the wretch receives,  
 And from the toils of life relieves.

FRANCIS.

ODE XIX.

TO BACCHUS.

*“Bacchum in remotis.”*

BACCHUS on far rocks his lays  
 Teaching—trust me, future days—  
 Listening nymphs, and hushed by awe  
 Satyrs with pricked ears I saw.  
 Evoe ! flutters still my soul :  
 Through my god-thrilled bosom roll  
 Tumults ! Spare me, Bacchus, hear  
 Dreadful with thine ivy spear !  
 Grant me Bacchantes wild to sing,  
 Wines, and milk’s o’erflowing spring,  
 And the treasures of the bee,  
 Trickling from the hollow tree :  
 Grant me, tuneful to declare  
 Ariadne’s circlet star.

And with agony of pain,  
 Pentheus\* and Lycurgus slain.  
 Rivers thou, and barbarous sea  
 Sway'st; on mountains tipsily,  
 Thou with harmless vipers twined  
 Dost the Thracians' tresses bind.  
 Thou, when impious Titans strove  
 To invade the realms of Jove,  
 Cheeked and pawed as lion fell,  
 Didst their giant-chief repel;  
 Thou for dancing formed and wit,  
 Thou for war wast deemed unfit:  
 Yet in battle, and in peace,  
 Equal were thine energies.  
 Thee with golden horn arrayed,  
 Calm, the three tongued Dog surveyed;  
 And to honour thy retreat,  
 Wagged his tail, and licked thy feet.

WRANGHAM.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

*"Non usitata."*

WITH strong unwonted wing I rise,  
 A two-formed poet, through the skies.  
 Far above envy will I soar,  
 And tread this worthless earth no more:

\* Pentheus was a king of Thrace, who was torn in pieces by his mother and sisters for his intrusion on the rites of Bacchus. Lycurgus was king of the Edones in Thrace, and was punished with madness for driving the infant Bacchus from his dominions.

For know, ye rivals of my fame,  
Though lowly born, a vulgar name  
I will not condescend to die,  
Nor in the Stygian waters lie.

A rougher skin now clothes my thighs,  
Into a swan's fair form I rise,  
And feel the feathered plumage shed  
Its down, and o'er my shoulders spread.  
Swift as with Dædalean wing,  
Harmonious bird, I'll soaring sing,  
And in my flight the foamy shores  
Where Bosphorus tremendous roars,  
The regions bound by northern cold,  
And Libya's burning sands behold.  
Then to the learned sons of Spain ;\*  
To him, who ploughs the Scythian main ;  
To him, who with dissembled fears,  
Conscious, the Roman arms reveres ;  
To him, who drinks the rapid Rhone,  
Shall Horace, deathless bard ! be known.

My friends, the funeral sorrow spare,  
The plaintive song, and tender tear ;  
Nor let the voice of grief profane  
With loud laments the solemn scene ;  
Nor o'er your poet's empty urn  
With useless, idle sorrows mourn.

FRANCIS.

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\* In the time of Augustus learning and the sciences flourished in Spain, whither they were carried from Asia, and where the Roman colonies contributed greatly to their encouragement.—*Duc.*

## BOOK III.



## ODE I.

*"Odi profanum vulgus."*

YE rabble rout, ~~avaunt~~ !

Your vulgar din give o'er,

Whilst I, the Muses' own hierophant,

To the pure ears of youths and virgins chant

In strains unheard before !

Great kings, whose frown doth make

Their crouching vassals quake,

Themselves must own

The mastering sway of Jove, imperial god,

Who from the crash of giants overthrown

Triumphant honours took, and by his nod

Shakes all creation's zone.

Whate'er our rank may be,

We all partake one common destiny !

In fair expanse of soil

Teeming with rich returns of wine and oil,

His neighbour one outvies ;

Another claims to rise

To civic dignities,

Because of ancestry, and noble birth,

Or fame, or proved pre-eminence of worth,

Or troops of clients, clamorous in his cause ;

Still Fate doth grimly stand,

And with impartial hand

The lots of lofty and of lowly draws

From that capacious urn,

Whence every name that lives is shaken in its turn.

To him, above whose guilty head,  
Suspended by a thread,  
The naked sword is hung for evermore,  
Not feasts Sicilian shall  
With all their cates recall  
That zest the simplest fare could once inspire ;  
Nor song of birds, nor music of the lyre  
Shall his lost sleep restore :  
But gentle sleep shuns not  
The rustic's lowly cot,  
Nor mossy bank, o'er-canopied with trees  
Nor Tempe's leafy vale stirred by the western  
breeze.

The man who lives content with whatsoe'er  
Sufficeth for his needs,  
The storm-tossed ocean vexeth not with care,  
Nor the fierce tempest which Arcturus breeds  
When in the sky he sets,  
Nor that which Hædus, at his rise, begets :  
Nor will he grieve, although  
His vines be all laid low  
Beneath the driving hail,  
Nor though, by reason of the drenching rain,  
Or heat, that shrivels up his fields like fire,  
Or fierce extremities of winter's ire,  
Blight shall o'erwhelm his fruit-trees and his grain  
And all his farm's delusive promise fail.

The fish are conscious that a narrower bound  
Is drawn the seas around  
By masses huge hurled down into the deep ;  
These, at the bidding of a lord, for whom  
Not all the land he owns is ample room,

Do the contractor and his labourers heap  
 Vast piles of stone, the ocean back to sweep.  
 But let him climb in pride,  
     That lord of halls unblest,  
     Up to his lordly nest ;  
 Yet ever by his side  
     Climb Terror and Unrest ;  
 Within the brazen galley's sides  
     Care, ever wakeful, flits,  
 And at his back, when forth in state he rides,  
     Her withering shadow sits.

    If thus it fare with all ;  
 If neither marbles from the Phrygian mine,  
     Nor star-bright robes of purple and of pall,  
     Nor the Falernian vine  
 Nor costliest balsams, fetched from furthest Ind,  
 Can sooth the restless mind ;  
     Why should I choose  
 To rear on high, as modern spendthrifts use,  
     A lofty hall, might be the home for kings,  
 With portals vast, for Malice to abuse,  
 Or Envy make her theme to point a tale ;  
 Or why for wealth, which new-born trouble brings,  
     Exchange my Sabine vale ?

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

(*By kind permission.*)

## PARAPHRASE OF THE SAME ODE.

*"Odi profanum vulgus."*

HENCE, ye profane ! I hate you all ;  
 Both the great vulgar, and the small.

To virgin minds, which yet their native whiteness hold,  
Nor yet discoloured with the love of gold

That jaundice of the soul,  
(Which makes it look so gilded and so foul),  
To you, ye very few, these truths I tell ;  
The muse inspires my song ; hark, and observe it well.

We look on men and wonder at such odds  
'Twixt things that were the same by birth ;  
We look on kings as giants of the earth,

These giants are but pigmies to the gods.  
The humblest bush and proudest oak  
Are but of equal proof against the thunder-stroke.  
Beauty and strength, and wit, and wealth, and power,

Have their short flourishing hour ;  
And love to see themselves, and smile,  
And joy in their pre-eminence awhile :

Ev'n so in the same land,  
Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together stand ;  
Alas ! death mows down all with an impartial hand :  
And all ye men, whom greatness does so please,

Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles,  
If ye your eyes could upwards move,  
(But ye, I fear, think nothing is above.)

Ye would perceive by what a little thread  
The sword still hangs over your head :  
No tide of wine would drown your cares ;  
No mirth or music over-noise your fears :  
The fear of death would you so watchful keep,  
As not t' admit the image of it, Sleep.

Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,  
And yet so humble too, as not to scorn

The meanest country cottages :  
“ His poppy grows among the corn.”



The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest  
    In any stormy breast.  
    'Tis not enough that he does find  
    Clouds and darkness in their mind ;  
    Darkness but half his work will do :  
    'Tis not enough ; he must find quiet too.  
The man, who in all wishes he does make,  
    Does only Nature's counsel take,  
That wise and happy man will never fear  
    The evil aspects of the year ;  
Nor tremble, though two comets should appear ;  
He does not look in almanacs, to see  
    Whether he fortunate shall be :  
Let Mars and Saturn in the heavens conjoin,  
And what they please against the world design,  
    So Jupiter within him shine.  
If of your pleasures and desires no end be found,  
God to your cares and fears will set no bound.  
    What would content you ? who can tell ?  
Ye fear so much to lose what ye have got,  
    As if ye liked it well :  
Ye strive for more, as if ye liked it not.  
    Go, level hills, and fill up seas,  
Spare nought that may your wanton fancy please :  
But, trust me, when you have done all this,  
Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

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## PART OF ODE II.

## TO HIS FRIENDS.\*

*"Angustam, amice, pauperium."*

How blessed is he who for his country dies,  
 Since death pursues the coward as he flies !  
 The youth in vain would fly from fate's attack,  
 With trembling knees and terror at his back ;  
 Though fear should lend him pinions like the wind,  
 Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue repulsed, yet knows not to repine,  
 But shall with unattainted honour shine ;  
 Nor stoops to take the staff, nor lays it down,  
 Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try  
 Some new unbeaten passage to the sky ;  
 Where Jove a seat among the gods will give  
 To those who die for meriting to live.

Next, faithful silence hath a sure reward ;  
 Within our breast be every secret barred !  
 He who betrays his friend, shall never be  
 Under one roof, or in one ship, with me ;

\* The first ten lines of this Ode are omitted, as it was addressed by Swift to Lord Oxford, then in the Tower and in danger of death from the malice of his political enemies. We give them here :—

"The Roman youth should learn to gladly bear  
 The toils of war, sharp penury, and care,  
 Should on his gallant steed with mighty spear  
 Bear, through the Parthian ranks, dismay and fear ;  
 That when from her high tower the foeman's queen  
 Or some ripe maiden his brave deeds has seen,  
 They both may tremble lest their love should dare  
 To meet the lion-champion riding there,  
 Who makes, mid carnage fell, his dreadful way  
 Through the thick masses of the foes' array."—*Anon.*

For who with traitors would his safety trust,  
 Lest, with the wicked, Heaven involve the just ?  
 And though the villain 'scape awhile, he feels  
 Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

DEAN SWIFT.

ODE III.

TO DELLIUS.

*"Justum et tenacem."*

THE man resolved and steady to his trust,  
 Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,  
 May the rude rabble's insolence despise,  
 Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries ;  
     The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,  
 And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,  
     And with superior greatness smiles.  
 Not the rough whirlwind that deforms  
 Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,  
 The stubborn virtue of his soul can move ;  
 Nor the red arm of angry Jove,  
 That flings the thunder from the sky,  
 And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.  
 Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,  
     In ruin and confusion hurled,  
 He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty crack,  
     And stand secure amidst a falling world.  
 Such were the godlike arts that led  
     Bright Pollux to the blessed abodes ;  
 Such did for great Alcides plead,  
     And gained a place amongst the gods ;

Where now Augustus, mixed with heroes, lies,  
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies :  
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,  
And with immortal stains divinely glow.  
By arts like these did young Lyæus rise :  
His tigers drew him to the skies ;

Wild from the desert, and unbroke,  
In vain they foamed, in vain they stared,  
In vain their eyes with fury glared ;  
He tamed them to the lash, and bent them to the yoke.

Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,  
When in a whirlwind snatched on high,  
He shook off dull mortality,

And lost the monarch in the god.  
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,  
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke :  
" Troy," says the goddess, " perjured Troy has felt  
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt ;  
The towering pile, and soft abodes,  
Walled by the hand of servile gods,  
Now spreads its ruins all around,  
And lies inglorious on the ground.  
An umpire partial and unjust,  
And a lewd woman's impious lust  
Lay heavy on her head, and sank her to the dust.  
Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway  
That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,  
Her guardian gods renounced their patronage,  
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel ;  
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,  
The guilty king and the whole people fell.  
And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,  
The soft adulterer shines no more ;  
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,

That drove whole armies back, and singly cleared the field.

My vengeance sated, I at length resign  
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line :  
Advanced to godhead, let him rise,  
And take his station in the skies :  
There entertain his ravished sight  
With scenes of glory, fields of light :  
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,  
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine.

The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host  
In distant realms may seats unenvied find,  
And flourish on a foreign coast ;  
But far be Rome from Troy disjoined,  
Removed by seas from the disastrous shore,  
May endless billows rise between, and storms un-  
numbered roar.

Still let the cursed detested place  
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,  
Be covered o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.  
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray ;

Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,  
Amidst the mighty ruins play,

And frisk upon the tombs of kings.  
May tigers there, and all the savage kind  
Sad solitary haunts and deserts find ;  
In gloomy vaults and nooks of palaces,  
May th' unmolested lioness  
Her brindled whelps securely lay,  
Or, couched, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.  
While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,  
Rome and the Roman Capitol shall rise ;  
Th' illustrious exiles unconfined  
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

In vain the sea's intruding tide  
Europe from Afric shall divide,  
And part the severed world in two :  
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall  
spread,  
And the long train of victories pursue  
To Nile's yet undiscovered head.  
Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise,  
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,  
Nor the disbowelled earth explore  
In search of the forbidden ore ;  
Those glittering ills, concealed within the mine  
Shall lie untouched, and innocently shine.  
To the last bounds that nature sets  
The piercing colds and sultry heats,  
The godlike race shall spread their arms ;  
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,  
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine ;  
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.  
This only law the victor shall restrain ;  
On these conditions shall he reign :  
If none his guilty hand employ  
To build again a second Troy,  
If none the rash design pursue,  
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.  
A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,  
That shall the new foundations raze ;  
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire  
To storm the rising town with fire,  
And at their armies' head myself will show  
What Juno, urged to all her rage, can do.  
Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise,  
And line it round with walls of brass ;  
Thrice should my favourite Greeks his works confound,

And hew the shining fabric to the ground :  
 Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,  
 And their dead sons and slaughtered husbands mourn.”  
 But hold, my muse, forbear thy towering flight,  
 Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light :  
 In vain would thy presumptuous verse  
 Th’ immortal rhetoric rehearse ;  
 The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,  
 Forget their majesty, and lose the sound.

ADDISON.

ODE IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

*“Descende cœlo.”*

COME from heaven, come and sing  
 Some many-linkèd melody ;  
 If the glad voice loud and clear,  
 Or the wood-reed please thine ear,  
 Or Apollo’s cittern be more dear,  
 O Queen Calliope !  
 Do ye hear ? oh, can it be,  
 A sweet deceiving ecstasy !  
 I seem to hear, I seem to roam  
 Through some spirit-haunted home,  
 Where beneath the leaves dark hushing,  
 The pleasant winds, and streams are gushing !  
 Alone upon the Vultur-mount,  
 From fond Apulia’s threshold straying,  
 The doves the dewy foliage wound  
 The weary poet-child around,  
 Worn out with sleep and playing.

And wonder woke in every breast,  
On Acherontia's crownèd crest,  
And through the Bantine fields, and where  
Tarentum looketh green and fair,—  
That I, untouched by prowling bear,  
Or viper black, should sleep,  
A spirit-guarded, gleeful boy,  
Upon that sacred myrtle heap !  
Daughters of music ! I am borne  
Into your towering Sabine hills,  
Or 'mid Præneste's cooling leaves,  
Or where its path the Tiber weaves,  
Or Baia's crystal rills.  
Dance beside me, and I go  
A sailor on the stormy sea,  
Or over Syria's burning sands,  
A pilgrim journeying joyfully.  
I will see the Briton's dwelling,  
The Spaniard banqueting on gore ;  
I will behold the quivered Scythian,  
Wandering on the desert shore.  
When mighty Cæsar, victory-crowned,  
A home among the towns hath found  
For his legions tired with fight,  
His grief-forgetting heart your songs  
In the Pierian cave delight.  
With gentle counsel, singers sweet,  
Rejoicing in your gifts, ye greet.  
A tale is in my memory :  
The Titans and the giant-band,  
Scattered by the thunder-hand,  
Whose sceptred might is over all—  
The earth, its towns, the wind-shook sea,  
And Hades with its agony.



Alike that fearful hand doth fall  
On man, and immortality !  
A thought the rebel-brothers woke  
Of terror in the monarch's breast,  
As glorying in their arms, they strove to fling  
Pelion upon Olympus' forked crest.  
Vain boasters !—Typhon, mighty Mimas,  
Porphyryon with the threatening form,  
Or Rhoetus, or the demon-hurler  
Of trees uprooted, like a storm ;  
Feebly they rushed, untaught to yield,  
Against Minerva's sounding shield.  
Here eager Vulcan stood, and there  
The matron Juno, proudly fair ;  
And he whose bow is ever on his back ;  
Who bathes his wild locks in the dew  
Of Castaly, and roameth through  
The Lycian plain, his native glen—  
Apollo, the many-named of men !  
Brute strength, if wisdom guide it not,  
By its own weight to earth is pressed ;  
But thought-restrained, the gods exalt  
Its weakness into power : they hate the breast  
Where sin abides, a busy guest.  
Bear witness to my story, thou,  
Gyas ! the hundred-handed king ;  
And, thou,\* whose tongue unchilled by fear,  
Hath whispered love in Dian's ear,\*  
Within thy soul the virgin's dart is quivering !  
Earth upon the monsters thrown,  
Sadly weepeth for her own,  
Mourning for her children sent  
Unto hell's lurid element ;

\* Orion.

Not yet the rapid flame doth leap  
 Through Etna's fast upgathered heap.  
 By 'Tityus' heart the vulture sitteth,  
 A watcher sleeping never;  
 And hell about the cloud-born lover \*  
 Hath bound its manacles for ever !

ROBERT WILMOTT.

ODE V.

THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS.

*" Cælo tonantem credidimus."*

Jove's power the thunder peal proclaims :  
 Britain's and Parthia's hated names,  
 Inscribed mid Cæsar's victories  
 Exalt the hero to the skies.  
 And has thy soldier, Crassus, wived  
 With a barbarian, meanly lived ?  
 Beneath a Median standard ranged,  
 (O Senate shamed ! O manners changed !)  
 Mailed in a foreign sire's array,  
 Has the stern Marsian's brow grown grey—  
 Vesta, race, robe, and rites forgot,  
 As if great Rome—Rome's Jove were not ?  
 This, patriot Regulus foreknew ;  
 And spurned, (to home and honour true,)  
 The terms whose chronicled disgrace  
 Would paralyze each rising race,  
 If they, who bore to live in chains,  
 Pined not unwept. " In Punic fanes

\* Pirithous.

Rome's captive banner hung " (he cried,) " These eyes have witnessed ; from a side  
Gashed by no wound the sword resigned,  
And cords round Roman arms entwined ;  
Carthage flung open, and her field,  
(Erst our rich spoil) securely tilled !  
Hope ye more brave a ransomed race ?  
Ye couple damage with disgrace.  
Alas ! once tintured for the loom,  
Ne'er will the fleece its snow resume ;  
Nor valour sullied by a stain  
Renew its fire, and glow again.  
If stag released will brave the fight,  
Then count upon that soldier's might,  
Who once has trusted treacherous foe :  
Then deem he'll strike heroic blow,  
Who once has felt the hostile cord,  
And quivered at a Punic sword.  
'Twas his, in wild despair of life,  
To crouch for peace 'mid battle's strife  
O mighty Carthage, reared to fame,  
On ruin of the Roman name ! "

And thus, his wife's chaste kiss declined,  
His infants' clinging arms untwined,  
With eyes cast down, in sternest mood,  
The self-attainted warrior stood :  
Till he the wavering Senate bent  
With counsel beyond precedent.  
And midst his weeping friends' dismay,  
Illustrious exile ! hied away.  
Though well, alas ! he knew what woes  
Were meant him by his savage foes ;  
Through kin, through crowds before him cast,

With foot as firm the hero past  
 As if each client's petty broil  
 Duly composed, from civil toil  
 He turned to some Venaran dome  
 Or for Tarentum's quiet home.

WRANGHAM.

ODE VI.

TO THE ROMANS.

*"Delicta majorum."*

THOSE ills your ancestors have done,  
 Romans ! are now become your own :  
 And they will cost you dear,  
 Unless you soon repair  
 The falling temples, which the gods provoke,  
 And statues, sullied yet with sacrilegious smoke.  
 Propitious Heaven, that raised your fathers high  
     For humble grateful piety,  
 (As it rewarded their respect)  
 Hath sharply punished your neglect.  
 All empires on the gods depend,  
 Begun by their command, at their command they end.  
 Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus tell  
 How twice, by Jove's revenge, our legions fell,  
     And with insulting pride,  
 Shining in Roman spoils, the Parthian victors ride.  
 The Scythian and Egyptian scum  
     Had almost ruined Rome,  
 While our seditions took their part,  
 Filled each Egyptian sail, and winged each Scythian  
     dart.

First these flagitious times  
(Pregnant with unknown crimes)  
Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,  
From which polluted head

Infectious streams of crowding sins began,  
And through the spurious breed and guilty nation ran.

Behold a fair and melting maid  
Bound 'prentice to a common trade :

Ionian artists, at a mighty price,  
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice,  
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,  
And, with an early hand, they form the tempered clay.

'Tis not the spawn of such as these,  
That dyed with Punic blood the conquered seas,  
And quashed the stern Æacides ;

Made the proud Asian monarch feel  
How weak his gold was against Europe's steel ;  
Forced e'en dire Hannibal to yield,  
And won the long disputed world, at Zama's fatal field.

But soldiers of a rustic mould,  
Rough, ready, seasoned, manly, bold ;  
Either they dug the stubborn ground,  
Or, through hewn woods, their weighty strokes did  
sound ;

And after the declining sun  
Had changed the shadows, and their task was done,  
Home with their weary team they took their way,  
And drowned in friendly bowls the labour of the day.

Time sensibly all things impairs ;  
Our fathers have been worse than theirs ;  
And we than ours ; next age will see

A race more profligate than we,  
With all the pains we take, have skill enough to be.

ROSCOMMON.

## ODE VII.

## TO ASTERIE.

*“ Quid fles, Asterie.”*

WHY thus, Asterie, weep thy lord?  
Him, with rich eastern cargo stored  
Spring's earliest breeze across the main  
Will to thy fond arms waft again,  
His faith unstained. By tempests driven,  
(So mads the Goat the wintry heaven),  
The wretched youth with many a groan  
Spends the cold sleepless night alone.  
In vain to win him Chloë tries—  
His hostess—by love's embassies;  
Her crafty envoy plies each art;  
Tells him how burns for him her heart;  
How by false charges Prætus' wife  
Perfidious dame, against the life  
Of chaste, too chaste—Bellerophon  
Urged her confiding husband on;  
How near to death great Peleus was  
Who fled Hippolyte's embrace—  
And many a tale besides throws in  
Framed to beguile the youth to sin—  
In vain: untouched he listens he  
Deaf as a rock and roaring sea.  
Thou too, shun love's entangling snare  
Of young Enipeus' wiles beware,  
Though none so skilled the fiery steed  
To turn and wind on Mars's mead;  
Where Tuscan Tiber pours his waves,  
Though none so fleet the current cleaves,

Close, close at early eve thy door,  
 To list his strains cross not thy floor;  
 Call thee "coy," "cruel"—what he will,  
*Be coy, be cruel to him still.*

ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

ODE VIII.

TO MÆCENAS.

*"Martii cœlebs."*

THE Greek and Roman languages are thine,  
 Their hallowed customs, and their rites divine,  
 And well you might the flowery wreath admire,\*  
 The fragrant incense, and the sacred fire,  
 Raised on the living turf to hail the day,  
 To which the married world their homage pay.†

When on my head a tree devoted fell,  
 And almost crushed me to the shades of hell,  
 Grateful I vowed to him, who rules the vine,  
 A joyous banquet, while beneath his shrine  
 A snow-white goat ‡ should bleed, and when the year  
 Revolving bids this festal morn appear,  
 We'll pierce a cask with mellow juice replete,  
 Mellowed with smoke, since Tullus ruled the state.

\* Used in the sense of "wonder at."

† A festival was observed by the Roman ladies with much religious pomp, on the first of March, in memory of the day when the Sabine women, having reconciled their husbands with their fathers, dedicated a temple to Juno. In this temple they offered sacrifices and flowers to the goddess, and waited at home the rest of the day to receive the presents which their friends and husbands made them, as if to thank them for that happy mediation.

‡ The ancients usually sacrificed to the gods the beasts which they hated. Thus a goat is sacrificed to Bacchus, because it destroyed the vine. The victims of the celestial gods were white; those of the infernal deities were black.

Come then, Mæcenas, and for friendship's sake,  
 A friend preserved, a hundred bumpers take.  
 Come drink the watchful tapers up to day,  
 While noise and quarrels shall be far away.  
 No more let Rome your anxious thoughts engage,\*  
 The Dacian falls beneath the victor's rage,  
 The Medes in civil wars their arms employ,  
 Inglorious wars ! each other to destroy ;  
 Our ancient foes, the haughty sons of Spain,  
 At length, indignant, feel the Roman chain ;  
 With bows unbent the hardy Scythians yield,†  
 Resolved to quit the long-disputed field.  
 No more the public claims thy pious fears,  
 Be not too anxious then with private cares,  
 But seize the gifts the present moment brings,  
 Those fleeting gifts, and leave severer things.

FRANCIS.

## ODE IX.

## THE RECONCILIATION.

*“ Donec gratus eram.”*

*Hor.* Whilst, Lydia, I was loved of thee,  
 And 'bout thy ivory neck no youth did fling  
 His arms, more acceptably free,  
 I thought me richer than the Persian king.

\* Augustus was not yet returned from his eastern expedition ; and when Agrippa went to Spain, Pannonia, and Syria, Mæcenas possessed alone the government of Rome and Italy, until September 738, when he resigned it to Statilius Taurus, that he might follow Augustus into Gaul.

† It was the custom of all the northern nations to hold their bows unstrung, when they offered proposals of peace or truce, and when they retired off the field of battle.—*Francis.*



*Lydia.* Whilst Horace loved no mistress more,  
Nor after Chloe did his Lydia sound,

In name I went all names before,  
The Roman Ilia was not more renowned.

*Hor.* 'Tis true I'm Thracian Chloe's,—I,—  
Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning plays,

As, for her, I'll not fear to die,  
So Fate would give her life and longer days.

*Lydia.* And I am mutually on fire  
With gentle Calais, Thuringe-Ornith's son,  
For whom I doubly would expire,  
So Fate would let the boy a long thread run.

*Hor.* But say old love return should make  
And us disjoined force to her brazen yoke ;  
That I bright Chloe off should shake  
And to left Lydia now the door stand ope' ?

*Lydia.* Though he be fairer than a star,  
Thou lighter than the bark of any tree,  
And than rough Adria angrier far ;  
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

BEN JONSON.

# ODE X.

## TO LYCE.

*“Extremum Tanain.”*

LYCE ! Lyce ! were thy charms  
Doomed to some barbarian's arms ;  
Didst thou quaff the 'Tanais' waves ;

Still should pity mourn his fate,  
Who, before thy cruel gate,  
Feels the blast, the tempest braves.

Mark, oh mark ! the hollow roar  
Fills the grove, thy rattling door  
Echoes to the passing winds !  
Whilst with purer air below,  
Jove congeals the spreading snow  
Snow that icy chillness binds.

Quit that stern, that haughty mien,  
Hateful to love's gentle queen ;  
Wheels once losed shall backward haste.  
Offspring of a Tuscan sire  
Canst thou frown on soft desire ?  
*Thou Penelope the chaste !*

Though my prayers, the gifts I send  
Fail thy stubborn heart to bend ;  
Though my cheeks as violet pale ;  
Though no just resentment rise  
When thy lord to harlots flies,  
Hear, oh hear, love's tender tale !

Hard as knotted oaks to break,  
Fiercer than the Moorish snake,  
Yet attend these parting strains ;  
Thinkest thou, this my wearied side  
Long thy threshold can abide,  
Pierced by cold and chilled by rains ?

WILLIAM BOSCAWEN.

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## ODE XI.

## TO MERCURY.

*“Mercuri, nam te.”*

O THOU, by whose harmonious aid,  
Amphion's voice the listening stones could lead :  
And sweetest shell, of power to raise,  
On seven melodious strings, thy various lays ;  
Not vocal, when you first were found,  
But of a simple, and ungrateful sound ;  
Now tuned so sweetly to the ear,  
That gods and men with sacred rapture hear ;  
Oh ! thou inspire the melting strain  
To charm my Lyde's obstinate disdain,  
Who, like a filly o'er the field  
With playful spirit bounds, and fears to yield  
To hand of gentlest touch, or prove,  
Wild as she is, the joys of wedded love.  
'Tis yours, with all their beasts of prey,  
To bid the forests move, and powerful stay  
The rapid stream. The dog of hell,  
Immense of bulk, to thee soft-soothing fell,  
And suppliant bowed, though round his head  
His hundred snakes their guardian horrors spread ;  
Baleful his breath though fiery glowed,  
And from his three-tongued jaws fell poison flowed.  
Ixion, of his pains beguiled,  
And Tityus, with unwilling pleasure, smiled ;  
Dry stood their urn, while with soft strain  
You soothed the labours of the virgin train.\*

\* The Danaïdes.

Let Lyde hear, what pains, decreed,  
Though late, in death attend the direful deed.  
There doomed to fill, unceasing task !  
With idle toil, an ever-streaming cask ;  
Impious, who in the hour of rest,  
Could plunge their daggers in a husband's breast.  
Yet worthy of the nuptial flame,  
And nobly meriting a deathless name  
Of many, one untainted maid,\*  
Gloriously false, her perjured sire betrayed.  
Thus to her youthful lord—" Arise ;  
Awake, lest sleep eternal close thine eyes ;  
Eternal sleep : and ah ! from whom  
You little dreaded the relentless doom.  
Oh ! fly, my lord, this wrathful sire ;  
Far from my sisters fly, those sisters dire,  
Who riot in their husbands' blood,  
As lionesses rend their panting food ;  
While I, to such fell deeds a foe,  
Nor bind thee here, nor strike the fatal blow.  
Me let my father load with chains,  
Or banish to Numidia's farthest plains ;  
My crime, that I a loyal wife,  
In mercy spared a wretched husband's life.  
While Venus, and the shades of night  
Protect thee, speed, by sea or land, thy flight.  
May every happy omen wait  
To guide thee through this gloomy hour of fate.  
Yet not forgetful of my doom,  
Engrave thy grateful sorrow on my tomb."

FRANCIS.

\* Hypermnestra, one of the Danaïdes, who saved her husband Lynceus on the night when her sisters killed theirs.

## ODE XII.

## TO NEOBULE.

*“ Miserarum est, neque.”*

UNHAPPY the maidens forbidden to prove  
 The bumper's full joy, or the raptures of love ;  
 Unhappy the girls, who are destined to hear  
 The tedious rebukes of old uncles severe.\*

Cytheræa's winged son now bids thee resign  
 The toils of Minerva, the spinster divine ;  
 For now, Neobule, with other desires  
 The brightness of Hebrus thy bosom inspires ;  
 When he rises with vigour from Tiber's rough waves,  
 Where the oil of his labours athletic he laves,  
 Like Bellerophon skilful to rein the fierce steed,  
 At cuffs never conquered, nor outstripped in speed,  
 And dextrous with darts never flying in vain,  
 To wound the light stag, bounding over the plain,  
 Or active and valiant the boar to surprise,  
 Transfixed with his spear, as in covert he lies.

FRANCIS.

## ODE XIII.

## TO THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.

*“ O fons Bandusie.”*

O FONT ! with fair unruffled face,  
 More clear than crystal and more bright than glass ;  
 To thee my only bowl shall pour

\* Among the Romans, uncles had a great power over their nephews ; and, as they were not usually so indulgent as fathers, their severity passed into a proverb.—*Torr.*

The sweet libation crowned with many a flower.

To thee a sportive kid shall bleed,

Proud of the spreading honours of his head ;

Who meditates the angry shock,

For some first love the fairest of the flock.

In vain ! for Venus will not save—

His youthful blood shall tinge thy azure wave.

Not Phœbus, with his summer beams,

Can penetrate thy shade, and gild thy streams ;

But ever from the dog-star's heat

The wearied herds require thy green retreat.

Let other bards their fountains sing,

A bard shall love and celebrate thy spring ;

The secret shelter of thy wood,

And bubbling rills that fall into thy flood.

JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE.

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ODE XIV.

TO THE ROMANS.\*

*“Herculis ritu.”*

Thy prince, O Rome, who foreign realms

Explored like Jove's immortal son,

Fearless to seek the laurel wreath

By death and glorious daring won,

Victorious comes from farthest Spain,

To Rome and all his guardian gods again.

Let her, who to her arms receives

With joy her own, her laurelled spouse,

Her private sacrifice performed,

\* On the return of Augustus from Spain.

Pay to just heaven her public vows,  
And let the fair Octavia lead  
The matron train in suppliant veils arrayed :

The matron train, to whose glad arms  
Their sons, with conquest crowned, return ;  
And you, fair youth, whose pious tears  
Your slaughtered sires and husbands mourn,  
This day at least your griefs restrain,  
And luckless from ill-omened words abstain.

This day, with truly festal joy,  
Shall drive all gloomy cares away,  
For while imperial Cæsar holds  
O'er the glad earth his awful sway,  
Nor fear of death from foreign arms,  
Or civil rage my dauntless soul alarms.

Boy, bring us essence, bring us crowns ;  
Pierce me a cask of ancient date,  
Big with the storied Marsian war,  
And with its glorious deeds replete,  
If yet one jovial cask remain,  
Since wandering Spartacus o'erswept the plain.

Invite Næra to the feast,  
Who sweetly charms the listening ear,  
And bid the fair one haste to bind  
In careless wreaths her essenced hair ;  
But should her porter bid you stay,  
Leave the rough, surly rogue, and come away.

When hoary age upon our heads  
Pours down its chilling weight of snows,





## ODE XVI.

## TO MÆCENAS.

*“Inclusam Danaën.”*

“THE lone grey tower on Argo’s mountain shore,  
The faithful watchdog at the midnight door.”  
Safe in their guard imprisoned love had slept,  
Her baffled suitors youthful Danaë wept.  
But with rich bribes the laughing gods betrayed  
The yielding guardian, and the enamoured maid.  
Through armèd satellites, and walls of stone  
Gold wings its flight, resistless though alone.

Ah! who the wiles of womankind hath tried?  
By gold, the priest, the blameless augur\* died.  
Mark Philip’s march! the obedient cities fall,  
Ope the wide gates, and yields the embattled wall.  
To gold, each petty tyrant sank a prey,  
King after king confessed its powerful sway,  
On wisdom’s patriot voice the siren hung,  
And stayed the thunders of the Athenian tongue,  
The war-worn veteran oft his trophies sold,  
And venal navies owned the power of gold.

Enlarging wealth increasing wishes share,  
The gods have cursed the miser’s hoard with care;  
To modest worth are choicest blessings sent,  
Heaven loves the humble virtues of content.  
Far from the rich thy poet loves to dwell,  
And share the silence of the hermit’s cell.

\* Amphiaraus.

The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side,  
The chestnut copse that spreads its leafy pride,  
The garden-plot that asks but little room,  
The ripening corn-field, and the orchard's bloom,  
These simple pleasures, trust me, are unknown  
To the rich palace, or the jewelled throne ;  
The wealthy lords of Afric's wild domain  
Would spurn my lowly roof and bounded plain.

Cold are the Sabine hills ! hives not for me  
Its hoarded nectar the Calabrian bee.  
Here no rich vines their amber clusters rain,  
Not mine the fleece that decks Gallicia's plain.  
Yet want, for once, avoids a poet's door,  
Content, and grateful, can I ask for more ?  
But should thy bard seek ampler means to live,  
Patron and friend ! thy liberal hand would give.

What if increasing wealth withholds its shower,  
If the rich widow guards her jealous dower ;  
Then wiser learn the effect is still the same,  
From humbler wishes, and contracted aim.  
More wealthy thou, than if thy lands could join  
All Phrygia's harvests to the Lydian mine :  
Not want alone surrounds the opening door,  
For pride and avarice are ever poor ;  
Delusive hope, and wild desire combined,  
Feed with vain thoughts the hunger of the mind.  
But blessed is he to whom indulgent Heaven  
Man's happiest state—enough—not more, has given.

REV. J. MITFORD.

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## ODE XVII.

## TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

*"Æli, vetusto."*

ÆLIUS, whose ancient lineage springs  
 From Lamus \* founder of the name,  
 (From whom a sacred line of kings  
 Shines through the long records of fame ;  
 From whom th' illustrious race arose  
 Who first possessed the Formian towers,  
 And reigned where Liris smoothly flows  
 To fair Marica's marshy shores,)

If the old shower-foretelling crow  
 Croak not her boding note in vain,  
 To-morrow's eastern storm shall strow  
 The woods with leaves, with weeds the main.

Then pile the fuel while you may,  
 And cheer your spirit high with wine.  
 Give to your slaves one idle day,  
 And feast upon the fatted swine.

FRANCIS.

## ODE XVIII.

## TO A FAUN.

*"Faune, Nympharum."*

WOOER of young Nymphs who fly thee,  
 Lightly o'er my sun-lit lawn,  
 Trip and go, nor injured by thee  
 Be my weanling herds, O Faun :

\* The son of Neptune. The Lamiae were famous for their royal and noble descent.

If the kid his doomed head bows, and  
 Brims with wine the loving cup,  
 When the year is full ; and thousand  
 Scents from altars hoar go up.

Each flock in the rich grass gambols  
 When the month comes which is thine ;  
 And the happy village rambles  
 Fieldward with the idle kine :

Lambs play on, the wolf their neighbour :  
 Wild woods deck thee with their spoil :  
 And with glee the sons of labour  
 Stamp upon their foe the soil.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

#### ODE XIX.

#### TO TELEPHUS.\*

*“ Quantum distet ab Inacho.”*

WHEN Inachus reigned to thee is notorious,  
 When slain for his country was Codrus the glorious ;  
 When governed the monarchs from Peleus descended.  
 When Troy was besieged, and so bravely defended ;  
 But where the best Chian, or what it may cost ye,  
 Or how we may warm the long winter and frosty,  
 Or temper our water with embers so glowing,  
 Ah ! Telephus, here thou art strangely unknowing.

Here's a bumper to midnight ; to Luna's first  
 shining ;

A third to our friend in his post of divining.

\* This Ode was written in honour of Murena's installation in the College of Augurs. Telephus was learned in ancient history.

Come fill up the bowl, then fill up your bumpers,  
 Let three, or thrice three, be the jovial of numbers.  
 The poet, enraptured, sure never refuses  
 His brimmers thrice three to his odd-numbered Muses;  
 But the Graces, in naked simplicity cautious,  
 Are afraid more than three might to quarrels debauch  
 us.

Gay frolic and mirth to madness shall fire us;  
 Why breathes not the flute then with joy to inspire us?  
 Why hangs on the wall, in silence dolorous,  
 The soft-swelling pipe, and the hautboy sonorous?  
 I hate all the slaves who are sparing of labour;  
 Give us roses abundant, and let our old neighbour,  
 With his damsel, ill suited to such an old fellow,  
 Even burst with his envy to hear us so mellow.  
 Poor Horace in flames, how slowly consuming!  
 For Glycera burns, while Chloe the blooming  
 Her Telephus courts, whose tresses are beaming,  
 As are the bright rays from Vesperus streaming.

FRANCIS.

ODE XX.

TO PYRRHUS.

*“Non vides quanto.”*

How great the danger, Pyrrhus, canst not see?

From Afric's lioness her whelps to snatch!

Ere long, thou nerveless spoiler, shalt thou flee

The unequal match.

When stalks she through the youth's opposing throng,

Loud is the strife the beauteous prey to claim

Whether Nearchus shall to thee belong

Or to the dame:

Meantime, while thou dost point the feathered steel

She whets her awful fangs ; the palm he spurns,  
Though umpire of the fight, beneath his heel,

And careless turns

His shapely shoulder to the cooling air

That lifts his perfumed locks. Such was the grace  
Of him from watery Ida stolen : so fair

Was Nireus' face.

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

*" O nata mecum."*

GENTLE cask of mellow wine,  
And of equal age with mine ;  
Whether you to broils or mirth,  
Or to madding love give birth ;  
Or the toper's temples steep  
Sweetly in ambrosial sleep ;  
For whatever various use  
You preserve the chosen juice,  
Worthy of some festal hour,  
Now the hoary vintage pour :  
Come—Corvinus, guest divine,  
Bids me draw the smoothest wine,  
Though with science deep imbued,  
He, not like a Cynic rude,  
Thee despises ; for of old  
Cato's virtue, we are told,  
Often with a bumper glowed,  
And with social raptures flowed.

You by gentle tortures oft  
 Melt hard tempers into soft ;  
 You strip off the grave disguise  
 From the counsels of the wise,  
 And with Bacchus, blithe and gay,  
 Bring them to the face of day.  
 Hope by thee, fair fugitive !  
 Bids the wretched strive to live ;  
 To the beggar you dispense  
 Heart and brow of confidence ;  
 Warmed by thee he scorns to fear  
 Tyrant's frown, or soldier's spear.

Bacchus boon, and Venus fair.  
 (If she come with cheerful air,)  
 And the Graces, charming band !  
 Ever dancing hand-in-hand ;  
 And the living taper's flame  
 Shall prolong thy purple stream,  
 Till returning Phœbus bright  
 Puts the lazy stars to flight.

FRANCIS.

ODE XXII.

TO DIANA.

*"Montium custos."*

CHASTE goddess of the radiant night  
 Who lov'st the airy mountain's height  
 And guard'st the sylvan bower ;  
 Who thrice invoked with pious prayers  
 Reliev'st the teeming matron's cares  
 Saved by thy triple power :

Accept this vow ! henceforth the pine  
That shades my humble roof is thine ;  
Where, menacing the sight  
Slain by my hand a boar shall stain  
Each year, thy consecrated fane,  
On this returning light.

WILLIAM BOSCAWEN.

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ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

*“ Cælo supinas.”*

IF, rural Phidyle, at the moon's arise  
To heaven thou lift thy hands in humble wise :  
If thou with sacrifice thy Lars wilt please,  
Or with new fruit or greedy swine appease,

Thy fertile vineyard shall not suffer blast  
From pestilent south ; nor parching dew be cast  
Upon thy corn, nor shall thy children dear  
Feel sickly fits in autumn of the year.

It is the long vowed victim, which is fed  
'Mongst holms and oaks on snowy Algid's head,  
Or which in fat Albanian pastures grew  
That shall the priest's sharp axe with blood imbrue.

To thee, who petty gods dost magnify  
With myrtle branch and sprig of rosemary,  
It nothing appertains their feasts to keep,  
With frequent slaughters of the fattest sheep.



If thy hand, free from ill, the altar touch  
 Thou shalt the offended gods appease as much  
 With gift of sparkling salt and pious meal  
 As if thy vows more costly victims seal.

SIR T. HAWKINS.

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ODE XXIV.

AGAINST MISERS.

*"Intactis opulentior."*

THOUGH of th' unrifled gold possessed,  
 Of gorgeous Ind, and Araby the blessed ;  
 Though with hewn, massy rocks you raise  
 Your haughty structures midst th' indignant seas,  
 Yet, soon as fate shall round your head,  
 With adamant strength, its terrors spread,  
 Not the dictator's power shall save  
 Your soul from fear, your body from the grave.  
 Happy the Scythians, houseless train !  
 Who roll their vagrant dwellings o'er the plain  
 Happy the Getes, fierce and brave,  
 Whom no fixed laws of property enslave !  
 While open stands the golden grain,  
 The freeborn fruitage of the unbounded plain,  
 Succeeding yearly to the toil,  
 They plough with equal tasks the public soil.  
 Not there the guiltless stepdame knows  
 The baleful draught for orphans to compose ;  
 No wife high-portioned rules her spouse,  
 Or trusts her essenced lover's faithless vows ;

The lovers there for dowry claim  
The father's virtue, and the mother's fame,  
That dares not break the nuptial tie,  
Polluted crime ! whose portion is to die.  
Oh ! that some patriot, wise and good,  
Would stop this impious thirst of civil blood,  
And joy on statues to behold  
His name, the father of the state, enrolled !  
Oh ! let him quell our spreading shame,  
And live to latest times an honoured name.  
Though living Virtue we despise,  
We follow her, when dead, with envious eyes ;  
But wherefore do we thus complain,  
If Justice wear her awful sword in vain ?  
And what are laws, unless obeyed  
By the same moral virtues they were made ?  
If neither burning heats extreme,  
Where eastern Phœbus darts his fiercest beam,  
Nor where the northern tempest blows,  
And freezes down to earth th' eternal snows,  
Nor the wild terrors of the main  
Can daunt the merchant, and his voyage restrain ;  
If want, ah dire disgrace ! we fear,  
From thence with vigour act, with patience bear,  
While Virtue's paths untrodden lie,  
Those paths that lead us upwards to the sky ?  
Oh ! let us consecrate to Jove  
(Rome shall with shouts the pious deed approve)  
Our gems, our gold, pernicious store !  
Or plunge into the deep the baleful ore.  
If you indeed your crimes detest,  
Tear forth, uprooted from the youthful breast  
The seeds of each depraved desire,  
While manly toils a firmer soul inspire.

Nor knows our youth, of noblest race,  
 To mount the managed steed, or urge the chase;  
 More skilled in the mean arts of vice,  
 The whirling troque,\* or law-forbidden dice: †  
 And yet his worthless heir to raise  
 To hasty wealth, the perjured sire betrays  
 His partners, coheirs, and his friends;  
 But, while in heaps his wicked wealth ascends,  
 He is not of his wish possessed,  
 There's something wanting still to make him blessed.

FRANCIS.

ODE XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

*“Quo me, Bacche.”*

WHERE dost thou drag me, son of Semele,  
 Me who am lost in wine?  
 Through what lone groves, through what wild haunts  
 of thine  
 Am I, in this strange frenzy, forced to flee?  
 From what deep caverns (as I meditate  
 On peerless Cæsar's fame and deathless fate)  
 Shall I be heard, when my exulting cries  
 Proclaim him friend of Jove, and star in yon bright  
 skies?

\* The troque was a circle of iron or brass of five or six feet in diameter, set round with rings, and driven along by a rod as boys' hoops are now.

† All games of hazard were forbidden by several laws, except during the Saturnalia. Suetonius tells us, Augustus not only played in that, but in all other festivals.—*Francis.*

Something I'll shout—new—strange—as yet unsung

By any other human tongue !

Thus, stung by thee, the sleepless Bacchanals ever

Grow mad whilst gazing on the Hebrus river,

On snow-white Thrace, and Rhodope, whose crown

Barbarian footsteps trample down.

And oh ! like them it joys my soul

To wander where the rivers roll,

To gaze upon the dark and desert groves.

O thou great power, whom the Naiad loves

And Bacchant women worship (who o'erthrow

The mighty ash-trees as they go),

Nothing little, nothing low,

Nothing mortal will I sing.

'Tis risk, but pleasant risk, O king !

To follow thus a god who loves to twine

His temples with the green and curling vine.

PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).

#### ODE XXVI.

#### TO VENUS.

*“Vixi puellis.”*

I LATELY with young virgins did comply,

And was in Cupid's camp renownèd high ;

Now my engines \* (wars at end)

And lute I'll on this wall suspend,

Bord'ring on sea-born Venus's left hand

Here, here let my enlightening taper stand,

\* Weapons.

With my levers and my bow,  
 That barred up doors can open throw.  
 Thou who dost o'er blest Cyprus Isle preside,  
 And Memphis where no Thracian snow can bide,  
 O Queen ! with far-fetched stroke  
 Once haughty Chloe's ire revoke.

ALEXANDER BROME.\*

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA.

*"Impios parrae."*

FIERCE from her cubs the ravening fox,  
 Or wolf from steep Lanuvian rocks,  
 Or pregnant bitch, or chattering jay,  
 Ill-omened, guide the wicked on their way ;

Serpents, like arrows, sidelong thwart  
 The road, and make their horses start.  
 For those I love, with anxious fear  
 I view the doubtful skies, a prudent seer ;

And bid the chanting raven rise  
 When Phœbus gilds his orient skies ;  
 Ere speeds the shower-boding crow  
 To lakes, whose languid waters cease to flow.

Happy may Galatea prove,  
 Nor yet unmindful of our love ;  
 For now no luckless pie prevails,  
 Nor vagrant crow forbids the swelling sails.

\* Brome published the first complete translation of Horace.

Yet see what storms tumultuous rise,  
While prone Orion sweeps the skies.  
I know the Adriatic main,\*  
And western winds, perfidiously serene.

But may the rising tempest shake  
Our foes, and dreadful o'er them break ;  
For them the blackening ocean roar,  
And angry surges lash the trembling shore.

When on her bull Europa rode,†  
Nor knew she pressed th' imperial god,  
Bold as she was, th' affrighted maid,  
The rolling monsters of the deep surveyed.

Late for the rural nymphs she chose  
Each flower, a garland to compose ;  
But now, beneath the gloom of night,  
Views nought but seas, and stars of feeble light.

Soon as she touched the Cretan shore,  
“ My sire,” she cries ; “ Ah ! mine no more ;  
For every pious tender name  
Is madly lost in this destructive flame.

“ Where am I, wretched and undone ?  
And shall a single death atone  
A virgin's crime ? or do my fears  
Deplore the guilty deed with waking tears ?

\* Horace knew the Adriatic sea in his voyage to Athens, when he went to study philosophy there ; and a second time in his return to Italy, after the battle of Philippi. — *Francis*.

† Galatea was preparing to embark, because the skies were serene, and the seas calm ; but Horace tells her that Europa was deceived by the same serenity of the skies and calmness of the seas ; that she soon had reason to repent of her boldness, when she saw nothing round her but stars and waves. Such is the force and justness of the comparison. — *Torr*.

“ Or am I yet, ah ! pure from shame,  
Mocked by a vain, delusive dream ?  
Could I my springing flow’rets leave  
To tempt through length of seas the faithless wave ?

“ While thus with just revenge possessed,  
How could I tear that monstrous beast !  
How would I break, by rage inspired,  
Those horns, alas ! too fondly once admired ?

“ Shameless, my father’s gods I fly ;  
Shameless, and yet I fear to die.  
Hear me, some gracious heavenly power,  
Let lions fell this naked corse devour.

“ My cheeks ere hollow wrinkles seize ;  
Ere yet their rosy bloom decays ;  
While youth yet rolls its vital flood ;  
Let tigers fiercely riot in my blood.

“ But hark ! I hear my father cry,  
‘ Make haste, unhappy maid, to die ;  
And if a pendent fate you choose,  
Your faithful girdle gives the kindly noose ;

“ ‘ Or if you like a headlong death,  
Behold the pointed rocks beneath ;  
Or plunge into the rapid wave,  
Nor live on haughty tasks, a spinster-slave,

“ ‘ Some rude barbarian’s concubine,  
Born as thou art of royal line.’ ”  
Here the perfidious-smiling dame,  
And idle Cupid to the mourner came ;

Awhile she rallied with the fair,  
 Then with a grave and serious air,  
 "Indulge," she cries, "thy rage no more,  
 This odious bull shall yield him to thy power.

"Yet sigh no more but think of love ;  
 For know thou art the wife of Jove :  
 Then learn to bear thy future fame  
 When earth's wide continent shall boast thy name."

FRANCIS.

ODE XXVIII.

TO LYDE.

*"Festo quid potius."*

SAY, what shall I do on the festival day \*  
 Of Neptune ? Come, Lyde, without more delay,  
 And broach the good creature, invaulted that lies ;  
 Cast off all reserve, and be merry and wise.  
 The evening approaches, you see, from you hill ;  
 And yet, as if Phœbus, though wingèd, stood still,  
 You dally to bring us a cup of the best,  
 Condemned, like its consul, ignobly to rest.

With voices alternative, the sea-potent king,  
 And the Nereids with ringlets of azure, we'll sing.  
 From the sweet-sounding shell thy hand shall arise  
 Latona's, and swift-darting Cynthia's praise.  
 The gay-smiling goddess of love and delight,  
 Who rules over Cnidus, and Cyclades bright,

\* Kept on the 28th of every month in Athens ; 23rd of July in Rome.—*Francis.*



And guiding her swans with a soft silken rein,  
 Revisits her Paphos, shall crown the glad strain.  
 Then to the good Night, while bumpers elate us,  
 We'll sing a farewell, and a decent quietus.

FRANCIS.

ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

*“Tyrrhena regum.”*

MÆCENAS,—sprung from Tuscan kings—for thee,  
 Mild wine in vessels never touched, I keep :

Here roses and sweet odours be  
 Whose dew thy hair shall steep.

O stay not, let moist Tiber be disdained,  
 And Æsulæ's declining fields and hills

Where once Telegonus remained—  
 Whose hand his father kills.

Forsake the height where loathsome plenty cloy,  
 And towers which to the lofty clouds aspire ;

The smoke of Rome, her wealth and noise  
 Thou wilt not here admire.

In pleasing change the rich man takes delight,  
 And frugal meals in homely seats allows,

Where hangings want, and purple bright,  
 He clears his care-full brows.

Now Cepheus plainly shows his hidden fire,  
 The Dogstar now his furious heat displays,

The Lion spreads his raging ire,  
 The sun brings parching days.

The shepherd now his sickly flock restores  
With shades and rivers, and the thickets finds  
Of rough Silvanus ; silent shores  
Are free from playing winds.

To keep the state in order is thy care,  
Solicitous for Rome, thou fear'st the wars  
Which barbarous eastern troops prepare,  
And Tanais, used to jars.

The wise Creator from our knowledge hides  
The end of future times in darksome night ;  
False thoughts of mortals he derides  
When them vain toys affright.

With mindful temper present hours compose,  
The rest are like a river, which with ease  
Sometimes within its channel flows  
Into Etrurian seas.

Oft stones, trees, flocks, and houses it devours,  
With echoes from the hills and neighb'ring woods  
When some fierce deluge, raised by showers,  
Turns quiet brooks to floods.

He, master of himself, in mirth may live  
Who saith, " I rest well pleased with former days,  
Let God from heaven to-morrow give  
Black clouds or sunny rays."

No force can make that void, which once is past,  
These things are never altered, or undone,  
Which from the instant rolling fast  
With flying moments run.

Proud Fortune, joyful sad affairs to find,  
 Insulting in her sport, delights to change  
     Uncertain honours : quickly kind,  
     And straight again as strange.

I praise her stay ; but if she stir her wings,  
 Her gifts I leave, and to myself retire,  
     Wrapt in my virtue : honest things  
     In want no dower require.

When Lybian storms the mast in pieces shake  
 I never God with prayers and vows implore,  
     Lest precious wares addition make  
     To greedy Neptune's store.

Then I, contented with a little boat,  
 Am through Ægean waves by winds conveyed,  
     Where Pollux makes me safely float,  
     And Castor's friendly aid.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, 1603.

## PARAPHRASE OF THE SAME ODE.

*“ Tyrrhena regum.”*

DESCENDED of an ancient line,  
 That long the Tuscan sceptre swayed,  
 Make haste to meet the generous wine,  
     Whose piercing is for thee delayed :  
     The rosy wreath is ready made ;  
 And artful hands prepare  
 The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy hair.  
 When the wine sparkles from afar,  
     And the well-natured friend cries, “ Come away ! ”  
 Make haste, and leave thy business, and thy care,  
     No mortal interest can be worth thy stay.

Leave for awhile, thy costly country seat !  
And to be great indeed, forget  
The nauseous pleasures of the great.

Make haste and come !  
Come and forsake thy cloying store !  
Thy turret that surveys from high,  
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome,  
And all the busy pageantry,  
That wise men scorn, and fools adore.  
Come give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of  
the poor !

Sometimes 'tis grateful for the rich to try  
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty :  
A savoury dish, a homely treat  
Where all is plain, where all is neat,  
Without the stately spacious room,  
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom  
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

The sun is in the Lion mounted high,  
The Syrian star barks from afar,  
And, with his sultry breath, infects the sky ;  
The ground below is parched, the heavens above us fry ;  
The shepherd drives his fainting flock  
Beneath the covert of a rock,  
And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh :  
The Sylvans to their shades retire,  
Those very shades and streams, new shades and streams  
require,  
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,  
And what the City factions dare,

And what the Gallic arms will do,  
And what the quiver-bearing foe,  
Art anxiously inquisitive to know :  
But God has wisely hid, from human sight,  
The dark decrees of future fate,  
And sown their seeds in depths of night.  
He laughs at all the giddy turns of State,  
Where mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,  
And put it out of Fortune's power ;  
The tide of business, like the running stream,  
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,  
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,  
And always in extreme.

Now with a noiseless gentle course,  
It keeps within the middle bed ;  
Anon it lifts aloft its head,  
And bears down all before it, with impetuous force :  
And trunks of trees come rolling down,  
Sheep and their folds together drown ;  
Both house and homestead into seas are borne,  
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,  
And woods, made thin with winds, their scattered  
honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,  
He, who can call to-day his own :  
He who, secure within, can say  
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day !  
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,  
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.  
Not Heaven itself, upon the past has power,  
And what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Fortune that, with malicious joy,  
Does man, her slave, oppress,  
Proud of her office to destroy,  
Is seldom pleased to bless ;  
Still various, and inconstant still,  
But with an inclination to be ill,  
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,  
And makes a lottery of life.

I can enjoy her while she's kind ;  
But when she dances in the wind,  
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,  
I puff the prostitute away :

The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned,  
Content with poverty my soul I arm,  
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,  
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,  
If storms arise, and clouds grow black  
If the mast split, and threaten wreck ?  
Then let the greedy merchant fear  
For his ill-gotten gain,  
And pray to gods, that will not hear,  
While the debating winds and billows bear  
His wealth into the main.  
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,  
Secure of what I cannot lose,  
In my small pinnace, I can sail,  
Contemning all the blustering roar ;  
And, running with a merry gale,  
With friendly stars my safety seek,  
Within some little winding creek,  
And see the storm ashore.

DRYDEN.

## ODE XXX.

## TO MELPOMENE.

*“ Exegi monumentum.”*

MORE durable than brass, in height  
Surpassing far the regal site  
Of pyramids I've raised a tower  
That shall defy the cankering shower,  
Nor northern blast, nor lapse of time  
Shall mar the beauties of its prime.  
I shall not wholly die, for still shall live  
My better part for aye, to give  
Freshness and vigour to the praise  
That I shall reap in after days.  
Long as the priest the Capitol ascends,  
And her chaste steps the silent vestal bends :  
Famous, though sprung of lowly birth,  
O'er thirsty Daunus' sterile earth ;  
Where Aufidus' hoarse waves resound  
There shall my name with fame be crowned  
As the first poet who had sung  
Æolian verse in Latin tongue.  
Melpomene ! usurp thy sway,  
My temples wreathe with Delphic bay.

HERBERT GRANT.

*(By courteous permission of Messrs. HARRISON.)*

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## BOOK IV.

## ODE I.

## TO VENUS.

*“ Intermissa, Venus, diu.”*

VENUS, again thou mov'st a war  
Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee spare !  
I am not such, as in the reign  
Of the good Cynara I was ; refrain  
Sour mother of sweet Loves, forbear  
To bend a man, now at his fiftieth year  
Too stubborn for commands so slack :  
Go where youth's soft entreaties call thee back.  
More timely hie thee to the house  
(With thy bright swans) of Paulus Maximus :  
There jest and feast, make him thine host  
If a fit liver thou dost seek to toast.  
For he's both noble, lovely, young,  
And for the troubled client fills his tongue :  
Child of a hundred arts, and far  
Will he display the ensigns of thy war.  
And when he, smiling, finds his grace  
With thee 'bove all his rivals' gifts take place,  
He'll thee a marble statue make,  
Beneath a sweet-wood roof, near Alba lake ;  
There shall thy dainty nostril take  
In many a gum, and for thy soft ear's sake  
Shall verse be set to harp and lute,  
And Phrygian hau'boy, not without the flute.  
There twice a day in sacred lays,  
The youths and tender maids shall sing thy praise !



And in the Salian manner meet

Thrice 'bout thy altar, with their ivory feet.

Me now, nor girl, nor wanton boy

Delights, nor credulous hope of mutual joy;

Nor care I now healths to propound

Or with fresh flowers to girt my temples round.

But why, oh why, my Ligurine,

Flow my thin tears down these pale cheeks of mine?

Or why my well-graced words among,

With an uncomely silence, fails my tongue?

Hard-hearted, I dream every night

I hold thee fast! but fled hence with the light,

Whether in Mars his field thou be,

Or Tiber's winding streams, I follow thee.

BEN JONSON.

#### ODE II.

#### TO ANTONIUS IULUS.\*

*"Pindarum quisquis."*

HE, who to Pindar's height attempts to rise,

Like Icarus, with waxen pinions tries

His pathless way, and from the venturous theme

Falling shall leave to azure seas his name.

As when a river, swollen by sudden showers,

O'er its known banks from some steep mountain pours,

So in profound, unmeasurable song

The deep-mouthed Pindar, foaming, pours along.

Well he deserves Apollo's laurelled crown,

Whether new words he rolls enraptured down

\* The son of Antony and Fulvia; he was brought up by Octavia, the sister of Augustus and widow of Antony.

Impetuous through the Dithyrambic strains ;  
Free from all laws, but what himself ordains ;

Whether in lofty tone sublime he sings  
The immortal gods, or god-descended kings,  
With death deserved who smote the Centaurs dire,  
And quenched the fierce Chimæra's breath of fire ;

Or whom th' Olympic palm, celestial prize !  
Victorious crowns, and raises to the skies,  
Wrestler or steed—with honours, that outlive  
The mortal fame which thousand statues give ;

Or mourns some hapless youth in plaintive lay,  
From his fond, weeping bride, ah ! torn away ;  
His manners pure, his courage, and his name,  
Snatch'd from the grave, he vindicates to fame.

Thus, when the Theban swan attempts the skies,  
A nobler gale of rapture bids him rise ;  
But like a bee, which through the breezy groves  
With feeble wing and idle murmurs roves,

Sits on the bloom, and with unceasing toil  
From thyme sweet-breathing culls his flowery spoil ;  
So I, weak bard ! round Tiber's lucid spring,  
Of humbler strain laborious verses sing.

'Tis thine with deeper hand to strike the lyre,  
When Cæsar shall his raptured bard inspire,  
And crowned with laurel, well-earned meed of war,  
Drag the fierce Gaul at his triumphal car ;

Than whom the gods ne'er gave, or bounteous Fate,  
To human kind a gift more good or great,  
Nor from their treasures shall again unfold,  
Though time roll backward to his ancient gold.

Be thine the festal days, the city's joys,  
The Forum silenced from litigious noise,  
The public games for Cæsar safe restored,  
A blessing oft with pious vows implored.

Then, if my voice can reach the glorious theme ;  
 Then will I sing, amid the loud acclaim—  
 “ Hail, brightest sun ; in Rome’s fair annals shine ;  
 Cæsar returns—eternal praise be thine.”

As the procession awful moves along,  
 Let shouts of triumph fill our joyful song ;  
 Repeated shouts of triumph Rome shall raise,  
 And to the bounteous gods our altars blaze.

Of thy fair herds twice ten shall grateful bleed,  
 While I, with pious care, one steerling feed :  
 Weaned from the dam, o’er pastures large he roves,  
 And for my vows his rising youth he proves :

His horns like Luna’s bending fires appear,  
 When the third night she rises to her sphere ;  
 And, yellow all the rest, one spot there glows  
 Full in his front, and bright as winter snows.

FRANCIS.

### ODE III.

### TO MELPOMENE.

“ *Quem tu, Melpomene.*”

HE on whose birth the lyric Queen  
 Of numbers smiled, shall never grace  
 The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen  
 First in the famed Olympic race.  
 He shall not, after toils of war,  
 And humbling haughty monarchs’ pride,  
 With laurelled brows, conspicuous far,  
 To Jove’s Tarpeian Temple ride.  
 But him, the streams that warbling flow,  
 Rich Tibur’s fertile meads along,  
 And shady groves, his haunts, shall know  
 The master of th’ Æolian song.

The sons of Rome, majestic Rome !  
Have placed me in the poets' choir,  
And envy now, or dead or dumb,  
Forbears to blame what they admire.  
Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute !  
Which thy harmonious touch obeys ;  
Who canst the finny race, though mute,  
To cygnets' dying accents raise ;  
Thy gift it is, that all, with ease,  
Me, prince of Roman lyrics, own ;  
That while I live, my numbers please,  
If pleasing be thy gift alone.

BISHOP ATTERBURY.

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ODE IV.

THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

*" Qualem ministrum."*

As the winged minister of thund'ring Jove  
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,  
Faithful assistant of his master's love,  
King of the wand'ring nations of the air,  
When balmy breezes fanned the vernal sky,  
On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,  
In slight essays his growing force to try,  
While inborn courage fired his generous breast ;  
Then, darting with impetuous fury down,  
The flocks he slaughtered, an unpractised foe ;  
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown,  
The scaly snake and crested dragon know ;

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,  
Weaned from his savage dam and milky food,  
The gazing kid beholds with fearful eye,  
Doomed first to stain his tender fangs in blood :  
Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,  
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatched in fight :  
So were their hearts with abject terror quelled,  
So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight.  
Tamed by a boy, the fierce barbarians find  
How guardian prudence guides the youthful flame ;  
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind  
Each generous Nero forms to early fame ;  
A valiant son springs from a valiant sire :  
Their race by mettle sprightly coursers prove ;  
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire  
Degenerate to form the timorous dove.  
But education can the genius raise,  
And wise instructions native virtue aid ;  
Nobility without them is disgrace,  
And honour is by vice to shame betrayed.  
Let red Metaurus, stained with Punic blood,  
Let mighty Asdrubal subdued, confess  
How much of empire and of fame is owed  
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.  
Of this be witness that auspicious day  
Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,  
First smiled on Latium with a milder ray,  
And cheered our drooping hearts with dawning light.  
Since the dire African with wasteful ire  
Rode o'er the ravaged towns of Italy ;

As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,  
Or Eurys o'er the vexed Sicilian sea.

From this bright era, from this prosperous field,  
The Roman Glory dates her rising power ;  
From hence 'twas given her conquering sword to wield,  
Raise her fallen gods, and ruined shrines restore.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke :  
“ Like stags, to ravenous wolves an easy prey,  
Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,  
Whom to elude and 'scape were victory :

“ A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,  
Hostile Ausonia, to thy destined shore  
Her gods, her infant sons, and aged sires,  
Through angry seas and adverse tempests bore :

“ As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,  
Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,  
Improves by loss, and thriving with the stroke,  
Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel.

“ Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head  
So tired the baffled force of Hercules ;  
Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,  
Pregnant of hills, and famed for prodigies.

“ Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,  
Brighter she rises from the depths below :  
To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,  
Recruits her strength, and foils the wond'ring foe.

No more of victory the joyful fame  
Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly ;  
Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name !  
With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die !”

What shall the Claudian valour not perform  
Which power divine guards with propitious care ;  
Which wisdom steers through all the dangerous storm,  
Through all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war ?

LORD LYTTLETON.

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ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS.

*“ Divis orte bonis.”*

GREAT chieftain ! Heav’n’s paternal care !  
Who wield’st the destinies of Rome ;  
And rul’st with sway propitious there,  
Speed, speed thy ling’ring steps, long absent, home.  
Haste to thy country, O ! return ;  
Their prince beloved the people claim :  
For thee the people, senates burn,  
With hearts of fire, and breathe thy sacred name.  
When like the beams of rosy spring,  
Thy face its living lustre throws,  
The hours more vivid pleasures bring,  
And the glad sun with brighter splendour glows.  
As pensive on the winding shore  
The mother bends her lonely way,  
And listens to the distant roar  
Of sullen waves that wanton in the fray ;  
Then turns to heaven th’ imploring eye,  
And prays the gods her son to bless ;  
And safely to his native sky  
Restore whom love is ardent to caress.

'Tis thus, e'en thus with strong desire,  
In steadfast faith the suppliant hand  
Italia lifts : she asks her sire,  
Asks that, returned, he glad a grateful land.

For 'mid the rich and flow'ry fields  
Disporting herds in quiet graze :  
The golden harvest Ceres yields,  
And smiling Fortune all her wealth displays.

Safe on the wave from hostile arms  
The seaman steers : her guiltless course  
Firm Faith sustains, nor Virtue's charms  
Are marred by darkling wiles or daring force.

Stern Law with iron arm subdues  
Crimes whose foul blackness blots the skies :  
In each loved child the father views  
Himself : transgression wingèd vengeance flies.

And who can now the Parthian fear,  
The wand'ring tribes of Scythian snows,  
The German fierce with lance and spear,  
Or shun the conflict with Iberian foes,

'Neath Cæsar's rule ? The happy swain  
Weds to the trees his tender vine ;  
Then fills the bowl, and pours again  
To powers supreme the richly-flowing wine.

To thee we breathe full many a pray'r,  
O'er costly goblets sound thy name :  
The feast the gods domestic share,  
And Greece thus celebrates her Castor's fame,



Or great Alcides': " May'st thou bring  
To Latium oft such joys as these ! "  
When cheerful morning blushes thus we sing,  
And when the lamp of day sinks in the western seas.

REV. S. SANDERSON.

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ODE VI.

TO APOLLO.

*" Dive, quem proles."*

O THOU, who Niobe's proud tongue  
Didst visit on her vaunted young ;  
Whose vengeance lustful Tityus struck,  
And him that Ilium all but took—  
Achilles, sea-born Thetis' son—  
Second in fight to thee alone :  
Though, lord of the tremendous spear,  
He shook the Dardan towers with fear ;  
Like pine by biting axe cut down,  
Or cypress by fierce blasts o'erthrown,  
Low in Troy's dust (vast fall !) his head  
Beneath thy conquering arm was laid.  
He would not, caged in Pallas' horse,  
Base counterfeit, with midnight force  
Have burst on unsuspecting Troy,  
And Priam's halls of fatal joy :  
But gaunt and grim in open day  
Seized, crushed, alas ! his tender prey,  
And doomed in Grecian flames to die  
The embryo buds of infancy ;

Had not dread Jove, o'ercome by thee  
 And Venus, issued his decree  
 That happier, by Æneas planned,  
 Elsewhere another Troy should stand.  
 Thou who didst teach Thalia's lyre,  
 Bright God, its strains of living fire,  
 Who lavest in Xanthus' stream thy hair,  
 O make the Daunian muse thy care !  
 The glow, the art, the name of bard  
 On me Apollo has conferred.  
 Ye high-born virgins, fair and young,  
 Ye boys of noblest lineage sprung  
 (Object of Dian's fond delight,  
 Whose bow arrests the lynx's flight,)  
 Careful the Lesbian measure keep  
 As o'er the chords my fingers sweep :  
 And solemn sing Latona's son—  
 Night's torch, who gives the plenteous year,  
 And wheels the months in prone career.  
 Married thou'lt say : " That pious sound,"  
 When time has rolled the century round,  
 " I chaunted on high festal day,  
 And Horace taught the tuneful lay."  
WRANGHAM.

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ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

*"Diffugere nives."*

THE SNOWS are passed away, the field renews  
 Its grassy robe, the trees with leaves are crowned ;  
 All nature feels a change ; the streams unloose

Their bands of ice, and bathe the meads around ;  
The sister Graces with the Nymphs advance  
In light attire, weaving the joyous dance.

Warned by the varying year and hast'ning day,  
Expect not thou, my friend, immortal joys :  
Spring's zephyr melts the winter's frost away,  
And spring the summer's hotter breath destroys,  
Soon forced to wait on autumn's mellow train,  
Till cold and sluggish winter rules again.

The seasons' difference rolling moons repair ;  
But we, if once to that sad shore conveyed  
Where the great manes of our fathers are,  
Shall be but empty ashes and a shade.  
Who knows if they that rule this mortal clime  
Will add to-morrow to our sum of time ?

Thy generous soul can best improve the hours  
Of the short life allowed by partial Heaven ;  
Yet thee, Torquatus, in those gloomy bow'rs  
Where Minos' last tremendous doom is given,  
Not all thy pride of honourable birth,  
Nor wit, nor virtue, can restore to earth !

Not e'en the huntress of the silver bow,  
Who made the chaste Hippolytus her care,  
Could bring his spirit from the realms below :  
Nor Theseus armed with forces immortal tear  
His loved Perithous from the triple chain  
That bound his soul to that infernal plain.

J. H. MERIVALE.

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## ODE VIII.

## TO CENSORINUS.\*

*“Donarem pateras.”*

WITH liberal heart to every friend  
A bowl or caldron would I send ;  
Or tripods, which the Grecians gave,  
As rich rewards, to heroes brave ;  
Nor should the meanest gift be thine,  
If the rich works of art were mine,  
By Scopas, or Parrhasius wrought,  
With animating skill who taught  
The shapeless stone with life to glow,  
Or bade the breathing colours flow,  
To imitate, in every line,  
The form or human or divine.

But I nor boast the curious store,  
And you nor want, nor wish for more ;  
'Tis yours the joys of verse to know,  
Such joys as Horace can bestow,  
While I can vouch my present's worth,  
And call its every virtue forth.

Nor columns, which the public raise,  
Engraved with monumental praise,  
By which the breath of life returns  
To heroes, sleeping in their urns :  
Nor Hannibal, when swift he fled,†  
His threats retorted on his head ;

\* This Ode was written either in the time of the Saturnalia (when it was customary among the Romans to send presents to their friends), or in return for something valuable, which Horace had received from Censorinus, and for which he sends him a copy of verses. Censorinus was of noble birth, and Consul in u.c. 746.—*Francis*.

† The threats of Hannibal, driven back from Italy, when he was obliged to fly to the defence of Carthage.—*Bond*.

Nor impious Carthage wrapt in flame,  
From whence great Scipio gained a name,\*  
Such glories round him could diffuse  
As the Calabrian poet's † muse;  
And should the bard his aid deny,  
Thy worth shall unrewarded die.

Had envious silence left unsung  
The child from Mars and Ilia sprung,  
How had we known the hero's fame,  
From whom the Roman empire came?  
The poet's favour, voice and lays,  
Could Æacus from darkness raise,  
Snatched from the Stygian gulfs of hell,  
Among the blissful isles to dwell.

The Muse forbids the brave to die,  
The Muse enthrones him in the sky;  
Alcides, thus, in heaven is placed,  
And shares with Jove th' immortal feast;  
Thus the twin-stars have power to save  
The shattered vessel from the wave,  
And vine-crowned Bacchus with success  
His jovial votaries can bless.

FRANCIS.

\* Scipio was the first of the Romans who was honoured with the name of a conquered country.—*Francis*.

† Ennius, who celebrated the actions of this hero, was born in Calabria, from whence this expression, "the Calabrian muses." We have some fragments of his works, which show a strong and masculine spirit, but rude and uncultivated.—*Francis*.

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## ODE IX.

TO MARCUS LOLLIUS.\*

*“Ne forte credas.”*

THINK not those strains can e'er expire,  
Which, cradled 'mid the echoing roar  
Of Aufidus, to Latium's lyre  
I sing with arts unknown before.  
Though Homer fill the foremost throne,  
Yet grave Stesichorus † still can please,  
And fierce Alcæus holds his own  
With Pindar and Simonides.  
The songs of Teos are not mute,  
And Sappho's love is breathing still :  
She told her secret to the lute,  
And yet its chords with passion thrill.  
Not Sparta's queen alone was fired  
By broidered robe and braided tress,  
And all the splendours that attired  
Her lover's guilty loveliness :  
Not only Teucer to the field  
His arrows brought, nor Ilion  
Beneath a single conqueror reeled :  
Not Crete's majestic lord alone,  
Or Sthenelus, earned the Muses' crown :  
Not Hector first for child and wife,  
Or brave Deiphobus, laid down  
The burden of a manly life.  
Before Atrides men were brave :

\* Lollius was Consul with Q. Æmilius in the 732nd year of the city. He commanded the Roman legions in Germany, Thrace, and Galatia.

† Of Himera in Sicily : he flourished about 610 years before Christ.

But ah ! oblivion, dark and long,  
Has locked them in a tearless grave,  
For lack of consecrating song.  
'Twixt worth and baseness, lapped in death,  
What difference ? You shall ne'er be dumb,  
While strains of mine have voice and breath :  
The dull neglect of days to come  
Those hard-won honours shall not blight :  
No, Lollius, no : a soul is yours,  
Clear-sighted, keen, alike upright  
When fortune smiles, and when she lowers :  
To greed and rapine still severe,  
Spurning the gain men find so sweet :  
A consul, not of one brief year,  
But oft as on the judgment-seat  
You bend the expedient to the right,  
Turn haughty eyes from bribes away,  
Or bear your banners through the fight,  
Scattering the foeman's firm array.  
The lord of boundless revenues,  
Salute not him as happy : no,  
Call him the happy, who can use  
The bounty that the gods bestow,  
Can bear the load of poverty,  
And tremble not at death, but sin :  
No recreant he when called to die  
In cause of country or of kin.

J. CONINGTON.

(By courteous permission of Messrs. BELL.)

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## ODE X.

## TO LIGURINUS.

*"O crudelis adhuc."*

O CRUEL still, and vain of beauty's charms,  
 When wintry age thy insolence disarms ;  
 When fall those locks, that on thy shoulders play,  
 And youth's gay roses on thy cheeks decay ;  
 When that smooth face shall manhood's roughness  
     wear,

And in your glass another form appear,  
 Ah ! why, you'll say, do I now vainly burn,  
 Or with my wishes not my youth return ?

FRANCIS.

## ODE XI.

## TO PHYLLIS.

*"Est mihi nonum."*

PHYLLIS ! a cask I have of Alban wine  
 Now more than nine years old ; my garden shows  
 Fresh parsley, chaplets for the feast to twine,  
     And ivy grows

In plenty ; gaily shall it deck thine hair ;  
 Glitters the house with plate ; chaste vervains round  
 The altar, thirsting for its votive share  
     Of blood, are bound ;

All hands are busy ; lads and lasses hie  
 Now here, now there, each mingled task to claim ;  
 While through the sullying smoke that rolls on high  
     Leaps the bright flame.



But why we bid thee here I must explain,  
Our joys to share. We keep glad April's Ides,  
The month of Venus, daughter of the main,  
This day divides.

Right sacred 'tis to me, almost more dear  
Than birthday of my own; since from its light  
Mæcenâs reckons each revolving year  
In passing flight,

Young Telephus another fair hath seized,  
Above thy rank, thou followest him in vain;  
Wealthy and wanton is the lass, well pleased  
He hugs his chain.

Scorched Phaëton bids ambitious minds beware;  
From Pegasus the striking warning heed!  
Mortal Bellerophon he scorned to bear  
That wingèd steed.

Do thou desist from the degrading chase;  
Hopes that amount to guilt do thou resign;  
Shun the unequal match, my home to grace  
Last love of mine.

Come thou with me! I'll woo no other fair.  
Come learn the strains shall suit that winning voice;  
Lulled by soft music's charm e'en gloomy Care  
Must needs rejoice.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

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## ODE XII.

## TO VIRGIL.

*"Jam veris comites."*

COMPANIONS of the spring, that lull the sea,  
Now the soft airs of Thrace the sails impel :  
Now, nor the meads are frozen, nor rivers swell,  
Loud with the snows of winter down the lea.  
Her nest she puts that "Itys" weeping cries  
The hapless bird, of the Cecropian name  
The sad reproach for ever, that ill she came  
To avenge barbarian kings' impieties.  
Laid on the tender grass, at listless ease,  
The shepherds of fat flocks their music rear,  
And charm the god to whom the herd is dear,  
Whom the dark hills of his Arcadia please.  
The season hath brought thirst ; but if you think  
To quaff the generous wine at Cales pressed,  
O Virgil, by the noble youth caressed,  
Then purchase with sweet nard the pleasing drink.  
Of nard a little onyx shall prepare  
A cask, which in Sulpician barns is laid,  
Rich to produce new hope, and full of aid  
To wash away the bitterness of care.  
These joys if you delight in, quickly come  
With merchandise of price : I have no thought  
To steep you in my laughing cups for nought,  
As the rich man in his abundant home.  
But losing dreams of wealth, that poor deceit,  
Mindful of the dark fires, whilst yet you may,  
Mix a short folly with your studious day :  
To trifle as the fool in place is sweet.

LORD THURLOW.

## ODE XIII.

## TO LYCE.

*"Audivere, Lyce."*

MY prayers are heard, O Lyce, now  
They're heard ; years write thee aged, yet thou,  
    Youthful and green in will,  
    Putt'st in for handsome still,  
And shameless dost intrude among  
The sports and feastings of the young.  
There, thawed with wine, thy ragged throat  
To Cupid shakes some feeble note,  
    To move unwilling fires,  
    And rouse our lodged desires,  
When he still wakes in Chia's face.  
Chia, that 's fresh and sings with grace.  
For he, choice god, doth in his flight  
Skip sapless oaks, and will not light  
    Upon thy cheek or brow,  
    Because deep wrinkles now,  
Grey hairs, and teeth decayed and worn,  
Present thee foul, and fit for scorn,  
Neither thy Coan purple's lay,  
Nor that thy jewel's native day  
    Can make thee backwards live,  
    And those lost years retrieve  
Which wingèd time unto our known  
And public annals once hath thrown.  
Whither is now that softness flown ?  
Whither that blush, that motion gone ?  
    Alas, what now in thee  
    Is left of all that she—

That she that loves did breathe and deal ?  
That Horace from himself did steal ?

Thou wert awhile the cried-up face  
Of taking arts, and catching grace,  
    My Cynara being dead ;  
    But my fair Cynara's thread  
Fates broke, intending thine to draw  
Till thou contest with the aged daw ;

That those young lovers once thy prey,  
Thy zealous eager servants, may  
    Make thee their common sport,  
    And to thy house resort  
To see a torch that proudly burned  
Now into colder ashes turned.

W. CARTWRIGHT, 1638.

ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

*"Quæ cura Patrum."*

How shall the Senate, how the people's care,  
    To faithful annals thy exploits consign,  
What worthy monuments prepare  
    To make thy virtues shine,  
And to each future age thy spreading glory bear ?

O greatest prince that in his annual round  
    The sun surveys, whom late (though void of fear),  
The fierce Vindelici have found  
    Invincible in war,  
And felt thee less by rumour than by deeds renowned

For Drusus led thy conquering legion on  
And oft the wild Genaunian nation broke ;  
The nimble Breunians too o'erthrown  
Confess the Roman yoke  
And their strong Alpine forts his matchless courage won.  
Next elder Nero claims the like applause  
Who the huge Rhætians dreadful in the field,  
With slaughter tired in freedom's cause  
Unknowing how to yield  
They, generous victims fell for their dear country's laws.  
As furious Auster's unresisting course  
Provokes the billows where the Pleiads glow  
Through parting clouds ; with equal force  
He, dauntless, charged the foe ;  
Or as horned Aufidus the bounds disdains  
Which guide him rolling through Apulia's States  
When swelled with melting snow and rains  
He, rising, meditates  
Swift with his torrent floods to deluge all the plains ;  
So Claudius, rapid in his wide career  
Forced the barbarians cased in steel to yield  
And, with small loss, from front to rear  
Mowed down the standing field,  
While with thy counsel, arms, and gods he led the war ;  
For on the day when Egypt's empty throne  
Hailed thee her lord, the Fates who love to bless  
And thy unrivalled title own  
By fifteen years' success  
On that returning day they now thy glory crown.  
The fierce Cantabrian not to be o'ercome  
But by thy arms ; the Indian and the Mede,

The Scythian lurking now at home,

Justly thy prowess dread

O tutelary god of Italy and Rome !

The Nile's mysterious springs thy grace implore,

The rapid Tigris,—the wide Danube bends

To thee, e'en to the British shore

Thy awful sway extends

Where tempests rage and monster-teeming billows roar !

Thy name Iberia's hardy sons alarms ;

Alarms the Gauls, who death undaunted meet,

The wild Sygambrian lays his arms

Submissive at thy feet

While thirst of blood no more his savage vengeance  
charms.

W. DUNCOMBE.

ODE XV.

TO AUGUSTUS.\*

*“Phœbus volentem.”*

I WOULD have sung of battles dire,

And mighty cities overthrown,

When Phœbus smote me with his lyre,

And warned me with an angry tone,

Not to unfold my little sail, or brave

The boundless terrors of the Tyrrhene wave.

Yet will I sing thy peaceful reign,

Which crowns with fruits our happy fields,

And rent from Parthia's haughty fane,

To Roman Jove his eagles yields ;

\* In the latter end of spring 744, Augustus shut the temple of Janus for the third and last time, which probably gave occasion to this ode.  
—*San.*

Augustus bids the rage of war to cease,  
And shuts up Janus in eternal peace.

    Restrained by arts of ancient fame,  
    Wild license walks at large no more,  
    Those arts, by which the Latian name,  
    The Roman strength, th' imperial pow'r,  
With awful majesty unbounded spread  
To rising Phœbus from his western bed.

    While watchful Cæsar guards our age,  
    Nor civil wrath, nor loud alarms  
    Of foreign tumults, nor the rage,  
    That joys to forge destructive arms,  
And ruined cities fills with hostile woes,  
Shall e'er disturb, O Rome, thy safe repose.

    Nations, who quaff the rapid stream,  
    Where deep the Danube rolls his wave ;  
    The Parthians, of perfidious fame,  
    The Getæ fierce, and Seres brave,  
And they, on Tanaïs who wide extend,  
Shall to the Julian laws reluctant bend.

    Our wives and children share our joy,  
    With Bacchus' jovial blessings gay ;  
    Thus we the festal hours employ,  
    Thus grateful hail the busy day ;  
But first, with solemn rites the gods adore,  
And, like our sires, their sacred aid implore ;

    Then vocal, with harmonious lays  
    To Lydian flutes, of cheerful sound,  
    Attempered sweetly, we shall raise  
    The valiant deeds of chiefs renowned,  
Old Troy, Anchises, and the godlike race  
Of Venus, blooming with immortal grace.

FRANCIS.

## THE SECULAR ODE.\*



TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

*“Phæbe, silvarumque potens Diana.”*

PHÆBUS, and thou, Diana, sylvan Power !  
Blest pair—revered, and still to be revered—  
Bright gems of ether ! grant the suit preferred  
At this fixed hour

Of hallowed joy, when (as the Sibyl’s lays  
Ordained) chaste Youths and Virgins to the Powers  
That guard the city and her seven-hilled towers  
Pour songs of praise !

Thou genial Sun ! whose orb in heaven’s high dome  
Reveals and shrouds the day—still rising new  
And still the same —may nothing meet thy view,  
Greater than Rome !

And thou, Lucina ! lenient to disclose  
The ripened birth—whatever name best please  
Thine ear—Natalis ! Ilithyia !—ease  
Our matron’s throes !

Grant large increase, and speed the Senate’s cause,  
Who strengthen (studious of their country’s good)  
Pure wedlock’s bands, and to recruit her brood  
Stamp nuptial laws : †

\* Composed at the request of the Emperor Augustus for the fifth regular celebration of the *Ludi Seculares* in the year of the City 737.

† Augustus made a law in U.C. 736, giving rewards to those who married and fining the celibates.



That oft as years, to decades full eleven  
Revolving, shall renew with solemn rite  
This Jubilee, glad anthems day and night  
May rise to heaven.

And you, whose verdict, once declared, stands fast,  
Linked in Necessity's eternal chain,  
Ye Destinies ! with future blessings deign  
To crown the past !

May Earth, boon parent, rich in flocks and fruit,  
Grace Ceres with a wreath of golden ears  
While the soft shower and gale salubrious rears  
Each budding shoot !

Placid and mild, thy shafts of vengeance sheathed,  
Hear thou the Youths, majestic Lord of light !  
Hear thou the prayer, bicorned Queen of night,  
By Virgins breathed !

Blest twain ! if Rome from you derived her birth ;—  
If hither, led by you, the Trojan bands  
Urged a safe course, what time for distant lands  
They changed their hearth ;

To whom, unscathed, thro' Ilium wrapt in flame,  
The brave survivor of the land he lost  
Oped a free path, to found on Latium's coast  
A nobler name ;

Grant to our docile youth each virtuous grace !  
To weary veterans grant serene repose !  
Grant health, wealth, issue, all that Heaven bestows  
To Rome's whole race !

And may the Prince, who at your shrine bids flow  
The milk-white heifer's blood, Anchises' heir,  
Long rule, to crush the rebel and to spare  
The prostrate foe !

The Mede, now quelled by land as on the wave,  
Has to our arms and Alban Axes bowed ;  
The Scythian hordes, and Indian (late so proud)  
Our mercy crave.

Truth, Honour, generous Shame (repelled with scorn),  
Mild Peace, and Virtue that to heaven had flown,  
Dare to return, and Plenty hastes to crown  
Her brimming Horn.

Be sure, the golden-quivered God, who sees  
Fate's awful mysteries, whom the warbling Nine  
Hail as their leader, and whose arts benign  
Assuage disease,

Will, if he smile on his own sacred towers,  
Prolong the Roman weal and Latium's bliss  
From age to age, and still improve from this  
To happier hours :

Nor less will She, so long on Aventine  
And Algidus enshrined, her votaries now  
Propitious heed, and to our youthful vow  
Kind ears incline.

We, then, the band who jointly tune their praise,  
Bear home a sure and cheering hope, that Jove  
Lists and approves, with all the Host above,  
These choral lays.

REV. CANON HOWES.

THE  
EPODES OF HORACE.



# THE EPODES OF HORACE.

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## EPODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.\*

*“Ibis Liburnis.”*

YOUR light Liburnian bark shall skim the wave  
To dare the floating bulwark's frown,  
Resolved for Cæsar's sake each risk to brave,  
And make his weal or woe your own.  
Meanwhile for *us*, Mæcenas, what were meet?  
What must a fond retainer do,  
To whom, while lives his patron, life is sweet—  
But owns no charm, bereaved of you?  
Should he at ease lag (as you bid) behind—  
Ease unenjoyed, while you're afar?—  
Or brook all toils and perils, with a mind  
Firm as befits the brave in war?  
Yes, yes, he will, and trace with dauntless breast  
Your steps the Alpine summits o'er,  
Traverse the houseless Caucasus' wild waste,  
Or seek the Atlantic's utmost shore.  
Ask you, what aid this nerveless arm can lend,  
Which nought of martial strength may boast?  
'Twill calm, at least, my fears for *you*, my friend;  
Fears that still vex the absent most.  
Thus for her callow brood, when left, the dove  
More dreads the serpent's ambush fell—

\* Mæcenas was about to sail for the naval battle of Actium.

Yet knows her wing too weak, though stretched above,  
His stealthy inroad to repel.  
Me to encounter this and many a toil  
Pure friendship would itself incline :  
Not that the groaning ox might ply the soil,  
Yoked to more numerous ploughs of mine—  
Not that my Sabine lawns with ampler range  
Might stretch to Tusculum's fair towers,  
Or flocks for cool Lucanian pastures change  
Calabrian drought, when Sirius lowers.  
Your bounty every want and wish has crowned ;  
'Tis well : To seek superfluous gain—  
But (Chremes-like) to hide it underground,  
Or waste (like roystering heirs)—were vain !

CANON HOWES.

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EPODE II.

THE PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

*“ Beatus ille.”*

“ How happy in his low degree,  
How rich in humble poverty is he  
Who leads a quiet country life,  
Discharged of business, void of strife,  
And from the griping scrivener free.  
Thus ere the seeds of vice were sown  
Lived men in better ages born,  
Who ploughed with oxen of their own  
Their small paternal field of corn.  
Nor trumpets summon him to war,  
Nor drums disturb his morning sleep,

Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,  
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.  
The clamours of contentious law,  
And Court and State he wisely shuns,  
Nor bribed with hopes, nor dazed with awe  
To servile salutations runs.  
But either to the clasping vine  
Does the superior poplar wed,  
Or, with his pruning hook disjoin  
Unbearing branches from their head,  
And grafts more happy in their stead.  
Or climbing to a hilly steep,  
He views his herds in fields afar,  
Or shears his overburdened sheep,  
Or mead for cooling drink prepares  
Of virgin honey in the jars ;  
Or in the now declining year,  
When bounteous Autumn rears his head,  
He joys to pull the ripened pear  
And clust'ring grapes with purple spread.  
The fairest of his fruit he serves,  
Priapus ! thy rewards  
Sylvanus, too, his part deserves,  
Whose care the fences guards.

Sometimes beneath an ancient oak  
Or on the matted grass he lies ;  
No god of sleep he need invoke,  
The stream that o'er the pebbles flies  
With gentle slumber crowns his eyes ;  
The wind that whistles through the sprays  
Maintains the concert of the song,  
And hidden birds with native lays  
The golden sleep prolong.

But when the blast of winter blows,  
And hoary frost inverts the year  
Into the naked woods he goes  
And seeks the tusky boar to rear  
With well-mouthed hounds and pointed spear :  
Or spreads his subtle nets from sight  
With twinkling glasses to betray  
The larks that in the meshes light ;  
Or make the fearful hare his prey.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,  
No anxious care invades his health,  
Nor love his peace of mind destroys,  
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.

But if a chaste and pleasing wife,  
To ease the business of his life,  
Divides with him his household care,  
Such as the Sabine matrons were,  
Such as the swift Apulian's bride,  
(Sunburnt and swarthy though she be),  
Will fire for winter nights provide,  
And, without noise, will oversee  
His children and his family,  
And order all things till he come,  
Sweaty and over-laboured, home :  
If she in pens his flock will fold,  
And then produce her dairy store,  
With wine to drive away the cold,  
And unbought dainties of the poor ;  
Not oysters from the Lucrine lake  
My sober appetite would wish,  
Nor turbot, nor the foreign fish  
That rolling tempests overtake  
And hither waft the costly dish.  
Not heathpout or the rarest birds



Which Phasis or Ionia yields  
 More pleasing morsels could afford  
 Than the fat olives of my fields ;  
 Than shards and mallows for the pot  
 That keep the loosened body sound ;  
 Or than the lamb that falls by lot  
 To the just guardian of my ground.  
 Amidst this feast of happy swains,  
 The jolly shepherd smiles to see  
 His flock returning from the plains ;  
 The farmer is as pleased as he  
 To view his oxen, sweating smoke,  
 Bear on their necks the loosened yoke ;  
 To look upon his menial crew  
 That sit around his cheerful hearth  
 And bodies spent in toil renew  
 With wholesome food and country mirth."

This Morecraft \* said within himself.  
 Resolved to leave the wicked town,  
 And live retired upon his own  
 He called his money in ;  
 But the prevailing love of pelf  
 Soon split him on the former shelf ;  
 He put it out again !

DRYDEN.

## EPODE III.

## TO MÆCENAS ON EATING GARLIC.

"*Parentis olim.*"

IF ever a son a parent's aged throat  
 With impious hand has strangled,

\* Alpius.

His food be garlic,—worse than aconite ;  
 O stubborn-bowelled reapers !  
 What poison here within my vitals boils ?  
 Has viper's blood deceived me,  
 Brewed with these herbs ? or in the unlucky mess  
 Has old Canidia dabbled ?

When 'mid the Argonauts their brilliant chief  
 Médéa's gaze attracted,  
 With *this* besmeared she him, in unknown yokes  
 That he the bulls might harness :  
 With *this* she drenched the gifts—her rival's bane ; --  
 And fled with wingèd serpents.  
 Not, on Apulia's thirsty soil, so fierce  
 The star-born vapour settles,  
 Nor clung more burningly the fatal boon  
 On huge Alcides' shoulders.

But, O Mæcenas, sportive friend ! if e'er  
 So foul desire possess thee,  
 I pray thy lass may give thee hand for lip,  
 And choose the seat most distant.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN.

(By kind permission.)

#### EPODE IV.

#### TO MENAS.\*

*“Lupis et agnis.”*

DEEP as th' aversion fixed by fate's decree  
 'Twixt wolf and lamb, is mine to thee,

\* Sextus Menas was a freed-man of Cneius Pompey. He fought on Pompey's side at first, but afterwards betrayed him to Caesar. Menas is a character in Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra.—Act 2, Scenes 1, 6.

Whose furrowed loins and ancles galled retain  
 Marks of the penal thong and chain !  
 Strut as thou may'st, and vaunt thy ill-got pelf—  
*Fortune* can never alter *Self*.  
 Pacing the Sacred Street with pompous stride,  
 Robed in a mantle six ells wide,  
 See'st thou not, pictured in the indignant eye,  
 The thoughts of every passer-by ?—  
 “ Yon wretch, who once Triumv'ral whippings bore,  
 Till ev'n the Beadle's arm grew sore,  
 Now ploughs his thousand acres—scours each day  
 With prancing steeds the Appian way—  
 And at the public shows, in Otho's \* spite,  
 Flaunts in front seats a swaggering knight !  
 What boots it, launching to dispatch afar  
 So many strong-beaked ships of war,  
 To put down pirates and a servile host,  
 While he—*he* fills the Tribune's post ? ”

CANON HOWES.

## EPODE V.

## THE WITCH CANIDIA.

“*At, O Deorum.*”

“ BUT oh—whoever of celestial birth  
 Directs the mortal race of earth,  
 What means this tumult ?—why on me alone  
 Are all these savage glances thrown ?

\* A law of L. Roscius Otho, A.U.C. 686, fixed the places of the knights in the theatre. They were over the orchestra, and Menas had no right to sit there.

Ah ! by your children, if Lucina's aid  
Thee ever a true parent made,  
By this vain purple honour,\* and by Jove,  
Who will not e'er such deeds approve,  
Why look you on me with a stepdame's glance,  
Or beast struck by the iron lance ? ”  
While thus with trembling voice the boy forlorn  
Deplored his ravished honours † torn,  
He stood ; his body's fresh and blooming youth  
Might soften Thracian breasts to ruth ;  
Canidia with short vipers overspread  
Around her lock-dishevelled head  
Commands wild fig-trees plucked from open graves,  
And cypress o'er the tomb that waves,  
Eggs and the plumage of nocturnal owl,  
With frogs' ensanguined entrails foul,  
Herbs which Iolcos and Iberia's plain,  
Fertile in venomed stores, contain,  
And ravished bones the fasting bitch's prey,  
In Colchian flames to melt away.  
But Sagana swift from Avernus spring  
Around the waters scattering,  
With horrent hair like porcupine upreared,  
Or a Laurentian boar, appeared.  
While Veia, whom no conscience e'er could wound,  
With rugged spade dug out the ground,  
In act to bury, groaning o'er her toil,  
The stripling deep beneath the soil ;  
That for the food changed twice or thrice a day  
His longing soul should pine away.

\* Patrician children wore a robe bordered with purple till they were fifteen years old. The Romans called this robe *majestas pueritiae*, the majesty of childhood. Both childhood and its robe were held sacred.

† His robe and bulla—which was of gold or silver in the shape of a heart.

When, as a swimmer plunged the wave within,  
He might extend his upraised chin ;  
That marrow parched and liver dry should prove  
A medicated draught of love.  
While to the interdicted food inclined  
With fixed desire his eyeballs pined.  
That Ariminian Folia joined the rites  
(Whose heart in vigorous lust delights)  
Naples resigned to indolence believed,  
And every neighb'ring town received :  
To whom by her Thessalian voice 'tis given  
To charm the stars and moon from heaven.  
Here while her mangled thumb with livid jaws  
Implacable Canidia gnaws,  
What accents through her silence broke ?—" Oh ! ye,  
True arbiters of destiny,  
Night and Diana, whose o'erruling power  
The orgies guides at this still hour,  
Now, now approach ; your vengeful anger show  
Turned on the mansions of the foe.  
While languid beasts in gentle sleep are laid  
Beneath their forest's dreadful shade,  
Let curs Suburran drive with barkings loud  
This dotard through the laughing crowd ;  
Smeared o'er with spikenard, which these hands of  
mine  
Could once in perfect art combine.  
But what hath chanced, that now these venoms dire  
Less potent influence should inspire,  
When barbarous Medea to the grave  
Proud Creon's haughty daughter gave ;  
What time the robe in poisoned juices dyed  
With flames destroyed the recent bride.

And yet no herb or latent root that strays  
In the rough soil escapes my gaze.  
He sleeps in every damsel's essenced bed,  
While I am from his memory fled.  
Ah ! ah !—he wanders, by the strain set free  
Of one more skilled in sorcery.  
Drugged by new draughts, O doomed in tears to mourn,  
Varus, to me thou shalt return.  
Nor will thy mind, howe'er by Marsian strain  
Recalled, turn back to thee again.  
A drink of greater potency my art  
Shall mix for thy disdainful heart :  
Sooner will heaven beneath the sea remain,  
While stretched above is earth's long plain,  
Than you not burn for me with fierce desire,  
As pitch dissolves in murky fire.”  
The boy with tender words no longer strove  
The unrelenting hags to move,  
But doubtful whence to break the silence dread,  
These imprecations uttered.  
“ Poisons may change the course of good and ill,  
But human chance continues still.  
With curses will I urge you—direful hate  
No victim e'er shall expiate.  
Soon as I shall expire by your command,  
A nightly fury will I stand,  
Your countenance with crooked talons rend  
(Such powers the spectral race attend),  
And clinging close to your unquiet heart,  
Bid sleep, by terror chased, depart.  
You, hags obscene, the village streets around,  
Indignant crowds with stones shall wound ;

Then wolves on your unburied members prey,  
 And birds funereal bear away ;  
 This shall my parents view with vengeful joy,  
 Who must, alas ! survive their boy."

REV. C. A. WHEELWRIGHT,  
*Prebendary of Lincoln.*

## EPODE VI.

## TO CASSIUS SEVERUS.\*

*" Quid immerentes."*

You dog, that fearful to provoke  
 The wolf, attack offenceless folk !  
 Turn hither, if you dare, your spite,  
 And bark at me, prepared to bite ;  
 For like a hound, or mastiff keen,  
 That guards the shepherd's flocky green,  
 Through the deep snows I boldly chase,  
 With ears erect, the savage race ;  
 But you, when with your hideous yelling  
 You fill the grove, at crusts are smelling.  
 Fierce as Archilochus † I glow,  
 Like Hipponax ‡ a deadly foe.  
 If any mongrel shall assail  
 My character with tooth and nail ;  
 What ! like a truant boy, shall I  
 Do nothing in revenge—but cry ?—FRANCIS.

\* The MSS. and Scholiasts agree that this Ode was written against Cassius Severus, a man of base birth and scandalous life, but of considerable abilities . . . as an orator and satirist.—*Francis.*

This assertion has since been thought erroneous.

† A satirist, who having been refused when he offered to marry the daughter of Lycambes, wrote such bitter satire against her father, that Lycambes hanged himself.

‡ Hipponax, who had been ridiculed by the sculptor Bupalus, wrote some satirical verses, which caused the satirist to commit suicide.

## EPODE VII.

## TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

*“ Quo, quo scelesti ruitis ? ”*

WHERE do ye rush, ye impious trains ?

Why gleams afar the late-sheathed sword ?  
Is it believed that Roman veins

Their crimson tides have sparsely poured ?  
Is not our scorn of safety, health, and ease,  
Shown by devastated climes, and blood-stained seas ?

Those scowling brows, those lifted spears,  
Bend they against the threat'ning towers  
Proud Carthage emulously rears ?

Or Britain's still unconquered shores ?  
That her fierce sons, yet free from hostile sway,  
May pass in chains along our Sacred Way ?

No !—but that warring Parthia's curse  
May quickly blast these far-famed walls ;  
Accomplished when, with direful force,  
By her own strength, the city falls ;  
When foes no more her might resistless feel,  
But Roman bosoms bleed by Roman steel.

O ! worse than wolves, or lions fierce,  
Who ne'er, like you, assault their kind !  
By what wild frenzy would ye pierce  
Each other's breast, in fury blind ?—  
Silent, and pale ye stand, with conscious sighs,  
Your struck soul louring in your down-cast eyes !



The blood our rising walls that stained,  
 Shed by the ruthless fratricide,\*  
 High Heaven's avenging power ordained  
 Should spread the rage of discord wide,  
 Bid kindred blood in dread profusion flow  
 Thro' darkened years of expiatory woe.

A. SEWARD.

## EPODE IX.

## TO MÆCENAS.†

*"Quando repostum."*

WHEN shall I, seated at the sumptuous board,  
 The flask for festive mirth long stored  
 With you, Mæcenas! drain, rejoiced to learn  
 (So Jove hath willed) the safe return  
 Of conquering Cæsar, while shrill pipes conspire  
 Attuned to the warbling lyre?  
 As late, when he, mock-ruler of the waves,  
 Who chains knocked off from rebel slaves,  
 Would fain upon our free-born necks have bound,  
 Saw his fleet burnt—his followers drowned.  
 Lo! Roman troops (alas! a future age  
 Will scarcely credit history's page)  
 Have marched and counter marched at woman's call,  
 Nay—brooked some shrivelled eunuch's thrall,  
 And 'mid war's bannered pomp the sun has seen  
 (Oh shame!) the netted palanquin!

\* Romulus, who slew his brother Remus.

† The Ode was written by Horace on first receiving the news of the victory at Actium.

At this, two-thousand Gallic horse turn heel,  
Change sides, and shout for Cæsar's weal,—  
While half their navy, panic struck, tack short  
To larboard, or lie hid in port !  
All hail to Cæsar's triumph ! what delays,  
In celebration of his praise,  
The heifer yet unyoked—the gilded car—  
The milk-white steeds—and pomp of war ?  
Not, from Jugurtha's overthrow returned,  
Has chief more glorious laurels earned ;—  
Not he, surnamed from Africa, to whom  
Valour o'er Carthage reared a tomb.  
Vanquished by sea and land, the baffled foe  
Doffs the red scarf for weeds of woe ;  
While, borne by breezes not its own, his fleet  
Sneaks oft to hundred-citied Crete,  
Or foundering on vexed quicksands toils in vain,  
Or drifts at random o'er the main.  
Fill to the brim, boys ! speed the goblet round,  
With Chian or with Lesbian crowned ;  
Or mete the mellower Cæcuban, whose balm  
May check betimes the rising qualm !  
All fear and care on Cæsar's score, to day  
Let sparkling cups chase far away !

REV. CANON F. HOWES.

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## EPODE X.

## AGAINST MÆVIUS.

*“Malâ soluta navis.”*

WITH omens ill the ship her anchor weighs,  
Which loathsome Mævius hence conveys.  
Wake, Southern blast! and with the swelling tide  
Lash fore-and-aft her trembling side!  
Rise, Eurus! and with rattling peals of thunder  
Break down her mast—her cordage sunder!  
Her beams let Boreas shiver, with a stroke  
Rude as uproots the mountain oak!  
And let Orion, as he sinks below,  
Dark horror o’er the waters throw,  
That not a star may lend its twinkling light,  
To cheer the gloomy brow of night!  
Nor let him quit in calmer seas the strand,  
Than did the conquering Grecian band,  
When Pallas turned from Ilium wrapt in fire  
On Ajax’ impious bark her ire!  
Gods! what alarm awaits the sweltering crew,  
And oh! what ashy paleness *you*,  
With many a womanly lament and tear,  
And prayers to Jove averse to hear—  
When murky clouds th’ Ionian gulf deform,  
The surge rebellowing to the storm,  
And o’er the foundered keel the big wave roars,  
Her timbers cracked—dispersed her oars!  
But, should your carcase on the beach at last  
(Rich prey for cormorants) be cast,  
A goat (fit victim) to the Tempests slain  
Shall, with a lamb, Jove’s altar stain.

REV. CANON F. HOWES.

## EPODE XI.

## TO PETTIUS.

*"Petti, nihil me."*

SINCE cruel love, O Pettius ! pierced my heart,  
How have I lost my once-loved lyric art !  
Thrice have the woods their leafy honour mourned  
Since for Inachia's beauties Horace burned.  
How was I then (for I confess my shame)  
Of every idle tale the laughing theme !  
Oh ! that I ne'er had known the jovial feast,  
Where the deep sigh, that rends the labouring breast,  
Where languor, and a gentle silence shows  
To every curious eye the lover's woes.

Pettius, how often o'er the flowing bowl,  
When the gay liquor warmed my opening soul,  
When Bacchus, jovial god, no more restrained  
The modest secret, how have I complained,  
That wealthy blockheads, in a female's eyes,  
From a poor poet's genius bear the prize ;  
But if a generous rage my breast should warm,  
I swore—no vain amusements e'er shall charm  
My aching wounds. Ye vagrant winds receive  
The sighs, that soothe the pains they should relieve ;  
Here, shall my shame of being conquered end,  
Nor with such rivals will I more contend.

When thus, with solemn air, I vaunting said,  
Inspired by thy advice, I homeward sped ;  
But ah ! my feet in wonted wanderings stray,  
And to no friendly doors my steps betray ;  
There I forget my vows, forget my pride,  
And at her threshold lay my tortured side.

FRANCIS.

## EPODE XIII.

## TO A FRIEND.

*“Horrida Tempestas.”*

SEE gathering clouds obscure the sky,  
The air seems melting from on high  
In fleecy snow, or showers of rain :  
What howling tempests sweep the main  
And shake the woods ! While in our power,  
My friend, we'll seize the present hour ;  
While youth yet revels in our veins,  
And unimpaired our strength remains.

The cares of age to age resign,  
But hither bring the generous wine  
Laid up in my Torquatus' year,\*  
When first I breathed the vital air.  
No more of adverse fate complain,  
Perhaps the gods may smile again.  
Let Achæmenian essence shed  
Its spicy odours round your head,  
And the Cyllenian lyre compose,  
With soft melodious strains your woes.  
Thus Chiron to his pupil sung :  
“ Great hero from a goddess sprung,  
Fame calls thee to the Trojan plain  
To old Assaracus's reign,  
Where small Scamander slowly glides,  
And Simois rolls his rapid tides,  
There must thou fall by Fates' decree,  
Nor shall thy Mother† of the Sea,

\* The Romans named their years by their Consuls. The one who had the greatest number of votes at his election was named first.

† Thetis—the words are addressed to Achilles.

Her short-lived son again receive.  
 Then every anxious thought relieve  
 By wine or music's charms, for they  
 Can best the cares of life allay."

DUNCOMBE.

EPODE XIV.

TO MÆCENAS.

"*Mollis inertia cur.*"

You ask—"What means this torpid indolence  
 That in oblivion every sense  
 Has steeped, as if my thirsty lips had quaffed  
 At Lethe's spring a copious draught?"—  
 And kill me by remonstrance without end :  
 A God—a God denies, my friend,  
 All power the promised stanzas to compose,  
 And bring my fragment to a close ;  
 Love, mighty Love the vein of song has marred !  
 So glowed of old the Teian bard—  
 So in wild measures to the plaintive shell,  
 Mourned the coy jilt he loved so well.  
 Yourself, no stranger to the pleasing pain,  
 Are caught, like me, in Cupid's chain.  
 But, if a fairer flame beleaguered not  
 Troy's towers, commend your happy lot !  
 My thoughts on humble Phryne now are bent,  
 A freed-girl—nor with *one* content.

CANON HOWES.

## EPODE XV.

## TO NEÆRA.

*“Nox erat, et cælo.”*

'Twas night, and 'mid her starry train was seen  
The moon's pale orb in heaven's serene,  
When, with fond arms (as ivy twines the oak)  
Clasping my neck, thou didst invoke  
The gods to seal our plighted faith ;—nay more,  
Thy tongue (their power insulting) swore,  
That, long as prowling wolves infest the sheep,  
Or north-winds vex the wintry deep,  
Or Phœbus waves his tresses to the gale,  
This love between us should not fail.  
Beware, false girl ! the day may yet ensue,  
When thou my stubborn pride shalt rue :  
For, if one spark of manhood still remains  
To fire thy slighted Flaccus' veins,  
He will not brook for ever, that those charms  
Should bless a favoured rival's arms—  
But seek some other mistress, who may prove  
More prone to render love for love ;  
Nor shall this bosom, which just vengeance steeled,  
To beauty's spell (once broken) yield.  
And thou, proud youth ! usurper of my place,  
Triumphant now in my disgrace,  
Whoe'er thou be—tho' rich in herds and lands,  
Lord of Pactolus' golden sands,  
Well-skilled to sound the depths of Samian lore,  
Nor Nireus boast his beauty more—  
Yet—wait awhile—the jilt thy suit shall spurn,  
And I deride thy plaints in turn !

HOWES.

## EPODE XVI.

## TO THE ROMANS.\*

*“Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas.”*

ALREADY lengthened to another age,  
 Foul discord reigns and civil rage ;  
 And Rome, with whom no foreign power competes,  
 From her own hand her death-blow meets !  
 She, who the neighbouring Marsian could withstand—  
 Foiled proud Porsenna's Tuscan band—  
 Fierce Spartacus and rival Capua quelled,  
 With Gaul that oft in vain rebelled—  
 Whom not Germania's blue-eyed sons coerced,  
 Nor Carthage by fond matrons curst—  
 Must fall by us, a lost, polluted race,  
 And wild-beasts re-usurp her place.  
 Oh shame ! a barbarous victor, flushed with pride,  
 Shall o'er her smoking ruins stride—  
 Her founder's bones, long pent in hallowed urn,  
 Uptorn, insulting foes shall spurn—  
 And o'er yon bulwarks, levelled to the ground,  
 The trooper's clattering hoof resound !  
 Here all, perhaps,—at least the generous few—  
 May ask, what course we must pursue,—  
 What means adopt, such dire distress to shun ?  
 My voice is this—I know but one—  
 To act as the Phocæans did of yore,  
 And (as they left their native shore,  
 Resigning all they loved—their fields, their homes,  
 Paternal hearths and sacred domes—

\* This Ode is supposed to have been written the year following the battle of Philippi.



To be the wild boar's and gaunt wolf's sojourn,  
Pledged homewards never to return)  
To quit our Latium, and at random go  
Where tides may drift or breezes blow.  
Is this your will?—Should any disapprove,  
Some fitter counsel let them move!  
Else—with propitious omens why delay  
To launch the bark and speed away?  
But first swear duly—that, till ocean show  
The millstone buoyant from below,  
Return is barred—that *then* (and not till then)  
The winds shall waft us back again,  
When mounting from his oozy bed the Po  
Shall o'er Matinus' summit flow—  
Or Apennine his cloud-enveloped steep  
Bow down and plunge beneath the deep—  
When brutes shall couple in unnatural love,  
Tiger with deer, and kite with dove—  
Lambs unappalled the lion's ravin brave,  
And goats with dolphins skim the wave!  
This oath (with aught that else may loose the band  
That links us to our parent land)  
Swear all, and then depart—if not the whole,  
Yet those that own a nobler soul!  
At home let drooping hearts and drowsy heads  
Still press their fate-devoted beds!  
But you, ye brave! unmanly wails give o'er,  
And fly beyond the Tuscan shore.  
To distant plains of ambient ocean bound,  
That lave the central earth around!  
There let us seek the Isles—the Happy Isles,  
Sweet bowers of bliss, where Nature smiles—  
Where annual harvests crown uncultured fields—  
The vine unpruned her cluster yields—

The olive sprouts with never-failing gem—  
 The ripe fig loads its native stem—  
 Each oak drops honey—down the mountain's side  
 Soft rills with tinkling murmurs glide—  
 The ewes at night-fall haste uncalled, nor fail  
 To bring full udders to the pail—  
 No growling bear skulks round the evening fold,  
 Nor viper's nest upheaves the mould !  
 Nay—(more to move our rapture)—there no rains  
 With sweeping deluge lash the plains,  
 Nor sultry droughts forbid the grain to teem—  
 Kind Heaven tempering each extreme !  
 Here venturous Argo touched not—hither came  
 With unblest drugs no Colchian dame—  
 Nor Tyrians, nor Ulysses' toil-worn band  
 E'er anchored on this quiet strand—  
 No murrain taints the herd—no noxious pest  
 Or dogstar's maddening heats molest ;  
 Jove for the just reserved these seats of old,  
 When he alloyed Time's pristine gold  
 With brass. That ore, by viler since displaced,  
 Is now to cankerous dross debased—  
 An age of woe : whence (if their bard be right)  
 The good may wing an easy flight.

HOWES.

## EPODE XVII.

## TO CANIDIA.

AN IRONICAL ENTREATY FOR PARDON.

*"Jam, jam, efficaci do manus scientiæ."*

CANIDIA, to thy matchless art  
 Vanquished I yield a suppliant heart ;

But oh ! by hell's extended plains,  
 Where Pluto's gloomy consort reigns ;  
 By bright Diana's vengeful rage,  
 Which prayers, nor hecatombs assuage,  
 And by the books, of power to call  
 The charmed stars, and bid them fall,  
 No more pronounce the sacred scroll,  
 But back the magic circle roll.\*

Even stern Achilles could forgive  
 The Mysian king,† and bid him live,  
 Though proud he ranged the ranks of fight,  
 And hurled the spear with daring might :  
 Thus, when the murderous Hector lay,  
 Condemned to dogs, and birds of prey,  
 Yet when his royal father kneeled,  
 The fierce Achilles knew to yield,  
 And Troy's unhappy matrons paid  
 Their sorrows to their Hector's shade.

Ulysses' friends; in labours tried,  
 So Circe willed, threw off their hide,  
 Assumed the human form divine,  
 And dropped the voice and sense of swine.

O thou, whom tars and merchants love,  
 Too deep thy vengeful rage I prove,

\* Propertius and Martial mention a magical machine called *Rhombus*. Theocritus and Lucian tell us that it was made of brass, and Ovid says it was turned round by straps of leather, with which it was bound. This is probably the machine which Horace calls *Turbo*, and he beseeches Canidia to turn it backward, as if to correct the fatal effects it produced in its natural course.—*Torr.*

† Telephus was king of Mysia. When the Greeks entered his country, in their passage to Troy, he opposed them vigorously ; but being wounded by Achilles, he was told by the oracle that he could only be cured by the weapon with which he was wounded. He applied to Achilles, who, scraping his lance, poured the filings into his wound. Pliny mentions a picture in which Achilles was painted performing the cure.—*Lamb.*

Reduced, alas ! to skin and bone,  
My vigour fled, my colour gone.  
Thy fragrant odours on my head  
More than the snows of age have shed.  
Days press on nights, and nights on days,  
Yet never bring an hour of ease,  
While, gasping in the pangs of death,  
I stretch my lungs in vain for breath.

Thy charms have power ('tis now confessed)  
To split the head, and tear the breast.  
What would you more, all-charming dame ?  
O seas, and earth ! this scorching flame !  
Not such the fire Alcides bore  
When the black-venomed shirt he wore :  
Nor such the flames that to the skies  
From *Ætna's* burning entrails rise ;  
And yet, thou shop of poisons dire,  
You glow with unrelenting fire,  
Till by the rapid heat calcined,  
Vagrant I drive before the wind.

How long ?—What ransom shall I pay ?  
Speak—I the stern command obey.  
To expiate the guilty deed,  
Say, shall an hundred bullocks bleed ?  
Or shall I to the lying string  
Thy fame and spotless virtue sing ?  
Teach thee, a golden star, to rise,  
And deathless walk the spangled skies ?

When Helen's virtue was defamed,  
Her brothers, though with rage enflamed,  
Yet to the bard his eyes restored,  
When suppliant he their grace implored.

Oh ! calm this madness of my brain,  
For you can heal this raging pain.

You never knew the birth of shame,  
 Nor by thy hand, all-skilful dame,  
 The poor man's ashes are upturned,  
 Though they be thrice three days inurned.  
 Thy bosom's bounteous and humane,  
 Thy hand from blood and murder clean ;  
 And with a blooming race of boys  
 Lucina crowns thy mother-joys.

## CANIDIA'S ANSWER.

I'LL hear no more. Thy prayers are vain :  
 Not rocks, amid the wintry main,  
 Less heed the shipwrecked sailor's cries,  
 When Neptune bids the tempest rise.  
 Shall you Cotytto's \* feast deride,  
 Yet safely triumph in thy pride ?  
 Or impious, to the glare of day  
 The sacred joys of love betray ?  
 Or fill the city with my name,  
 And pontiff-like our rites defame ?  
 Did I with wealth in vain enrich,  
 Of potent spells each charming witch,  
 Or mix the speedy drugs in vain ?  
 No—through a lingering length of pain,  
 Reluctant shalt thou drag thy days,  
 While every hour new pangs shall raise.  
 Gazing on the delusive feast,  
 Which charms his eye, yet flies his taste,

\* Cotys, or Cotytto, was the goddess of impurity, and although she did not preside over assemblies of witches, yet as there were many vile and infamous ceremonies practised in them, the poet satirically makes Canidia call them the feasts of Cotys.—*Politian*.

Perfidious Tantalus implores,  
For rest, for rest, the vengeful powers ;  
Prometheus, while the vulture preys  
Upon his liver, longs for ease ;  
And Sisyphus, with many a groan,  
Uprolls, with ceaseless toil, his stone,  
To fix it on the topmost hill,  
In vain, for Jove's all-ruling will  
Forbids. When thus in black despair  
Down from some castle, high in air,  
You seek a headlong fate below,  
Or try the dagger's pointed blow,  
Or if the left-eared knot you tie,  
Yet death your vain attempts shall fly ;  
Then on your shoulders will I ride,  
And earth shall shake beneath my pride.

Could I with life an image warm  
(Impertinent, you saw the charm),  
Or tear down Luna from her skies,  
Or bid the dead, though burned, arise,  
Or mix the draught inspiring love,  
And shall my art on thee successful prove ?

FRANCIS.

THE  
SATIRES OF HORACE.





# THE SATIRES OF HORACE.

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## BOOK I.

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### SATIRE I.

#### TO MÆCENAS.

*“Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem.”*

WHENCE comes it, dear Mæcenas, that we find  
Each to applaud his neighbour's lot inclined—  
Each to repine at that which chance has thrown  
Into his lap, or choice ordained his own ?  
“Blest is the merchant's fate,” the soldier cries,  
As bowed with years the toilsome march he plies :  
Again, the merchant tossed by storms at sea  
Exclaims,—“The soldier's is the life for me ;  
For why—the trumpet summons to the fray,  
And death or glory quickly crowns the day.”  
The lawyer, when ere cock-crow at his gate  
Loud clients knock, applauds the peasant's fate :  
Dragged from the country by a writ, the clown  
Swears none are blest but those that dwell in town.  
So many like examples wait our call,  
Scarce prating Fabius could recount them all.

But (not to tire myself and you) 'twere best  
At once to bring the matter to the test.

Suppose some god should cry, "Lo, it shall be  
Ev'n as ye list : you, soldier, off to sea !  
You, lawyer, go and plough ! advance, retire,  
Change sides, and be at last what ye desire !"  
Why all draw back !—Was ever whim like this ?—  
Retract their wishes, and renounce their bliss !  
What hinders but that Jove, with burly scowl  
(As limners paint him) and inflated jowl,  
In vengeance swear, that never will he deign  
A patient hearing to such suits again ?

But, not to treat my subject as in jest—  
(Albeit why may not truth in smiles be drest,  
As gentle teachers lure the child to come  
And learn his horn-book, with a sugar plum ?)—  
Joking apart—he that with restless toil  
Urges his ploughshare through the stubborn soil,  
This tapster-like retailer of the laws,  
This veteran champion of his country's cause,  
And this stout seaman who in quest of gain  
Unfurls his sail and braves the boisterous main,  
All with one view profess to labour on—  
That, when at last the spring of life is gone  
And strength declines, of ample stores possess  
They may retire to competence and rest.  
So the small ant (the precedent they plead),  
Patient of toil and provident of need,  
Drags in her mouth whatever spoil she meets,  
And adds it to her stock of hoarded sweets.

Yet that same ant, when wintry clouds appear,  
And grim December's blasts deform the year,  
Creeps not from home ; but temperately wise  
Unlocks her hoard and feeds on her supplies :  
While *you* nor summer's heat nor winter's cold  
Can tear asunder from the search of gold ;

Fire, water, steel must yield to sordid pelf,  
Till not a wretch is wealthier than yourself.  
Say, what avails it thus to drudge and sweat  
For all the gold and silver you can get,—  
And, when the silver and the gold are found,  
To delve a pit and hide them underground ?

“ The heap, once touched, soon dwindles to an end.”  
But wherefore was it heaped, unless to spend ?  
Ten thousand coombs are threshed upon your floor ;—  
What follows ? not that you can *eat* the more.  
Thus, were it yours to bear upon your head  
Amid a train of slaves the sack of bread,  
Not one loaf more would to your portion fall  
Than to the rest who carried none at all.  
Whoe’er to nature’s wants conforms his will,  
Say, what imports it whether that man till  
Ten—or ten thousand—rood ?—“ A pleasure lies  
In drawing what one wants from large supplies—”  
This we can draw, too, from our humbler store ;  
And what can all your granaries do more ?  
As if you should of water clear and sweet  
Need but a pitcher-full (while at your feet  
Bubbled a spring) and say, “ My cup I’ll fill  
From yon deep river, not from this poor rill.”  
So shall the slippery bank your foot betray,  
And you by Aufidus be swept away ;  
While he, who wisely studies to confine  
His wishes there, where nature draws the line,  
Quaffs pure his beverage from the fountain’s side,  
Nor tempts the perils of the boisterous tide.

Yet thousands, duped by avarice in disguise,  
Intrench themselves in maxims sage and wise.  
“ Go on,” say they, “ and hoard up all you can ;  
For wealth is worth, and money makes the man ! ”

What shall we say to such ? Since 'tis their will  
Still to be wretched, let them be so still ;—  
Self-curst as that same miser must have been,  
Who lived at Athens, rich as he was mean,—  
Who, when the people hissed, would turn about  
And drily thus accost the rabble-rout :

“ Hiss on ; I heed you not, ye saucy wags,  
While self-applauses greet me o'er my bags.”

Poor Tantalus attempts in vain to sip  
The flattering stream that mocks his thirsty lip.  
You smile, as if the story were not true !  
Change but the name, and it applies to *you*.  
O'er countless heaps in nicest order stored  
You pore agape, and gaze upon the hoard,  
As relics to be laid with reverence by,  
Or pictures only meant to please the eye.

With all your cash, you seem not yet to know  
Its proper use, or what it can bestow !  
“ 'Twill buy me herbs, a loaf, a pint of wine.—  
All, which denied her, Nature would repine.”  
But what are *your* indulgencies ? All day,  
All night, to watch and shudder with dismay,  
Lest ruffians fire your house, or slaves by stealth  
Rifle your coffers, and abstract your wealth ?  
If this be affluence—this her boasted fruit,  
Of all such joys may I live destitute !

“ Yet if a cold ” (you urge) “ or aching head  
Or other ill confine you to your bed,  
With wealth you'll never want some faithful friend  
Or civil neighbour, zealous to attend,  
Sit by you, mix your cordials, and request  
The doctor to beware and do his best,—  
Your precious health, if possible, restore,  
And give you to your weeping friends once more.”

Vain thought ! for you nor daughter, son, nor wife,  
 Puts up the prayer, or cares about your life.  
 Relations and acquaintance, great and small,  
 Female and male, despise—detest you—all.  
 Nor wonder if, while gold is all your care,  
 That love you feel not, neither must you share.  
 But if you think to win, by wealth alone,  
 The love of them whom nature made your own,  
 'Tis labour lost,—as if one strove to train  
 The ass to prance and curvet to the rein.

Push not your wishes then to this excess ;  
 But, as you have the more, fear want the less.  
 You are what once you wished.—then wisely cease  
 All further trouble, and repose in peace :  
 Lest the same doom be yours, which, as we're told,  
 Befel a rich curmudgeon once of old,  
 Possessed (my tale is short) of so much treasure  
 That he could count it only by the measure ;  
 And yet withal so eager still to save,  
 He dressed, he fared, scarce better than a slave,—  
 Nay, to his death was haunted with the dread  
 Of want and beggary hanging o'er his head.  
 At last a wench of true Tyndarid \* vein  
 Took up an axe and clave the churl in twain.

“ But must I waste, like Nævius, my estate ?  
 Like Nomentanus, live a profligate ?—”  
 Why deal in such extremes ? what need to place  
 These opposite excesses face to face ?  
 I blame the niggard ; but it follows not  
 That I commend the rake-hell and the sot.  
 Much as they differ, Tanais I admire  
 As little as I do Visellius' fire.

\* Clytemnestra's character.

Some bound there ever is, some rule of right,  
Which parts each error from its opposite :  
Folly and vice on either side are seen,  
While justice, truth, and virtue lie between.

Thus—(to revert to what was said at first)—  
All view their own condition as the worst ;  
And, meanly envious of another's lot,  
Scorn what they have and praise what they have not.  
If but some luckier neighbour's ewes or kine  
Yield more than theirs, they murmur and repine :  
And, while insatiate avarice bids them pant  
First one and then another to supplant,  
However rich, some richer still they find,  
Toil after *them*, nor heed the poor behind.  
So in the race, when starting from the bar  
The furious coursers urge the rapid car,  
To pass the next on speeds the charioteer,  
Disdaining him that lingers in the rear.  
Hence few are found, who dying can declare  
That theirs was comfort unalloyed with care ;  
Or, rising from life's banquet, quit their seat,  
Like cheerful guests, contented with the treat.

But hold !—You'll think I've pillaged the scrutoir  
Of beaur Crispinus :—Not one word then more !

CANON HOWES.

## SATIRE II.

### TO MÆCENAS.

*"Ambubaiarum collegia pharmacopolæ."*

THE tribes of minstrels, strolling priests and players,  
Perfumers, and buffoons, are all in tears ;

For ah ! Tigellius, sweetest songster, 's dead,  
And sure the soul of bounty with him fled.

Behold a wretch, in opposite extreme,  
So fearful of a spendthrift's odious name,  
He dare not ev'n a sordid pittance give  
To raise a worthy friend, and bid him live.  
Or ask another, why in thankless feasts  
The wealth of all his frugal sires he wastes ;  
Then the luxurious treat profuse supplies  
With borrowed sums : " Because I scorn," he cries,  
" To be a wretch of narrow spirit deemed."—  
By some condemned, by others he's esteemed.

Fufidius, rich in lands, and large increase  
Of growing usury, dreads the foul disgrace  
To be called rake ; and, ere the money's lent,  
He prudently deducts his cent. per cent.  
Then, as he finds the borrower distress,  
Cruel demands a higher interest,  
But lends profusely to the lavish heir,  
Whose guardians prove too frugally severe.  
All-powerful Jove, th' indignant reader cries,  
" But his expenses, with his income, rise."  
No—'tis amazing, that this man of pelf  
Hath yet so little friendship for himself,  
That ev'n the Self-tormentor \* in the play,  
Cruel who drove his much-loved son away,  
Amidst the willing tortures of despair  
Could not with wretchedness like his compare.

But say, at what this tedious preface aims—  
That fools are ever vicious in extremes.  
While soft Malthinus trails a length of train,  
See that short robe ridiculously obscene.

\* A character in a play of Terence's.



Rufillus with perfumes distracts your head :  
With his own scents Gorgonius strikes you dead.  
There are, all other passions who disclaim,  
Except th' impurpled robe, and wedded dame :  
Others their safer, cheaper pleasures choose,  
And take a willing mistress from the stews.

When awful Cato saw a noted spark  
From a night-cellar stealing in the dark,  
“ Well done, my friend : if love thy breast inflame,  
Indulge it here, and spare the married dame.”  
Be mine the silken veil, Cupiennius cries,  
Such vulgar praise and pleasure I despise.

All ye, who wish some dire mishap may wait  
This horning tribe, attend while I relate  
What dangers and disasters they sustain,  
How few their pleasures, and how mixed with pain.

A desperate leap one luckless caitiff tries ;  
Torn by the fragrant lash another dies :  
Some are by robbers plunder'd as they fly ;  
Others with gold a wretched safety buy  
Such various woes pursue these sons of lust,  
And all, but Galba, own the sentence just.

Far safer they, who venture their estate,  
And trade with females of the second rate.  
“ Yet Sallust rages here with wild desires,  
As mad as those which lawless love inspires.”  
But had he been with less profusion kind,  
Had common sense his lavish hand confined,  
He had not now been wholly lost to shame,  
In fortune ruined, as undone in fame.  
But here's the joy and comfort of his life,  
To swear, he never touched his neighbour's wife.

Thus, to an actress when with lavish hand  
Marsæus gave his mansion-house and land,



“My soul, thank heaven,” he cries, “from guilt is free ;  
The wedded dames are vestal maids for me.”

Actress or not, the crime is still the same,  
Equal the ruin of estate and fame ;  
Equal the folly, whether in pursuit  
Of wife, or slave, or loose-robed prostitute ;  
Unless you mean, content to be undone,  
To hate the person, not the vice to shun.

Of Sylla’s wanton daughter when possest,  
Villius believed himself supremely blest :  
To a dictator thus to be allied,  
Dazzled his senses, and indulged his pride :  
But sure, if vanity were fairly rated,  
Methinks poor Villius was full hardly treated,  
When buffeted and stabbed the coxcomb dies,  
While in the wanton’s arms a scoundrel lies.

But Nature, rich in her own proper wealth  
Of youth and beauty, cheerfulness and health,  
In her pursuit of happiness disclaims  
The pride of titles, and the pomp of names.  
Be thine her wise economy to learn,  
And real from affected bliss discern.  
Then, lest repentance punish such a life,  
Never, ah ! never kiss your neighbour’s wife ;  
For see, what thousand mischiefs round you rise,  
And few the pleasures, though you gain the prize.

What though Cerinthus dotes upon the girl,  
Who flames with emerald green, or snowy pearl,  
Is she beyond a common mistress blest  
With leg more taper, or a softer breast ?

Besides, the public nymph no varnish knows,  
But all her venal beauties frankly shows,  
Nor boasts some happier charm with conscious pride,  
Nor strives a vile deformity to hide.

When skilful jockeys would a courser buy,  
They strip him naked to the curious eye ;  
For oft an eager chapman is betrayed  
To buy a foundered or a spavined jade,  
While he admires a thin, light-shouldered chest,  
A little head, broad back, and rising crest.

Th' example's good : then keep it in thy mind,  
Nor to the fair one's faults be over-blind,  
Nor gaze with idle rapture on her charms :  
" Oh ! what a taper leg ! what snowy arms ! "  
For she may hide, whate'er she vainly shows,  
Low hips, short waist, splay feet, and hideous length  
of nose.

But if you still pursue this dangerous game  
(Perhaps the dangers your desires inflame)  
What formidable works around her rise !  
Maids, chairmen, footmen, flatterers, guard the prize.  
The flowing robe, and closely muffled veil  
With envious folds the precious thing conceal ;  
But what from nature's commoners you buy,  
Through the thin robe stands naked to your eye :  
Or, if you will be cheated, pay the fair,  
With foolish fondness, ere she shows her ware.

As when a sportsman through the snowy waste  
Pursues a hare, which he disdains to taste,  
" So (sings the rake) my passion can despise  
An easy prey, but follow when it flies."

Yet can these idle versicles remove  
The griefs and tortures of this guilty love ?

Were it not better wisdom to inquire  
How Nature bounds each impotent desire ;  
What she with ease resigns, or wants with pain,  
And thus divide the solid from the vain ?  
Say, should your jaws with thirst severely burn,

Would you a cleanly earthen pitcher spurn ?  
Should hunger on your gnawing entrails seize,  
Will turbot only or a peacock please ?

Let her be straight and fair ; nor wish to have  
Or height or colour Nature never gave :  
Then, while with joy I woo the pleasing fair,  
What nymph, what goddess, can with mine compare ?  
No terrors rise to interrupt my joys,  
No jealous husband, nor the fearful noise  
Of bursting doors, nor the loud hideous yelling  
Of barking dogs, that shakes the matron's dwelling  
When the pale wanton leaps from off her bed,  
The conscious chamber-maid screams out her dread  
Of horrid tortures ; loudly cries the wife,  
“ My jointure's lost, ”—I tremble for my life :  
Unbuttoned, without shoes, I speed away,  
Lest in my person, purse, or fame, I pay.  
To be surprised is, sure, a wretched tale,  
And for the truth to Fabius I appeal.

FRANCIS.

### SATIRE III.

### TO MÆCENAS.

*“ Omnis hoc vitium est cantoribus inter amicos.”*

ALL singers have this fault—that if you try  
To make them sing, they never will comply :  
But leave them to themselves, and unrequired  
They'll sing till all the company are tired.  
Tigellius had, we know, this whim so strong  
That Cæsar's self who might enforce a song,

Though he conjured him in a friendly tone  
By all his father's favours and his own,  
Could not prevail. But, if the fit took place,  
Now in shrill treble—now in thundering bass  
'Twas, "Bacchus, hail!" when first the banquet came,  
And down to the last course 'twas still the same.

Such was the man : Impelled by vain caprice  
His life had nothing in it of a piece.  
One day you saw him hurrying to and fro,  
As if he fled from some pursuing foe :  
Anon, as if great Juno's pomp to grace,  
Marching along with slow and solemn pace.  
Sometimes he kept two hundred slaves ;— and then,  
Wait but a day or two, he had but ten.  
Now in big phrase he'd talk of mighty things,  
Of foreign courts, of Tetrarchs and of Kings :  
And now 'twas—"Grant me, Heaven! ('tis all I wish)  
"A three-legged table and an earthen dish ;  
"A cleanly scallop-shell my salt shall hold ;  
"A coat, however coarse, may fence the cold."  
Yet, had you given amid his frugal plan  
Five thousand pounds to this abstemious man,  
Thus void of pride, thus easily content,  
Within five days 'twas every penny spent.  
While others were awake, he snoring lay,  
Then sat up all the night till break of day ;—  
Ever at variance with himself.—But here  
Methinks some reader whispers in my ear :  
Have you no faults yourself ? I answer, Yes ;  
Faults of a different hue, and haply less.

When Mænius dared a brother-knave attack  
And jeered at Novius once behind his back,  
"Art thou," cries one, "blind to thyself alone,  
Or would'st thou vapour as to us unknown ;

Look o'er thine own past follies."—"So I do,"  
Retorts the wag, "and overlook them too."

This partial self-indulgence, void of shame  
As well as sense, deserves the strongest blame.  
At your own failings while you leer askance  
With half-closed eye, why dart this eagle glance  
At others' faults? since others, it is plain,  
Will cast as sharp a gaze at yours again.  
What tho' your friend be hasty now and then,—  
Too rough for the nice taste of modern men?  
What tho' his beard oft ask the barber's skill,  
His coat look shabby, or his boots fit ill?  
Yet, you might add, he is a man of parts,  
His bosom holds the very best of hearts;  
And in this rude exterior lurk enshrined  
A generous temper and gigantic mind.  
Sift then your soul; explore each secret sin  
By nature or worse habit sown within:  
For oft through long neglect the noxious weed  
Towers o'er the crop and chokes the rising seed.

Mark how affection blinds the lover's eyes!  
He in his mistress not a fault espies:  
In her each blemish seems to him a grace,  
And none but beauty-spots adorn her face.  
Balbinus, blind with love, enamoured grows  
Ev'n of the polypus in Agna's nose.  
In friendship would our weakness were the same,  
And dignified with Candour's nobler name!

As parents in their offspring, so should we  
Seek to extenuate ev'n the fault we see.  
Is the child squint-eyed?—"Oh, the pretty dear!"  
The father lisps, "it has a roguish leer."  
Is it a dwarfish cub, scarce two feet high,  
Like Sisyphus?—"Sweet poppet!" is the cry.

Varus 'tis called, if bandy-legged and lame :  
 For why—great Varus thence derived his name :  
 Or is the darling rickety ?—If kissed  
 And hailed a Scaurus, who observes the twist ?

Thus, if your friend pursue the saving plan,  
 Commend him for a prudent thrifty man.  
 Is he a pert officious coxcomb ?—Say,  
 The fellow has a lively pleasant way.  
 If blunt, 'tis frankness all. If choleric,  
 His temper, to be sure, is warm and quick !  
 Such is the way, methinks, to banish strife,  
 To make men friends and keep them so for life.

But we invert the rule, and magic spite  
 Transforms ev'n virtues to their opposite.  
 Have we a modest friend ? We call him shy :  
 Is he reserved ? The wretch is dull and dry.  
 Or is he prompt to turn off every blow,  
 Still on his guard against the latent foe ?—  
 (Since life's a path where snares are spread around  
 And ambushed envy deals the treacherous wound)—  
 For knowledge of the world and care discreet,  
 We term it arrant knavery and deceit.  
 Does he at times unwittingly intrude,  
 With idle prattle innocently rude,  
 Or on our busy or our thinking hours—  
 (As I, sir, oft securely have on yours,)  
 Teased we exclaim, "What rank impertinence !  
 The blundering booby sure wants common sense."

Alas ! thus unconcerned we one and all  
 Pronounce the law by which ourselves must fall.  
 For who by birth is faultless ? and the best—  
 What means it but less faulty than the rest ?  
 Let then the man, that would be called my friend,  
 Whene'er he weighs my worth, in mercy bend

To merit's side (if merit's side prevail),  
And kindly favour virtue's sinking scale.  
Slow to condemn and willing to esteem,  
Let sweet good-nature poise the trembling beam.  
Let him, I say, to these fair terms agree ;  
And the same favour shall be shown by me.  
He (says the proverb) who would hide a wen,  
At least should spare the warts of other men :  
Apply the maxim ; and in justice you,  
Who claim indulgence, must bestow it too.

But, since this vice of anger, like the rest,  
Can ne'er be rooted from the' untutored breast,  
At least adjust your wrath by Reason's laws  
Nor let the consequence outrun the cause.  
The slave, who, ordered to remove a dish,  
Sips the warm sauce or licks the savoury fish,  
His master well may chide—and so should I :—  
But if he hang the knave or crucify,  
More mad than Labeo he must surely be  
In all men's eyes that were not mad as he.  
Now, how much worse and more devoid of sense  
Is this?—Your friend commits some slight offence,  
Such as the man who would not soon forgive  
Were a barbarian churl unfit to live :  
For this you scout him as a pest, and shun  
Like Ruso's debtors when they meet their dun !  
Ruso—who, when the dismal month's expired,  
Unless the wretch can raise the sum required,  
Bids his poor prisoner stretch the listening head,  
And with some long citation reads him dead.

My friend perhaps on some convivial day  
Has stained with wine the couch on which he lay ;  
Has thrown a chalice down of curious mould,  
That graced Evander's royal hands of old ;



Or, urged by hunger, reached across the dish  
To seize the fattest fowl or finest fish :—  
For such small faults to hate him were absurd.  
What shall I do then, if he break his word ?  
What, if he prove perfidious or unjust,—  
Forswear a contract, or betray a trust ?

Some hold, 'tis true, that crimes are equal all ;  
But press their sophistry with facts, 'twill fall :  
It contravenes all custom, feeling, sense,  
And that great test of right—expedience.  
What time amid the brutes at Nature's birth  
Man crawled to being from his parent-earth,  
Soon for the sheltering cave or sylvan food  
Fierce discord rose among the savage brood.  
At first with fists—with cudgels next they fought,  
And arms at length ingenious malice wrought.  
Then followed speech, and names to things assigned  
Stamped by the voice the motions of the mind.  
By slow degrees they ceased their brutal strife  
To woo the gentler arts of social life,—  
To build the town ; with ramparts to enclose ;—  
'Till for the common welfare laws arose ;  
Laws, to deter the bad, protect the just,  
And curb the rage of rapine and of lust,  
For oft, ere Helen, had weak woman's charms  
Unsheathed the sword and set the world in arms.  
But then, when just as random passion drove  
They snatched the pleasures of promiscuous love,  
(As to the stoutest bull the rest will yield,  
Till one yet stouter drive him from the field)  
Untutored strength would soon the fray decide,  
And thus unknown they fought—unsung they died.

Trace in the records of the historic page  
The world's vast annals back from age to age,



This inference from the search you needs must draw—  
That fear of outrage first engendered law.  
Pleasure from pain, an evil from a good  
Instinct discerns,—but never understood  
In what just actions differ from unjust,  
Till use had shown the need of mutual trust.  
Thus right or wrong is that which more or less  
Promotes or mars the general happiness :  
And ne'er can he be proved by logic sound  
Who snaps a cabbage from his neighbour's ground,  
Equal in guilt with him, who, leaping o'er  
All shame, purloins the altar's sacred store.

Let then some rule be fixed, which may dispense  
Proportioned penalties to each offence :  
Nor him, whose crime a ferule might atone,  
Cut with your bastinado to the bone.  
For, that you e'er will err on mercy's side,  
And when the furious knout should be applied,  
Wave the light rod, quitting the too severe  
For the too mild,—I see but little fear :  
While sacrilege and petty theft you say  
Are equal, and (had you the sovereign sway)  
Be men's misdeeds however great or small,  
The self-same vengeance should await them all.

Had you the sway !—Why if the Sage alone  
Can boast all wit, worth, beauty, as his own,—  
If he be first and best in every thing,  
A shoemaker and “every inch a king,”—  
Do you not reign already ?—“Prithee, fool !”  
The stoic cries, “mistake not thus the rule.  
Consult Chrysippus—he shall end the strife :  
Perhaps the wise-man never in his life  
Made either shoe or sandal ; yet we know  
He's still a first-rate shoemaker.”—“How so ?”—

Was not Tigellius, when he held his tongue,  
 A singer just as much as when he sung ?  
 Was not Alfenus, when he closed his stall,  
 Packed off his lasts, and laid aside his awl,  
 Justly considered as a cobbler still ?  
 So then the Sage, by virtue of his skill,  
 Though exercising none, may yet be said  
 To be a perfect master of each trade :  
 He centres all things in himself alone,  
 And reigns a monarch though without a throne.

But after all, methinks, great king of kings !  
 You sometimes suffer most unroyal things.  
 A troop of dirty boys, that form your suite,  
 Twitch your long beard and hoot you through the street.  
 In vain you lift your staff : the saucy throng  
 Still mock your growlings as you mope along.

In short—while you, dread sire ! among the many  
 Bathe your illustrious person for a penny ;—  
 And none, to swell the pageantry of state,  
 Save dull Crispinus, on your levee wait ;—  
 Permit a fool like me, when he offends,  
 To claim indulgence from his candid friends ;  
 And in his turn o'erlooking their defects  
 To show to them that mercy he expects.  
 Thus on your power, though mean, I may look down,  
 And, though a Subject, envy not your Crown.

HOWES.

#### SATIRE IV.

*“ Eupolis atque Cratinus Aristophanesque.”*

CRATINUS, Eupolis, with some few more  
 Who trod the comic stage in days of yore,

Was there a knave or scoundrel of their time,  
 Rake, ruffian, thief—whatever were his crime,  
 On him their honest indignation hurled,  
 And lashed with freedom a licentious world.

Close to their steps and studious of their fame,  
 His numbers different—but his scope the same,  
 Lucilius followed, skilled in taunts severe  
 To point at trembling vice the caustic jeer.  
 Yet, with address and pleasantry enough,  
 His style was awkward and his verses rough.  
 For all his pride unhappily was placed  
 In this—that what he wrote, he wrote with haste ;  
 And had, while standing on one foot, the power  
 To spin his lines two hundred in the hour.  
 No wonder sure, if such a rapid flood  
 Bore in its current no small share of mud :  
 No wonder if the hand which only cared  
 For writing fast, wrote much that might be spared.  
 The toil of writing well is death to such :  
 Yet, if not *well*, what matters it *how much*?

See, bold Crispinus boasts such fluent ease,  
 He'll write a race with me for what I please !  
 "Come on ! Take you your tablets," he will say,  
 "And I'll take mine ; appoint your place and day :  
 Let umpires watch us both ; and let us try  
 Which can compose the faster, you or I."

Thanks to my stars that made me of a mind  
 To brawls and babbling never much inclined,—  
 Patient and poor in spirit, slow to boast  
 And oft, when most contemned, contented most !  
 Go on then, ye that list, to give free vent  
 To every thought within your bosoms pent !  
 Go, ape the blacksmith's leathern lungs that blow  
 Till the fused mass in ruddy current flow.

Blest Fannius, whose kind friends, unmasked, combine  
To bear his bust and books to Phœbus' shrine,  
The world applauding!—while, whate'er I write,  
Before that world I tremble to recite,—  
Aware that satire suits not gentle ears,  
And each man hates it—because each man fears.

Pick me a man at random from the throng;—  
My life upon't, there's something in him wrong :  
Base envy sours him, or ambition fires :  
He burns with lawless love or worse desires ;  
Or pines the sculptured silver to amass,  
Or dotes with Albius on Corinthian brass ;  
Or traffics from the climes of orient day  
To realms that glow beneath the setting ray :  
See how from port to port, from shore to shore,  
Urged headlong by the restless thirst of more,—  
And, tho' still saving, eager still to save,—  
Like dust before the wind, he skims the wave !  
No wonder sure if these and such as these  
The poet and his verse alike displease.

Like a mad bull, they shun him thro' the streets ;  
“Beware,” they cry ; “he butts at all he meets !  
And if he can but let his spleen o'erflow,  
The spiteful creature spares nor friend nor foe :  
Besides, whate'er he once has written down,  
He's wretched till 'tis known to half the town,  
And at the baker's shop or public well  
Men—women—boys the witty slander tell.”

A few plain words in my defence I claim :  
First from the list of Poets strike my name.  
For not the merely smooth and flowing line—  
Much less such loose pedestrian verse as mine—  
Confers that title. No—the Bard is he  
Who boasts a genius bold, creative, free ;

Whose fancy, when diviner thoughts inspire,  
 Springs up aloft to soar on wings of fire ;  
 Whose words in more than mortal accents roll,  
 And echo back the greatness of his soul.

Hence some have doubted if 'twere right to call  
 The Comic Drama poetry at all ;  
 Since nor its style nor matter is imprest  
 With that fine rage which fills the poet's breast,—  
 And, save that all in measured cadence flows,  
 Its diction differs not from simple prose.  
 " Yet," you object, " the father stamps the stage  
 And rates his son with more than prose-like rage,  
 When the gay stripling, deaf to wisdom's lore,  
 Slights the rich heiress for the thriftless w—— ;  
 Or staggering forth, 'ere night obscures the sky,  
 Waves in the open street his torch on high."  
 But, were Pomponius' sire his son to see,  
 Would he not rave and scold as loud as he ?  
 'Tis not enough then merely to inclose  
 Plain sense in numbers,—which if you transpose,  
 The words were such as any man might say,  
 Just like the ranting father in the play.  
 Take but from mine or old Lucilius' rhyme  
 This regular return of measured time,—  
 Let every line's arrangement be reversed,  
 And place the first word last—the last word first ;  
 What's the result ?—'Tis poetry no more,  
 And therefore was not poetry before.  
 Not so—" When discord brake the ponderous bar  
 And oped the adamantine gates of War : "  
 Here dislocate—distort him, as you will ;—  
 Tho' piecemeal torn, you see the Poet still.

How far this kind of writing forms or no  
 A proper poem, we may elsewhere show :

Proceed we now to that more serious head—  
How far it forms an object of just dread.  
Caprius and Sulcius with their bags and books,  
Writes in their hands and gibbets in their looks,  
Walk forth and strike, wherever they appear,  
The felon and the thief with conscious fear.  
Yet he whose hands are pure, who keeps his oath,  
Nor wrongs his neighbour, may despise them both.  
Now tho' a rogue, like Cœlius, you may be,  
It follows not that Caprius is like me.  
My books on no vile stall or column stand,  
Soiled by Tigellius' and each vulgar hand.  
When I recite them (which I seldom do),  
'Tis but in private to a friend or two,—  
At their request, not of my own free grace,—  
Not before all, nor yet in every place.  
I grant that some less delicate there are,  
Who spout their poems in the public square,—  
Or in the bath, where sweetly floats the sound  
Re-echoed by the vaulted roof around.  
Coxcombs, thus eager to obtrude their rhyme,  
Feel little scruple about place and time.

I write (you tell me) with a base design,  
And spiteful rancour dictates every line.  
Whence and from whom do these foul charges flow?  
Can any, that have known me, tell you so?  
The wretch who can revile an absent friend,  
Or, when reviled, is backward to defend;—  
Who thinks ill-nature wit; and, poorly proud  
To catch the laughter of a grinning crowd,  
Bids from his lips the hallowed secret fly,  
Or, when truth fails him, coins the blackening lie:  
If such there be, *him*, Romans! it were well  
To mark: *his* touch is death, *his* heart is hell!

Go, scan a party but of twelve, reclined  
Around the genial board, and you shall find  
That some more pert and overbearing guest  
With saucy jokes bespatters all the rest ;—  
All but his host,—and him too, when the bowl  
Gives licence to the tongue and bares the soul.  
Yet he's a boon companion, frank and free ;  
While every jest is blasphemy in me :  
And if perchance I smiling say—The fop  
Rufillus breathes of perfumes from the shop,  
Gorgonius glories in a goat-like smell,—  
Oh ! 'tis such scandal as no tongue can tell !

Mention perhaps is in your presence made  
Of him who filched the crown from Jove's own head.  
Now hear the censor of the envenomed page !  
Now see him glow with friendship's generous rage !  
Not so ; he damns, while seeming to defend :—  
“ Petillius was my very worthy friend ;  
From early youth I've been his frequent guest,  
And many has he served at my request :  
So after all he lives, and lives at large ;—  
Well, 'troth, I'm glad ; but 'twas an ugly charge.”  
Here is the honeyed lip and heart of coal,  
The canker-juice and night-shade of the soul.  
Now, spite like this, I'll venture to engage,  
Ne'er stained my heart, nor e'er shall stain my page.

But if I jest more freely now and then,  
And give a larger licence to my pen,  
Some early habits wrought into my frame  
Plead my excuse—if not support my claim.  
A tender father taught my youthful breast  
To mark the vice he wished me to detest,  
And warned me what to shun and what pursue  
By holding apt examples to my view.



If he would have me frugally inclined,  
Content with what himself could leave behind.  
“Look,” he would say, “at Albius’ ruined son;  
See Barrus by his own excess undone!  
A useful lesson this to all young heirs  
To guard against extravagance like theirs.”  
If he would arm me ’gainst the wanton’s eye,  
“Take warning from Sectanus,” he would cry;  
And that I might not woo the wedded dame,  
While safety recommends a sanctioned flame,  
“Trebonius,” he would hint, “kicked out of doors,  
Gained little credit by his loose amours.  
The lectures of the wise, my son, ’ere long  
Will point you out the grounds of right and wrong.  
Enough for me if my poor art inspires  
Plain rules of life transmitted from our sires,  
Which, while you need a guardian, may secure  
Your morals chaste, your reputation pure:  
When manhood gives your mind a firmer tone,  
You’ll drop these corks and stem the tide alone.”

With such monitions providently kind  
He moulded to his will my youthful mind:  
And if he urged me to a virtue, “See,  
“For this you’ve good authority,” said he;  
“Copy that man’s example,”—holding forth  
Some judge or statesman of acknowledged worth.  
If he would frighten me from something base,  
’Twas then—“That such things lead but to disgrace  
Henceforth you cannot doubt; for mark, my son,  
The bad repute of such, or such a one.”  
Just as a neighbour’s funeral passing near  
Strikes the sick glutton with a wholesome fear,  
So, when it meets the tender stripling’s eyes,  
Another’s shame oft warns him to be wise.



Well, thanks then to a parent's timely care,  
 Such crimes as tend to ruin and despair  
 Taint not my soul. To some small faults indeed,  
 Some venial frailties, guilty still I plead.  
 And haply these too may in time be brought  
 To yield to friendly counsel and sage thought :  
 For, whether on my couch supinely laid  
 Or sauntering in the public colonnade,  
 Still to myself some lesson I impart,  
 And thus in secret commune with my heart :  
 Here duty points ;—this path to comfort tends ;—  
 Thus I may win th' affections of my friends ;—  
 This or that folly be it mine to shun  
 Taught by the fate of such or such a one.

Such are my dumb soliloquies : when time  
 Permits, I pen them down in sportive rhyme ;  
 A practice to be numbered, I allow,  
 Among those lighter faults I named just now.  
 But if, extreme to mark what is amiss,  
 You stoop to censure such a fault as this,  
 A host of verse-men to my aid I'll call,  
 (And trust my word, our forces are not small)  
 Who, like the Jews, if still our sect you slight,  
 Shall drag you off a trembling proselyte.

HOWES.

#### SATIRE V.

#### JOURNEY TO BRUNDUSIUM.

*"Egressum magna me excepit Aricia Roma."*

'Twas a long journey lay before us,  
 When I and honest Heliodorus,

(Who far in point of rhetoric  
Surpasses every living Greek,)  
Each leaving our respective home  
Together sallied forth from Rome.

First at Aricia we alight,  
And there refresh and pass the night,  
Our entertainment rather coarse  
Than sumptuous, but I've met with worse.  
Thence o'er the causeway soft and fair  
To Appii-forum we repair.  
But as this road is well supplied  
(Temptation strong !) on either side  
With inns commodious, snug, and warm,  
We split the journey, and perform  
In two days' time what's often done  
By brisker travellers in one.  
Here rather choosing not to sup  
Than with bad water mix my cup,  
After a warm debate in spite  
Of a provoking appetite,  
I sturdily resolved at last  
To balk it, and pronounce a fast,  
And in a moody humour wait,  
While my less dainty comrades bait.

Now o'er the spangled hemisphere  
Diffused the starry train appear,  
When there arose a desperate brawl ;  
The slaves and bargemen, one and all,  
Rending their throats (have mercy on us !)  
As if they were resolved to stun us.  
“ Steer the barge this way to the shore !  
I tell you we'll admit no more !  
Plague ! will you never be content ? ”  
Thus a whole hour at least is spent,

While they receive the several fares,  
And kick the mule into his gears.  
Happy, these difficulties past,  
Could we have fallen asleep at last !  
But, what with humming, croaking, biting,  
Gnats, frogs, and all their plagues uniting,  
These tuneful natives of the lake  
Conspired to keep us broad awake.  
Besides, to make the concert full,  
Two maudlin wights, exceeding dull,  
The bargeman and a passenger,  
Each in his turn, essayed an air  
In honour of his absent fair.  
At length the passenger, oppressed  
With wine, left off, and snored the rest.  
The weary bargeman too gave o'er,  
And hearing his companion snore,  
Seized the occasion, fixed the barge,  
Turned out his mule to graze at large,  
And slept forgetful of his charge.  
And now the sun o'er eastern hill,  
Discovered that our barge stood still ;  
When one, whose anger vexed him sore,  
With malice fraught, leaps quick on shore,  
Plucks up a stake, with many a thwack  
Assails the mule and driver's back.  
Then slowly moving on with pain,  
At ten Feronia's stream we gain,  
And in her pure and glassy wave  
Our hands and faces gladly lave.  
Climbing three miles, fair Anxur's height  
We reach, with stony quarries white.  
While here, as was agreed, we wait,  
Till, charged with business of the state,

Mæcenas and Cocceius come,  
The messengers of peace from Rome.  
My eyes, by watery humours blear  
And sore, I with black balsam smear.  
At length they join us, and with them  
Our worthy friend Fonteius came;  
A man of such complete desert,  
Antony loved him at his heart.  
At Fundi we refused to bait,  
And laughed at vain Aufidius' state,  
A prætor now, a scribe before,  
The purple-bordered robe he wore,  
His slave the smoking censer bore.  
Tired, at Muræna's we repose,  
At Formia sup at Capito's.

With smiles the rising morn we greet,  
At Sinuessa pleased to meet  
With Plotius, Varius, and the bard  
Whom Mantua first with wonder heard.  
The world no purer spirits knows;  
For none my heart more warmly glows.  
Oh! what embraces we bestowed,  
And with what joy our breasts o'erflowed!  
Sure while my sense is sound and clear,  
Long as I live, I shall prefer  
A gay, good-natured, easy friend,  
To every blessing Heaven can send.  
At a small village, the next night,  
Near the Volturnus we alight;  
Where, as employed on state affairs,  
We were supplied by the purveyors  
Frankly at once, and without hire,  
With food for man and horse, and fire.

Capua next day betimes we reach,  
Where Virgil and myself, who each  
Laboured with different maladies,  
His such a stomach,—mine such eyes,—  
As would not bear strong exercise,  
In drowsy mood to sleep resort ;  
Mæcenas to the tennis-court.  
Next at Cocceius's farm we're treated,  
Above the Caudian tavern seated ;  
His kind and hospitable board  
With choice of wholesome food was stored.

Now, O ye Nine, inspire my lays !  
To nobler themes my fancy raise !  
Two combatants, who scorn to yield  
The noisy, tongue-disputed field,  
Sarmentus and Cicirrus, claim  
A poet's tribute to their fame ;  
Cicirrus of true Oscian breed,  
Sarmentus, who was never freed,  
But ran away. We won't defame him ;  
His lady lives, and still may claim him.  
Thus dignified, in harder fray  
These champions their keen wit display,  
And first Sarmentus led the way.  
"Thy locks," quoth he, "so rough and coarse,  
Look like the mane of some wild horse."  
We laugh : Cicirrus undismayed—  
"Have at you !"—cries, and shakes his head.  
"'Tis well," Sarmentus says, "you've lost  
That horn your forehead once could boast ;  
Since maimed and mangled as you are,  
You seem to butt." A hideous scar  
Improved ('tis true) with double grace  
The native horrors of his face.

Well. After much jocosely said  
Of his grim front, so fiery red,  
(For carbuncles had blotched it o'er,  
As usual on Campania's shore,)  
"Give us," he cried, "since you're so big,  
A sample of the Cyclops jig!  
Your shanks, methinks, no buskins ask,  
Nor does your phiz require a mask."  
To this Cicirrus: "In return  
Of you, sir, now I fain would learn,  
When 'twas, no longer deemed a slave,  
Your chains you to the Lares gave.  
For though a scrivener's right you claim,  
Your lady's title is the same.  
But what could make you run away,  
Since, pigmy as you are, each day  
A single pound of bread would quite  
O'erpower your puny appetite?"  
Thus joked the champions, while we laughed,  
And many a cheerful bumper quaffed.

To Beneventum next we steer;  
Where our good host, by over care  
In roasting thrushes lean as mice,  
Had almost fallen a sacrifice.  
The kitchen soon was all on fire,  
And to the roof the flames aspire.  
There might you see each man and master  
Striving, amidst this sad disaster,  
To save the supper. Then they came  
With speed enough to quench the flame.  
From hence we first at distance see  
The Apulian hills, well known to me,  
Parched by the sultry western blast;  
And which we never should have passed,

Had not Trivicus by the way  
Received us at the close of day.  
But each was forced at entering here  
To pay the tribute of a tear,  
For more of smoke than fire was seen ;  
The hearth was piled with logs so green.  
From hence in chaises we were carried  
Miles twenty-four, and gladly tarried  
At a small town, whose name my verse  
(So barbarous is it) can't rehearse.  
Know it you may by many a sign,  
Water is dearer far than wine.  
There bread is deemed such dainty fare,  
That every prudent traveller  
His wallet loads with many a crust ;  
For at Canusium, you might just  
As well attempt to gnaw a stone  
As think to get a morsel down.  
That too with scanty streams is fed ;  
Its founder was brave Diomed.  
Good Varius (ah, that friends must part !)  
Here left us all with aching heart.  
At Rubi we arrived that day,  
Well jaded by the length of way,  
And sure poor mortals ne'er were wetter.  
Next day no weather could be better ;  
No roads so bad ; we scarce could crawl  
Along to fishy Barium's wall.  
The Egnatians next, who by the rules  
Of common sense are knaves or fools,  
Made all our sides with laughter heave,  
Since we with them must needs believe,  
That incense in their temples burns,  
And without fire to ashes turns.

To circumcision's bigots tell  
 Such tales ! for me, I know full well,  
 That in high heaven, unmoved by care,  
 The gods eternal quiet share : \*  
 Nor can I deem their spleen the cause  
 Why fickle Nature breaks her laws.  
 Brundusium † last we reach ; and there  
 Stop short the muse and traveller.

COWPER.

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 SATIRE VI.

## TO MÆCENAS.

*“Non, quia Mæcenas, Lydorum quidquid Etruscos.”*

THOUGH, since the Lydians filled the 'Tuscan coasts,  
 No richer blood than yours Etruria boasts ;  
 Though your great ancestors have armies led,  
 You don't, as many do, with scorn upbraid  
 The man of birth unknown, or turn the nose  
 On me, who from a race of slaves arose :  
 While you regard not from what low degree  
 A man's descended, if his mind be free ;  
 Convinced, that long before th' ignoble reign  
 And power of Tullius, from a servile train  
 Full many rose for virtue high renowned,  
 By worth ennobled, and with honours crowned ;  
 While he, who boasts that ancient race his own  
 Which drove the haughty Tarquin from the throne,

\* The opinion of Epicurus.

† Brundusium was three hundred and sixty miles from Rome. They performed the journey in fourteen days and a night.—*Francis*.



Is vile and worthless in the poet's eyes :  
The people, who, you know, bestow the prize  
To men most worthless, and, like slaves to fame,  
With foolish reverence hail a titled name ;  
And, rapt with awe-struck admiration, gaze  
When the long race its images displays.

But how shall we, who differ far and wide  
From the mere vulgar, this great point decide ?  
For grant, the crowd some high-birthed scoundrel  
choose,

And to the low-born man of worth refuse  
(Because low-born) the honours of the state,  
Shall we from thence their vice or virtue rate ?  
Were I expelled the senate-house with scorn,  
Justly, perhaps, because thus meanly born,  
I fondly wandered from my native sphere ;  
Yet shall I with less real worth appear ?  
Chained to her beamy car Fame drags along  
The mean, the great ; an undistinguished throng.

Poor Tillius, when compelled in luckless hour  
To quit your purple robe and tribune's power,  
A larger share of envy was thy fate,  
Which had been lessened in a private state ;  
For in black sandals, when a coxcomb's dressed,  
When floats the robe impurpled down his breast,  
Instant, " What man is this ? " he round him hears ;  
" And who his father ? " As when one appears  
Sick of your fever, Barrus, to desire  
That all the world his beauty should admire,  
Anxious our girls inquire, " What mien and air,  
What leg and foot he has, what teeth and hair ? "  
So he, who promises to guard the state,  
The gods, the temples, and th' imperial seat,  
Makes every mortal ask his father's name,  
And not less curious of his mother's fame.

“And shall a Syrian’s son, like you, presume  
To hurl the freeborn citizens of Rome  
From the Tarpeian rock’s tremendous height,  
Or to the hangman Cadmus give their fate?”

*Tillius.* My colleague sits below me one degree,  
For Novius, like my father, was made free.

*Horace.* Shall you for this a true Messala seem,  
And rise a Paulus in your own esteem?  
But when two hundred waggons crowd the street,  
And three long funerals in procession meet,  
Beyond the fifes and horns his voice he raises,  
And sure such strength of lungs a wondrous praise is.

As for myself, a freedman’s son confessed;  
A freedman’s son, the public scorn and jest,  
That now with you I joy the social hour,  
—That once a Roman legion owned my power;  
But though they envied my command in war,  
Justly perhaps, yet sure ’tis different far  
To gain your friendship, where no servile art,  
Where only men of merit claim a part.

Nor yet to chance this happiness I owe;  
Friendship like yours it had not to bestow.  
First, my best Virgil, then my Varius told,  
Among my friends what character I hold;  
When introduced, in few and faltering words  
(Such as an infant modesty affords)  
I did not tell you my descent was great,  
Or that I wandered round my country seat  
On a proud steed in richer pastures bred:  
But what I really was, I frankly said.

Short was your answer, in your usual strain;  
I take my leave, nor wait on you again,  
Till, nine months past, engaged and bid to hold  
A place among your nearer friends enrolled.

An honour this, methinks, of nobler kind,  
That innocent of heart and pure of mind,  
Though with no titled birth, I gained his love,  
Whose judgment can discern, whose choice approve.

If some few venial faults deform my soul,  
(Like a fair face when spotted with a mole,)  
If none with avarice justly brand my fame,  
With sordidness, or deeds too vile to name :  
If pure and innocent : if dear (forgive  
These little praises) to my friends I live,  
My father was the cause, who, though maintained  
By a lean farm but poorly, yet disdained  
The country schoolmaster, to whose low care  
The mighty captain sent his high-born heir,  
With satchel, copy-book, and pelf to pay  
The wretched teacher on th' appointed day.

To Rome by this bold father was I brought,  
To learn those arts which well-born youth are taught ;  
So dressed and so attended, you would swear  
I was some senator's expensive heir ;  
Himself my guardian, of unblemished truth,  
Among my tutors would attend my youth,  
And thus preserved my chastity of mind  
(That prime of virtue in its highest kind)  
Not only pure from guilt, but even the shame  
That might with vile suspicion hurt my fame ;  
Nor feared to be reproached, although my fate  
Should fix my fortune in some meaner state,  
From which some trivial perquisites arise,  
Or make me, like himself, collector of excise.

For this my heart, far from complaining, pays  
A larger debt of gratitude and praise ;  
Nor, while my senses hold, shall I repent  
Of such a father, nor with pride resent,

As many do, th' involuntary disgrace  
Not to be born of an illustrious race.  
But not with theirs my sentiments agree,  
Or language ; for if Nature should decree  
That we from any stated point might live  
Our former years, and to our choice should give  
The sires, to whom we wished to be allied,  
Let others choose to gratify their pride :  
While I, contented with my own, resign  
The titled honours of an ancient line.  
This may be madness in the people's eyes,  
But in your judgment not, perhaps, unwise ;  
That I refuse to bear a pomp of state,  
Unused and much unequal to the weight.

Instant a larger fortune must be made ;  
To purchase votes, my low addresses paid ;  
Whether a jaunt or journey I propose,  
With me a crowd of new companions goes ;  
While, anxious to complete a length of train,  
Domestics, horses, chariots, I maintain.  
But now, as chance or pleasure is my guide,  
Upon my bob-tailed mule alone I ride.  
Galled is his crupper with my wallet's weight ;  
His shoulder shows his rider's awkward seat.

Yet no penurious vileness e'er shall stain  
My name ; as when, great Prætor, with your train  
Of five poor slaves, you carry where you dine  
Your travelling kitchen, and your flask of wine.

Thus have I greater blessings in my power  
Than you, proud Senator, and thousands more.  
Alone I wander, as by fancy led,  
I cheapen herbs, or ask the price of bread ;  
I listen, while diviners tell their tale,  
Then homeward hasten to my frugal meal,

Herbs, pulse, and pancakes ; each a separate plate ;  
While three domestics at my supper wait.  
A bowl on a white marble table stands,  
Two goblets, and an ewer to wash my hands ;  
A hallowed cup of true Campanian clay  
My pure libations to the gods to pay.  
I then retire to rest, nor anxious fear  
Before dread Marsyas \* early to appear,  
Whose very statue swears it cannot brook  
The meanness of that slave-born judge's look.  
I sleep till ten ; then take a walk, or choose  
A book perhaps, or trifle with the muse :  
For cheerful exercise and manly toil  
Anoint my body with the pliant oil,  
But not with such as Natta's, when he vamps  
His filthy limbs, and robs the public lamps.

But when the sun pours down his fiercer fire,  
And bids me from the toilsome sport retire,  
I haste to bathe, then decently regale  
My craving stomach with a frugal meal,  
Enough to nourish nature for a day,  
Then trifle my domestic hours away.

Such is the life from bad ambition free ;  
Such comfort has the man low-born like me ;  
With which I feel myself more truly blessed  
Than if my sires the questor's power possessed.

FRANCIS.

\* A satyr, who, challenging Apollo to a trial of skill in music, was overcome and flayed alive by the god. A statue was erected to him in the forum, opposite to the rostra, where the judges determined causes ; and the poet pleasantly says it stood in such an attitude, as showed its indignation to behold a man who had been a slave now sitting among the magistrates of Rome. The satyr, in his resentment of such a sight, forgets the pain of being flayed alive.—*Torr.*

## SATIRE VII.

*“ Proscripti Regis Rupili pus atque venenum.”*

How half-bred Persius clipped the venom'd sting  
Of that pert outlaw hight Rupilius King,  
Gagged his foul mouth and put his rancour down—  
Is known through all the barbers' shops in town.  
Much wealth by usury had this Persius made  
And still in Asia drove a thriving trade ;  
With King too now he urged a teasing suit,  
Sturdy as he and keenly resolute,  
With slang so glib as left on wings o' th' wind  
Sisenna, Barrus, many a length behind.

But to my tale :—When neither would concede  
And each resolved to conquer or to bleed—  
For warriors still are least disposed to yield  
Who most have proved their prowess in the field,  
As Hector and Achilles wont to swell  
With mutual rage that death alone could quell—  
Why but because for feats of valour known  
Each claimed the prize of glory for his own ?—  
While cowards, when they quarrel, soon retreat ;  
And, when unequal champions chance to meet,  
The weak with proffered gifts redeems his head,  
As whilome Glaucus did to Diomed—  
Bent then on law, what time great Brutus bore  
Prætorian sway on Asia's fertile shore,  
Forth step the combatants, a doughty pair ;  
And here Rupilius stands, and Persius there.  
Never did nobler spectacle engage  
The eye, or stouter champions mount the stage.

Persius first states the case, till all around  
Loud peals of laughter through the court resound.

Brutus and all his suite he loads with praise,—  
 Calls him a Sun which sheds its kindly rays  
 On Asia's coast; and all the rest, save King,  
 Planets that rise with healing in their wing:  
 Him a vile Dog-star, hateful to the swain,  
 That carries death and famine in its train.  
 Thus rolled his tide of eloquence along;  
 The wintry torrent not more bold and strong,  
 Which sweeps its way through forests of high oak  
 That never echoed to the woodman's stroke!

Præneste's son now rises and replies  
 With biting taunts and foul scurrilities,  
 Rank as vine-dressers fling, when perched on high  
 They hear the cuckoo\* in each passer-by.

Nettled with these home gibes, uprose the Greek  
 With brief rejoinder: "Brutus! hear me speak;  
 Thy sires were patriots in Rome's earlier day,  
 Nor thou a patriot less renowned than they:  
 Since then from regicide thy glory springs,  
 Speak—strike—redress, and trounce this worst of  
 kings!"

CANON HOWES.

#### SATIRE VIII.

#### COMPLAINT OF PRIAPUS.

*"Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum."*

IN days of yore our godship stood,  
 A very worthless log of wood,

\* "Cuckoo" meant a lazy fellow: one who leaves the care of his family to others. The passengers called "Cuckoo" to a late vine-dresser as they passed.—*Francis*.



The joiner doubting, or to shape us  
Into a stool, or a Priapus,  
At length resolved, for reasons wise,  
Into a god to bid me rise ;  
And now to birds and thieves I stand  
A terror great. With ponderous hand,  
And something else as red as scarlet,  
I fright away each filching varlet.  
The birds, that view with awful dread  
The reeds, fast stuck into my head,  
Far from the garden take their flight,  
Nor on the trees presume to light.

In coffins vile the herd of slaves  
Were hither brought to crowd their graves ;  
And once in this detested ground  
A common tomb the vulgar found ;  
Buffoons and spendthrifts, vile and base,  
Together rotted here in peace.  
A thousand feet the front extends,  
Three hundred deep in rear it bends,  
And yonder column plainly shows  
No more unto its heirs it goes.  
But now we breathe a purer air,  
And walk the sunny terrace fair,  
Where once the ground with bones was white,  
—With human bones, a ghastly sight !

But, oh ! nor thief, nor savage beast,  
That used these gardens to infest,  
E'er gave me half such cares and pains  
As they, who turn poor people's brains  
With venom'd drugs and magic lay—  
These I can never fright away ;  
For when the beauteous queen of night  
Uplifts her head adorned with light,



Hither they come, pernicious crones !  
To gather poisonous herbs and bones.

Canidia with dishevelled hair  
(Black was her robe, her feet were bare),  
With Sagana, infernal dame !  
Her elder sister, hither came.  
With yellings dire they filled the place,  
And hideous pale was either's face.  
Soon with their nails they scraped the ground,  
And filled a magic trench profound  
With a black lamb's thick-streaming gore,  
Whose members with their teeth they tore,  
That they may charm the sprites to tell  
Some curious anecdotes from hell.  
The beldams then two figures brought ;  
Of wool and wax the forms were wrought :  
The woollen was erect and tall,  
And scourged the waxen image small,  
Which in a suppliant, servile mood  
With dying air just gasping stood.

On Hecate one beldam calls ;  
The other to the Furies bawls,  
While serpents crawl along the ground,  
And Stygian she-dogs howl around.  
The blushing moon, to shun the sight,  
Behind a tomb withdrew her light.

Oh ! if I lie, may ravens shed  
Their ordure on my sacred head !

Not to be tedious, or repeat  
How flats and sharps in concert meet,  
With which the ghosts and hags maintain  
A dialogue of passing strain ;  
Or how, to hide the tooth of snake  
And beard of wolf, the ground they break :

Or how the fire of magic seized  
 The waxen form, and how it blazed ;  
 Mark how my vengeance I pursued  
 For all I heard, for all I viewed.

Loud as a bladder bursts its wind,  
 Dreadful it thundered from behind.  
 To town they scampered, struck with fear,  
 This lost her teeth, and that her hair.  
 They dropped the bracelets from their arms,  
 Their incantations, herbs and charms ;  
 Whoe'er had seen them in their flight  
 Had burst with laughing at the sight.

FRANCIS.

#### SATIRE IX.

#### THE BORE.

*"Ibam forte Via Sacra, sicut meus est mos."*

ALONG the Sacred Street I chanced to stray  
 Musing I know not what, as is my way,  
 And wholly wrapt in thought—when up there came  
 A fellow scarcely known to me by name :  
 Grasping my hand, "My dear friend, how d'ye do ?  
 "And pray," he cried, "how wags the world with  
 you ?"  
 "I thank you, passing well, as times go now ;  
 Your servant :"—And with that I made my bow.  
 But finding him still dangle at my sleeve  
 Without the slightest sign of taking leave,  
 I turn with cold civility and say—  
 "Anything further, Sir, with me to-day ?"

—“Nay, truce with this reserve ! it is but fit  
 We two were friends, since I’m a brother-wit.”  
 Here some dull compliment I stammered out,  
 As, “That, Sir, recommends you much no doubt.”

Vexed to the soul and dying to be gone,  
 I slacken now my pace, now hurry on ;  
 And sometimes halt at once in full career,  
 Whispering some trifle in my lackey’s ear.  
 But when he still stuck by me as before,—  
 Sweating with inward spleen at every pore,  
 Oh ! how I longed to let my passion pass,  
 And sighed, Bolanus, for thy front of brass !

Meanwhile he keeps up one incessant chat  
 About the streets, the houses, and all that :  
 Marking at last my silence—“Well,” said he,  
 “ ’Tis pretty plain you’re anxious to get free :  
 But patience, darling Sir ! so lately met—  
 Odslife ! I cannot think of parting yet.  
 Inform me, whither are your footsteps bound  
 “To see (but pray don’t let me drag you round)  
 A friend of mine, who lies extremely ill  
 A mile beyond the bridge, or further still.”—  
 “Nay then, come on ! I’ve nothing else to do ;  
 And as to distance, what is that—with you !”

On hearing this, quite driven to despair,  
 Guess what my looks and what my feelings were !  
 Never did ass upon the public road,  
 When on his back he felt a double load,  
 Hang both his ears so dismal and so blank.  
 “In me, Sir,” he continues, “to be frank,  
 You know not what a friend you have in store :  
 Viscus \* and Varius will not charm you more.

\* Viscus was distinguished for his literary talent. He was of senatorial rank. Varius was the poet.

For as to dancing, who with me can vie?  
Or who can scribble verse so fast as I?  
Again, in powers of voice so much I shine  
Hermogenes himself might envy mine."

Here for a moment, puffed with self-applause,  
He stopped; I took advantage of the pause:  
"These toils will shorten, sure, your precious life;  
Have you no loving mother, friend, or wife;  
Who takes an interest in your fate?"—"Oh, no;  
Thank heaven! they're all disposed of long ago."  
"Good luck (thought I), by thee no longer vexed!"  
So I, it seems, must be *disposed of* next:  
Well, let me but at once resign my breath;  
To die by inches thus were worse than death.  
Now, now I see the doom approaching near,  
Which once was told me by a gossip seer:  
While yet a boy, the wrinkled beldam shook  
Her urn, and, eyeing me with piteous look,  
"Poor lad!" she cried, "no mischief shalt thou feel  
Or from the poisoned bowl or hostile steel;  
Nor pricking pleurisy, nor hectic cough,  
Nor slow-consuming gout shall take thee off:  
'Tis thy sad lot, when grown to man's estate,  
To fall the victim of a puppy's prate:  
Go, treasure in thy mind the truths I've sung,  
And shun, if thou art wise, a chattering tongue."

At Vesta's temple we arrived at last;  
And now one quarter of the day was past—  
When by the greatest luck he had, I found,  
To stand a suit, and by the law was bound  
Either to answer to the charges brought,  
Or else to suffer judgment by default.  
"I'm sorry to detain you here," he cried;  
"But might I ask you just to step aside?"

“ You must excuse me ; legs so cramped with gout  
As mine, I fear, could never stand it out :

Then, may I perish if I’ve skill or taste  
For law ; besides, you know I am in haste.”—

“ Faith, now you make me doubtful what to do ;  
Whether to sacrifice my cause or you.”

“ Me, by all means, Sir !—me, I beg and pray.”

“ Not for the world,” cried he, and led the way.

Convinced all further struggle was but vain,

I follow like a captive in his train.

“ Well ”—he begins afresh—“ how stand you, Sir,  
In the good graces of our Minister ? ”—

“ His favourites are but few, and those select :

Never was one more nice and circumspect.”

“ Enough—In all such cases I’m the man

To work my way ! In short, to crown your plan,

You need some second, master of his art,

To act, d’ye see, a sort of under-part.

Now what is easier ?—Do but recommend

Your humble servant to this noble friend ;—

And, take my word, the coast we soon should  
clear,

And you ere long monopolize his ear.”—

“ Tush ! matters go not there as you suppose ;

No roof is purer from intrigues like those :

Think not, if such and such surpass myself

In wealth or wit, I’m laid upon the shelf :

Each has his place assigned.”—“ Why, this is new

And passing strange ! ”—“ Yet not more strange than  
true.”—

“ Gods ! how you whet my wishes ! well, I vow,

I long to know him more than ever now.”—

—“ Assail him then ; the will is all you need ;

With prowess such as yours, you must succeed :

He's not impregnable ; but (what is worst)  
 He knows it, and is therefore shy at first."  
 " If that's his humour, trust me, I shall spare  
 No kind of pains to win admittance there :  
 I'll bribe his porter ; if denied to-day,  
 I'll not desist, but try some other way :  
 I'll watch occasions—linger in his suite,  
 Waylay, salute, huzzah him through the street.  
 Nothing of consequence beneath the sun  
 Without great labour ever yet was done."

Thus he proceeded prattling without end,  
 When—who should meet us but my worthy friend,  
 Aristius Fuscus,\* one who knew the fop  
 And all his humours : up he comes—we stop.  
 " Whence now, good Sir, and whither bound ?" he cries,  
 And to like questions, put in turn, replies.  
 In hopes he'd take the hint and draw me off,  
 I twitch his listless sleeve—nod—wink—and cough.  
 He, feigning ignorance what my signals mean,  
 With cruel waggery smiles :—I burn with spleen.

" Fuscus (said I), you mentioned t'other day  
 Something particular you wished to say  
 Betwixt ourselves."—" Perhaps I might : 'tis true :  
 But never mind ; some other time will do :  
 This is the Jews' grand feast ; and I suspect  
 You'd hardly like to spurn that holy sect."—  
 " Nay, for such scruples, 'troth I feel not any."—  
 " Well, but I do, and, like the vulgar many,  
 Am rather tender in such points as these :  
 So by and bye of that, Sir, if you please."—  
 Ah me ! that e'er so dark a sun should rise !  
 Away the pitiless barbarian flies,

\* A grammarian, poet and orator.—See Ode XXII. Book I., and Epistle X. Book I.

And leaves me baffled, half bereft of life,  
All at the mercy of the ruthless knife.

With hue and cry the plaintiff comes at last;  
“Soho there, sirrah! whither now so fast?  
“Sir”—he addressed me—“You’ll bear witness here?”  
“Aye, that I will,” quoth I, and turned my ear.\*  
Anon he’s dragged to court; on either side  
Loud shouts ensue, and uproar lords it wide:  
While I, amid the hurly-burly riot,  
Thanks to Apollo’s care! walk off in quiet.

CANON HOWES.

#### SATIRE X.

“*Lucili, quam sis mendosus, teste Catone.*”

YES, I did say that old Lucilius’ song  
In rough unmeasured numbers halts along:  
And who so blindly partial to his verse,  
That dares to call Lucilius smooth and terse?  
Yet that with ridicule’s keen gibe he knew  
To lash the town, I gave him honour due.  
Let then his humorous talent stand confest;  
Still granting this, I must withhold the rest:  
For, if mere wit all excellence combine,  
The farces of Laberius † were divine.

’Tis not sufficient with broad mirth to win  
The laugh convulsive and distended grin;  
And, though to set an audience in a roar  
Be something, still we look for something more.

\* That is, to be pinched, which was the regular form of consenting to be bound over to appear as a witness.—*Howes*.

† A Roman knight, who composed mines or dramas, in which mimetic gestures were the chief point.



'Mid other needfuls, brevity we place,  
 That all your thoughts may flow with ease and grace;  
 Not wildly rambling, but compact and clear,  
 Not clogged with words that load the labouring ear.  
 The style must vary too from grave to gay,  
 Just as the varying subject points the way;  
 Now rouse the poet's fire, the speaker's art—  
 Now stoop to act the humorist's lighter part,  
 Like one who, to give play, retreating cowers,  
 And purposely puts forth but half his powers:  
 For oft a smile beyond a frown prevails,  
 And raillery triumphs where invective fails.  
 In this the earlier comic bards excel,  
 In this deserve our imitation well;—  
 Those wits whom nor Hermogenes the fair  
 Nor that pert jackanapes \* e'er made his care,  
 Who only knows Catullus' strains to sing  
 And troll soft Calvus † to the warbling string.

But 'tis alleged, "that old Lucilius shines  
 In mingling Greek with Latin in his lines."  
 Ye puny pedants! seems it strange to you  
 What ev'n Pitholeon of Rhodes could do?—  
 "Yet there's a sweetness in this blended speech  
 Which neither tongue" (say they) "apart can reach,  
 Like that rich zest which nicer tastes discern  
 In mellow Chian mixed with rough Falern."  
 Talk you of verse alone? Or (let me ask)  
 Were you engaged in the more arduous task  
 Of pleading for Petillius, would you speak  
 A motley brogue, half Latin and half Greek?  
 And, while our Pedius and Messala ‡ toil

\* Said to refer to Demetrius, who was dwarfish and deformed.

† A distinguished orator and poet.

‡ Two celebrated lawyers.



In the pure idiom of their native soil,  
 Spurning your birthright, would you at the Bar  
 Mix terms outlandish with vernacular,—  
 And, like Canusium's amphibious sons,  
 Jabber a brace of languages at once?

In early youth, when strong was my desire  
 With Latian hand to smite the Attic lyre,  
 Rome's founder, at the hour when dreams are true,  
 Rose in a vision to my wondering view:

"Horace!"—said he in accents deep and slow,

"Horace! the fruitless enterprise forego:

To swell the host of Grecians were as vain

As adding water to the boundless main."

Hence, while Alpinus\* in bombastic line

Lays Memnon low and mars the head of Rhine,

These sportive lays, I sing, ne'er meant to vie

For ivy crowns 'neath Tarpa's† critic eye,

Nor fraught with ribald mirth or tragic rage

Night after night to figure on the stage.

To paint the lavish stripling's crafty girl

Plotting with Davus‡ to outwit the churl—

This is a branch of art, Fundanius, known

Of modern wits to you and you alone,

Whose pencil to the prattling scene can give

That air of truth which bids the picture live:

In stately trimeters proud Pollio sings

The tragic fates of heroes and of kings:

\* "Alpinus" was said by the Scholiast to be M. Furius Bibaculus, a poet, born at Cremona B.C. 104. He is represented as "murdering" Memnon, the son of Tithonus and Aurora, from the wretched way in which he described Memnon's combat with Achilles at Troy.

† Tarpa was one of the five judges appointed by Augustus to decide what plays should be acted, &c., &c.

‡ Davus is the name of a crafty slave of Chremes, a miser in the *Andria* of Terence.

Varius in matchless numbers full and grand  
Pours his bold epic with a master's hand ;  
While every muse than haunts the sylvan plain  
Breathes grace and elegance in Virgil's strain.  
In Satire only, which with some few more  
Varro had tried (but vainly tried) before,  
Could I succeed ; though sure that no success  
Of mine could make its first inventor less :  
For never from his brows would Horace tear  
The wreath he wears and well deserves to wear.

'Tis true I said that like a rapid flood  
He carries in his course a train of mud,  
And that his happier lines are few compared  
With those loose stragglers that might well be spared.  
And do not you, ye critics ! now and then  
Peck at the foibles ev'n of Homer's pen ?  
Dares not your loved Lucilius to correct  
In older Accius many a gross defect ?  
Of Ennius does he not with laughter speak,  
Where'er his verse is lame—his language weak ?  
Talks he not of himself, when self he names,  
As one inferior far to those he blames ?  
What then forbids us, when we con him o'er,  
To use that freedom which he used before ?—  
Ask if his ruggedness of numbers seem  
Due to the slov'nly pen or stubborn theme ?—  
And doubt if patience may not give the strain  
A smoother flow than that man can attain,  
Who (deeming that his lines, however rough,  
While each contain six feet, run smooth enough)  
Scribbles before his supper twice five score,  
And after supper scribbles twice five more ;—  
Like Tuscan Cassius whose exuberant song  
Swift as a mountain torrent sweeps along ;

Of whom fame tells, so rapid was his style,  
That his own volumes formed his funeral pile ?

But grant Lucilius is polite and chaste ;—  
Grant that he took more pains and shows more taste  
Than that rude bard \* who by a lucky hit  
First dared a path unknown to Grecian wit,  
Or than our older minstrels :—Yet, could fate  
To times more modern have prolonged his date,  
How would he toil each roughness to refine,  
To nerve the weak and point the lagging line !  
Each crude excrescence, each redundant spray,  
As false luxuriance, he would prune away,  
Nor amid fancy's wildest raptures fail  
To scratch the brow and gnaw the bleeding nail.

Spare not erasion, ye that wish your strain,  
When once perused, to be perused again ;  
Nor court the mob,—contented if those few  
Can praise, whose judgment speaks their praises true.  
Let others more ambitious joy to see  
Their works the school-boy's task ! Enough for me  
If Knights applaud, as once with saucy pride,  
To hissing crowds *Arbuscula* † replied.

What—shall the bug *Pantilius* move my spleen ?  
Or shall I fret because unheard, unseen,  
*Demetrius* aims his pitiful attack  
And spurts his venom'd slime behind my back ?  
Shall sneers from *Fannius*, or his dangling guest,  
The pert *Hermogenes*, disturb my rest ?  
No—let *Mæcenâs* smile upon my lays,—  
Let *Plotius*, *Varius*, *Valgius*, *Virgil* praise,—

\* *Ennius*.

† A freed-woman mime-actress. When hissed once by the people she declared that she did not value their opinion ; she cared only to please the knights, *i.e.*, the educated class.—*Francis*.

Let Fuscus and the good Octavius deign  
 With either Viscus to approve the strain ;—  
 And, far from idle dreams of vulgar fame,  
 You, Pollio ! you, Messala ! let me name,  
 Nor, less your brother ; candid Furnius too,  
 And you, my Bibulus ! and Servius ! you :  
 Such, with some others whom I here omit,  
 Such are the friends whose taste I fain would hit ;  
 Mine be the boast to win the smiles of these,  
 Nor e'er to please them less than now I please !  
 But you, Demetrius, and your stupid gang—  
 I bid you, with Tigellius all go hang  
 And scribble tasks for school-girls !—Boy, pen down  
 These lines, and let them know I scorn their frown !

CANON HOWES.

## BOOK II.

### SATIRE I.\*

*“Sunt, quibus in satira videor nimis acer et ultra.”*

*Horace.* THERE are, to whom too poignant I appear ;  
 Beyond the laws of satire too severe.  
 My lines are weak, unsinewed, others say,  
 ‘ A man might spin a thousand such a day.’

\* In his first book of satires our poet opposes the vices of mankind ; in this he refutes the false opinions of the philosophers. Such a design requires more force and more erudition than the former. The reader may therefore expect to find this book better supported with reasoning and learning than the first.—*Francis.*

What shall I do, Trebatius? *Trebatius*.\* Write no more.

*H.* What! Give the dear delight of scribbling o'er?

*T.* Yes. *H.* Let me die but your advice were best.  
But sir, I cannot sleep; I cannot rest.

*T.* Swim o'er the Tiber, if you want to sleep,  
Or the dull sense in t'other bottle steep:  
If you must write, to Cæsar tune your lays,  
Indulge your genius, and your fortune raise.

*H.* Oh! were I equal to the glorious theme,  
Bristled with spears his iron war should gleam:  
A thousand darts should pierce the hardy Gaul,†  
And from his horse the wounded Parthian fall.

*T.* Then give his peaceful virtues forth to fame;  
His fortitude and justice be your theme.

*H.* Yes. I will hold the daring theme in view,  
Perhaps hereafter your advice pursue.  
But Cæsar never will your Flaccus hear;  
A languid panegyric hurts his ear.  
Too strongly guarded from the poet's lays,  
He spurns the flatterer, and his saucy praise.

*T.* Better even this, than cruelly defame,  
And point buffoons and villains out by name.  
Sure to be hated even by those you spare,  
Who hate in just proportion as they fear.

*H.* Tell me, Trebatius, are not all mankind  
To different pleasures, different whims inclined?  
Millonius dances when his head grows light,  
And the dim lamp shines double to his sight.

\* Trebatius was a learned lawyer and wit: he was old at this time, having been contemporary with Cicero.

† The Gauls of Aquitain having rebelled in 726, Octavius sent Messala, with the title of governor of the province, to reduce them to his obedience. He conquered them the year following, and had the honour of a triumph the twenty-fifth of September.—*San.*

The twin-born brothers in their sports divide ;  
Pollux loves boxing ; Castor joys to ride.  
Indulge me then in this my sole delight,  
Like great and good Lucilius let me write.

Behold him frankly to his book impart,  
As to a friend, the secrets of his heart :  
To write was all his aim ; too heedless bard,  
And well or ill, unworthy his regard.  
Hence the old man stands open to your view,  
Though with a careless hand the piece he drew.

His steps I follow in pursuit of fame,  
Whether Lucania or Apulia claim  
The honour of my birth ; for on the lands,  
By Samnites once possessed, Venusium stands,  
A forward barrier, as old tales relate,  
To stop the course of war, and guard the state.

Let this digression, as it may, succeed—  
No honest man shall by my satire bleed ;  
It guards me like a sword, and safe it lies  
Within the sheath, till villains round me rise.

Dread king and father of the mortal race,  
Behold me, harmless bard, how fond of peace !  
And may all kinds of mischief-making steel  
In rust, eternal rust, thy vengeance feel !  
But who provokes me, or attacks my fame,  
' Better not touch me, friend,' I loud exclaim ;  
His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue,  
By laughing crowds in rueful ballad sung.

Th' informer Cervius threatens with the laws ;  
Turius your judge, you surely lose your cause :  
Are you the object of Canidia's hate ?  
Drugs, poisons, incantations, are your fate :  
For powerful Nature to her creatures shows  
With various arms to terrify their foes.

The wolf with teeth, the bull with horns can fight ;  
Whence, but from instinct, and an inward light ?

His long-lived mother trust to Scæva's care—

*T.* No deed of blood his pious hand could dare.

*H.* Wondrous indeed ! that bulls ne'er strive to bite,  
Nor wolves, with desperate horns engage in fight ;  
No mother's blood the gentle Scæva spills,  
But with a draught of honeyed poison kills.

Then, whether age my peaceful hours attend,  
Or death his sable pinions round me bend ;  
Or rich, or poor ; at Rome ; to exile driven ;  
Whatever lot by powerful fate is given,  
Yet write I will. *T.* O boy, thy fate is sped,  
And short thy days. Some lord shall strike thee dead  
With freezing look— *H.* What ! in his honest page,  
When good Lucilius lashed a vicious age,  
From conscious villains tore the mask away,  
And stripped them naked to the glare of day,  
Were Lælius or his friend (whose glorious name  
From conquered Carthage deathless rose to fame),  
Were they displeased, when villains and their crimes  
Were covered o'er with infamy and rhymes ?  
The factious demagogue he made his prize,  
And durst the people, tribe by tribe, chastise ;  
Yet true to virtue, and to virtue's friends,  
To them alone with reverence he bends.  
When Scipio's virtue, and, of milder vein,  
When Lælius' wisdom, from the busy scene,  
And crowd of life, the vulgar and the great,  
Could with their favourite satirist retreat,  
Lightly they laughed at many an idle jest,  
Until their frugal feast of herbs was dressed.

What though with great Lucilius I disclaim  
All saucy rivalship of birth or fame,



Spite of herself even Envy must confess  
 That I the friendship of the great possess,  
 And, if she dare attempt my honest fame,  
 Shall break her teeth against my solid name.  
 This is my plea ; on this I rest my cause—  
 What says my counsel, learnèd in the laws ?

*T.* Your case is clearer ; yet let me advise ;  
 For sad mishaps from ignorance arise.  
 Behold the pains and penalties decreed  
 To libellers— *H.* To libellers indeed !  
 But, if with truth his characters he draws,  
 Even Cæsar shall support the poet's cause ;  
 The formal process shall be turned to sport,  
 And you dismissed with honour by the court.

FRANCIS.

## SATIRE II.

### ON FRUGALITY.

*“ Quæ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo.”*

WHAT, and how great the virtue, friends, to live  
 On what the gods with frugal bounty give,  
 (Nor are they mine, but sage Ofellus' rules  
 Of mother-wit, and wise without the schools,)  
 Come learn with me, but learn before ye dine,  
 Ere with luxurious pomp the table shine ;  
 Ere yet its madding splendours are displayed,  
 That dull the sense, and the weak mind mislead.  
 Yet why before we dine ? I'll tell ye, friends,  
 A judge, when bribed, but ill to truth attends.

Pursue the chase : th' unmanaged courser rein :  
 Or, if the Roman war ill suit thy vein,



To Grecian revels formed, at tennis play,  
 Or at the manly discus \* waste the day :  
 With vigour hurl it through the yielding air  
 (The sport shall make the labour less severe) ;  
 Then, when the loathings that from surfeits rise  
 Are quelled by toil, a homely meal despise ;  
 Then the Falernian grape with pride disclaim,  
 Unless with honey we correct its flame.

Your butler strolls abroad ; the wintered sea  
 Defends its fish ; but you can well allay  
 The stomach's angry roar with bread and salt.  
 Whence can this rise, you ask, from whence the fault ?  
 In you consists the pleasure of the treat,  
 Not in the price, or flavour of the meat.

Let exercise give relish to the dish,  
 Since not the various luxuries of fish,  
 Nor foreign wild fowl can delight the pale,  
 Surfeit-swoln guest ; yet I shall ne'er prevail  
 To make our men of taste a pullet choose,  
 And the gay peacock with its train refuse ; †  
 For the rare bird at mighty price is sold ;  
 And, lo ! what wonders from its tail unfold !  
 But can these whims a higher gusto raise,  
 Unless you eat the plumage that you praise ?  
 Or do its glories, when 'tis boiled, remain ?  
 No ; 'tis th' unequalled beauty of its train  
 Deludes your eye, and charms you to the feast,  
 For hens and peacocks are alike in taste.

\* The discus was a quoit of brass, iron, or stone, thrown by a thong put through the middle of it.

† Quintus Hortensius was the first who gave the Romans a taste for peacocks, and it soon became so fashionable a dish, that all people of fortune had it at their tables. Cicero pleasantly says, he had the boldness to invite Hirtius to sup with him, even without a peacock.—*Francis,*

But say, by what discernment are you taught  
To know that this voracious pike was caught  
Where the full river's lenient waters glide,  
Or where the bridges break the rapid tide ;  
In the mild ocean, or where Tiber pays  
With broader course his tribute to the seas ?

Madly you praise the mullet's three pound weight,  
And yet you stew it piecemeal ere you eat ;  
Your eye deceives you ; wherefore else dislike  
The natural greatness of a full-grown pike,  
Yet in a mullet so much joy express ?

“Pikes are by nature large, and mullets less.”

“Give me,” the harpy-throated glutton cries,  
“In a large dish, a mullet's largest size :”  
Descend, ye southern winds, propitious haste,  
And dress his dainties for this man of taste.  
And yet it needs not ; for when such excess  
Shall his o'er-jaded appetite oppress,  
The new-caught turbot's tainted ere he eat,  
And bitter herbs are a delicious treat.

But still some ancient poverty remains ;  
The egg,—the olive yet a place maintains  
At great men's tables ; nor, till late, the fame  
Of a whole sturgeon damned a prætor's name.

Did ocean then a smaller turbot yield ?  
The towering stork did once in safety build \*  
Her airy nest, nor was the turbot caught  
Till your great prætor better precepts taught.

\* The storks built their nests in safety, until the time of Augustus. Asinius Sempronius, or, according to others, Rutilius Rufus, when candidates for the prætorship, entertained the people with a dish of storks. But the people revenged the death of the poor birds, by refusing the prætorship to their murderer. From this refusal the poet pleasantly calls him prætor.—*Torr.*

Tell them, that roasted cormorants are a feast,  
Our docile youth obey the man of taste ;  
But sage Ofellus marks a decent mean  
A sordid, and a frugal meal between ;  
For a profuse expense in vain you shun  
If into sordid avarice you run.

Avidienus, who by public fame  
Was called "the dog," and merited the name,  
Wild cornels, olives five years' old, devoured ;  
Nor, till his wine was turned, his pure libations poured.  
When robed in white he marked with festal mirth  
His day of marriage, or his hour of birth,  
From his one bottle, of some two pounds weight,  
With oil, of execrable stench, replete,  
With his own hand he dropped his cabbage o'er,  
But spared his oldest vinegar no more.

How shall the wise decide, thus urged between  
The proverb's ravening wolf, and dog obscene ?  
Let him avoid the equal wretchedness  
Of sordid filth, or prodigal excess ;  
Nor his poor slaves like old Albucius rate,  
When he gives orders for some curious treat :  
Nor yet like Nævius, carelessly unclean,  
His guests with greasy water entertain.

This too is vile. Now mark, what blessings flow  
From temperate meals ; and first they can bestow  
That prime of blessings, health : for you'll confess  
That various meats the stomach must oppress,  
If you reflect how light, how well you were  
When plain and simple was your cheerful fare ;  
But roast, and boiled, when you promiscuous eat,  
When fowl and shell-fish in confusion meet,  
Sweets, turned to choler, with cold phlegm engage,  
And civil war in the racked stomach wage.

Behold how pale the sated guests arise  
From suppers, puzzled with varieties !  
The body too, with yesterday's excess  
Burthened and tired, shall the pure soul depress ;  
Weigh down this portion of celestial birth,  
This breath of god, and fix it to the earth.

Who down to sleep from a short supper lies,  
Can to the next day's business vigorous rise,  
Or jovial wander (when the circling year  
Brings back some festal day) to better cheer ;  
Or when his wasted strength he would restore,  
When years approach, and age's feeble hour  
A softer treatment claim. But if in prime  
Of youth and health you take before your time  
The luxuries of life, where is their aid  
When age or sickness shall your strength invade ?

Our fathers loved (and yet they had a nose)  
A tainted boar ; but I believe they chose  
The mouldy fragments with a friend to eat,  
Rather than eat it whole themselves, and sweet.  
Oh ! that the earth, when vigorous and young,  
Had borne me this heroic race among !

Do you the voice of fame with pleasure hear ?  
(Sweeter than verse it charms the human ear ;)  
Behold, what infamy and ruin rise  
From a large dish, where the large turbot lies ;  
Your friends, your neighbours, all your folly hate,  
You hate yourself, in vain, and curse your fate,  
When, though you wish for death, you want the pelf  
To purchase even a rope to hang yourself.

“ These precepts well may wretched Trausius rate ;  
But why to me ? So large is my estate,  
And such an ample revenue it brings  
To satiate even the avarice of kings.”

Then why not better use this proud excess  
Of worthless wealth ? Why lives in deep distress  
A man unworthy to be poor, or why  
The temples of the gods in ruins lie ?  
Why not of such a massy treasure spare  
To thy dear country, wretch, a moderate share ?  
Shalt thou alone no change of fortune know ?  
Thou future laughter to thy deadliest foe !

But who, with conscious spirit self-secure,  
A change of fortune better shall endure ?  
He, who with such variety of food  
Pampers his passions, and inflames his blood ;  
Or he, contented with his little store,  
And wisely cautious of the future hour,  
Who in the time of peace with prudent care  
Shall for th' extremities of war prepare ?

But, deeper to impress this useful truth,  
I knew the sage Ofellus in my youth,  
Living, when wealthy, at no larger rate  
Than in his present more contracted state.  
I saw the hardy hireling till the ground  
( 'Twas once his own estate ),\* and while around  
His cattle grazed, and children listening stood,  
The cheerful swain his pleasing tale pursued.

“ On working days I had no idle treat,  
But a smoked leg of pork and greens I eat ;  
Yet when arrived some long-expected guest,  
Or rainy weather gave an hour of rest,

\* It seems to have been customary in the case of the *metati agri*—the lands taken by confiscation from the former possessors to be distributed in measured compartments to the veteran soldiers of Rome, to suffer the former occupiers to superintend and assist in the cultivation, and render an account of the net proceeds to the new proprietors. — *Hoves*.

If a kind neighbour then a visit paid,  
An entertainment more profuse I made ;  
Though with a kid or pullet well content,  
Ne'er for luxurious fish to Rome I sent ;  
With nuts and figs I crowned the cheerful board,  
The largest that the season could afford.  
The social glass went round with cheerfulness,  
And our sole rule was to avoid excess.  
Our due libations were to Ceres paid,  
To bless our corn, and fill the rising blade,  
While the gay wine dispelled each anxious care,  
And smoothed the wrinkled forehead too severe.

“ Let Fortune rage, and new disorders make,  
From such a life how little can she take ?  
Or have we lived at a more frugal rate  
Since this new stranger seized on our estate ?  
Nature will no perpetual heir assign,  
Or make the farm his property or mine.  
He turned us out : but follies all his own,  
Or lawsuits, and their knaveries unknown ;  
Or, all his follies and his lawsuits passed,  
Some long-lived heir shall turn him out at last.  
The farm, once mine, now bears Umbrenus' name ;  
The use alone, not property we claim ;  
Then be not with your present lot depressed,  
And meet the future with undaunted breast.”

FRANCIS.

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## SATIRE III.

IN THE FORM OF A DIALOGUE BETWEEN  
HORACE AND DAMASIPPUS.\*

*“Sic raro scribis, ut toto non quater anno.”*

“So seldom now you court the Muse, I hear,  
You call for parchment scarcely thrice a year;  
On dull revisal while you waste your pow’rs,  
And, sleep or wine engrossing all your hours,  
Vexed with yourself you peevishly complain  
That you can hammer out no living strain.  
How now! from Saturn’s revels you withdrew,  
As one resolved to carol something new.  
Here then, all sober, keep your promise; come,  
Begin, compose—Alas! you still are dumb.  
In vain you curse the pen, and in a rage  
Pour your resentment on the luckless page.  
Poor innocents! regardless of their worth  
Sure Gods and Poets frowned upon their birth.  
Methought your looks bespoke some wondrous feat  
If e’er you reached your villa’s snug retreat.  
Why else, as if to indulge a studious fit,  
Heap Plato’s wisdom on Menander’s wit?  
Why take Archilochus, a goodly load,  
With Eupolis, companions on the road?  
Think you the wrath of envy to appease,  
By quitting virtue for inglorious ease?  
Poor wretch! contempt awaits you. Scorn the smiles  
Of Siren Sloth and her insidious wiles,—  
Or tamely forfeit all your claim to praise,  
The meed of toil and fruits of better days.”

\* Damasippus is supposed to have been the connoisseur in sculpture mentioned by Cicero (ad Fam. VII. xxiii.).



—Your counsel, Damasippus, I must own,  
Is just : And for the wisdom you have shown  
Heaven send you a good barber !\*—But pray tell,  
How wist you me and my concerns so well ?  
—“ Learn, since the Forum saw by sad neglect  
My fortunes all on Usury’s quicksands wrecked,  
From that time forward I devote my cares  
(Reft of my own) to other men’s affairs.  
For late my sole ambition was to amass  
Not current gold, but rare Corinthian brass ;  
Proud if I chanced with some old vase to meet  
In which sly Sisyphus had bathed his feet.  
Oft I pronounced in all the pride of taste  
This rudely sculptured, and that coarsely cast ;  
Would name the price with connoisseur-like air  
To here a *busto*, a *relievo* there ;  
Or cheapened mansions, parks, and pleasure-grounds,  
And many bargains bought for many pounds.  
The auction-hunters, when they met me, smiled  
And pointing cried—See Mercury’s favoured child ! ”  
—I know the mania you so long endured,  
And wonder by what process you were cured.  
—“ The old distemper to a new gave place ;  
And this, you know, is no uncommon case :  
One patient finds his pleurisy depart  
Or head-ache, but to settle at the heart ;  
That, cured of lethargy, turns pugilist  
And at the frightened doctor darts his fist.”  
—“ Go to, pray Heaven your frenzy be not such ! ”  
“ Softly, good sir ! presume not quite so much :  
For if there’s truth in wise Stertinius’ † rules,

\* The Stoics wore long beards.

† A Stoic philosopher.



You and the world are madmen all and fools.  
From his pure lips with wondrous wisdom fraught  
My eager ear some golden precepts caught,  
What time my guardian genius he appeared,  
Bade me to nurse this sapient length of beard,  
From the Fabrician bridge my steps withdrew,  
And opened scenes of comfort to my view.  
Wild in despair, with muffled head \* I stood,  
Prepared to plunge into the roaring flood,  
When up he came in time of greatest need,  
And “ Hold ! ” he cried, “ forbear the dreadful deed :  
Emancipate thy mind from this false shame,  
Nor shrink ’midst madmen from a madman’s name ;  
For be it first inquired, to make all plain,  
What madness is, and who are the insane.  
If this be found in you and none beside,  
I’m dumb—go, perish nobly in the tide !  
The man whom ignorance warps and passions blind,  
Him have Chrysippus and the Porch defined  
A madman. Mark, the rule embraces you,  
Kings, Commons, all—except the favoured few.  
Hear now why those who proudly call you mad,  
In reason’s view are every wit as bad.  
As, when bewildered in a wood by night,  
This trav’ller takes the left and that the right,  
Each strays, though in a different path he strays,  
Mocked by the self-same error various ways,—  
So it is here ; and he that laughs at you  
May wear the cap ; for he is crack-brained too.

See Mania in a thousand forms appear !  
One fears where there exists no cause for fear,  
And in an open field complains he sees  
His path opposed by rivers, rocks, and trees.

\* Those who devoted themselves to death covered the head.

Another maniac of a different turn  
 Will rush where torrents roll and Ætnas burn.  
 Warned by a mother's, sister's, consort's care—  
 "Here yawns a gulf, here frowns a rock; beware!"  
 He's deaf as drunken Fufius in the play  
 Who snored the part of slumbering Hecuba,  
 While, backed by thousands, Polydorus\* bawls—  
 "Awake, dear mother! 'tis thy son that calls."

Alike to wisdom's eye through all mankind  
 Prevails some strange obliquity of mind.  
 With his last sous poor Damasippus buys  
 Statues and busts—and here his madness lies.  
 But is his creditor of mind quite sound  
 Whose loans return him sixpence in the pound?  
 Suppose one says, "Take this nor e'er repay;"  
 Are you forsooth a madman who obey?  
 Call him the madman rather, who pretends  
 To spurn the prize propitious Mercury sends.

Ten drawn on Nerius; sign the loan with speed:  
 'Tis not enough—down with the bond and deed:  
 A thousand parchments let Cicuta draw,  
 Skilled to tie fast each knotty noose of law.  
 Though chains of adamant the wretch enthrall,  
 This cursed Proteus-debtor bursts them all;  
 Laughs in his sleeve when dragged to court, and see—  
 He turns at will to bear, bird, rock, or tree!  
 No more—if to o'erstep self-interest's bound  
 Be mad, while caution proves the reason sound,  
 Strong in his breast the flames of frenzy burn  
 Who lends his money never to return.

\* Fufius was an actor who played the part of Ilione, and was supposed to be asleep when the ghost of her son Polydore called her. The actor, who was intoxicated, slept in reality too soundly to awake, and the amused audience joined in the cry, "Dear mother, hear me!" uttered by Polydore.—*Francis.*

Haste and adjust the mantle's decent fold,  
All ye that madden with the thirst of gold,—  
Whose bosoms kindle with ambition's fires,—  
Whose blood ferments with lechery's wild desires,—  
Whom superstition's slavish fear molests,—  
In short, whatever frenzy racks your breasts,  
Approach in ranks, be patient if you can,  
And hear me prove you maniacs to a man!

The miser first: none wants a keeper more  
Or asks a stronger dose of hellebore.  
By wisdom's rules I know not if to such  
A whole Anticyra's \* produce were too much.  
Staberius willed, to make his riches known,  
Their sum should be engraved upon his stone:  
His heirs, in case of failure, to engage  
Two hundred champions for the public stage,  
Besides a one-year's Libyan crop of grain,  
With such a feast as Arrius should ordain.  
“Whether I formed my judgment well or ill,  
Such was my pleasure; who dare thwart my will?”  
Such haply was the plea which weighed with him.  
But would you learn the motive for this whim?  
’Twas this: he thought no sin like being poor;  
Through all his life he dreaded nothing more;  
And would no doubt have blushed for his excess,  
If he had died worth but one farthing less.  
All things in his esteem—fame, virtue, health,  
Human and heavenly—bow to blessed wealth:  
He that is rich, in every trade has skill,—  
Is brave, just, wise, aye monarch,—what you will.

\* Famous for producing hellebore, which was believed to be a cure for madness. There were three towns of this name in Greece. The one here meant was situated south of Phocis.

Such was his creed ; with him the road to praise  
Was wealth, and therefore wealth he strove to raise.

How different, Aristippus ! your commands  
When with your slaves you traversed Afric's sands !  
Finding their freight of gold begat delay,  
You bade them fling the cumbrous ore away.  
Which was the greater madman ? some will ask :  
The problem is a nice, but needless task :  
Extremes but puzzle the dispute ; for who  
Can hope to solve old doubts by starting new ?

If one devoid of ear or taste should buy  
A hundred harps and pile them up on high ;  
Or treasure many a last and paring-knife,  
Who never botched a shoe in all his life ;  
Or sails, who took in sailing no delight ;—  
The world would stamp him mad, and well they might.  
Now point me out the difference, if you can,  
Between these downright maniacs and the man  
Who heaps, but dare not use, his darling ore,  
And deems it sacrilege to touch the store.  
If near a heap of corn one takes his stand,  
Couched like a watchful dragon, club in hand,  
Yet feeding upon bitter herbs is fain  
Sooner to starve than touch a single grain ;—  
If old Falern and Chian fifty tier—  
Nay fifty thousand—in his vaults appear,  
Yet loath to violate a single jar  
He sips the dregs of ropy vinegar ;—  
If in his eightieth year, when nature's law  
Indulgence claims, he seeks his bed of straw,  
Though rich in sumptuous quilts, which left a prey  
To moths and worms within his chests decay :—  
Perhaps he's thought a madman but by few :  
Why ? but because the rest are madmen too ?

Go, graceless dotard ! watch thy hoarded wine,  
That some sly freedman or wild son of thine,  
When thy old bones are mouldering in the grave,  
May drink it out and laugh at him that gave !

'Tis penury, I fear, methinks you say :

Go, count how trifling were the charge per day  
Upon your herbs some sweeter oil to shed  
And give some unguents to that squalid head.  
If such a pittance can your wants supply,  
Why, madman ! break your oath and cheat and lie ?  
Should you begin the passing crowd to stone  
And kill the slaves by purchase made your own,  
The very rabble whom you chanced to meet  
Would hoot you for a madman through the street.  
And are you sane forsooth, who hang your wife  
And drug the bowl against a mother's life ?  
What though the deed was not at Argos done ?  
What though you ne'er, like Clytemnestra's son,  
Applied the poniard ?—Idle pleas and vain !  
Think you 'twas matricide first turned his brain ?  
Or that his soul was not with fiends possess'd  
Long ere his sword had pierced a mother's breast ?  
We hear not that Orestes from the time  
They deemed him mad, dared any heinous crime.  
Against Electra did he e'er offend,  
Or lift the sword against his faithful friend ?  
No—her he only as a fiend address'd,  
And him what wild delirium might suggest.

Opimius, poor amid his hoarded coin,  
Who quaffed on common days the lees of wine,  
And thought it much on festivals to share  
Small Veian tiff from cheap Campanian ware,  
So deep a lethargy once chanced to seize  
That his glad heir assailed the chests and keys.

The doctor, an expert and skilful man,  
 To rouse his patient tried the following plan :  
 Large bags of gold were emptied on the floor,  
 And friends employed to come and count it o'er.  
 All things prepared, he raised the sick man's head,  
 And pointing where the glittering heaps were spread,  
 " Arise," he cried ; " your greedy heir will take  
 All your effects, unless you watch and wake.  
 Look, they commence their plunder even now !"—  
 " What, ere I die !"—" Then wake and live."—" But  
 how ?"—

" Your fainting stomach needs some strength'ning  
 food ;

Take this Elixir—come, 'twill do you good."—

" First tell me what it cost ?"—" The price is small."

" How much, I ask ?"—" One shilling ; that is all."

" A shilling ! 'sdeath, if ruin must ensue,  
 What matter if by theft, disease, or you ?"

Who then is sane ? The man from folly free.

And what's the miser ? none so mad as he.

If not a miser, am I straightway sane ?

Far from it.—Why, great stoic ?—I'll explain.

Craterus declares his patient free from gout :

Is he then hearty ? can he walk about ?

No, he will answer ; for there yet remains

A sharp distemper in the side and reins.

You neither cheat nor hoard ; so far you shine :

Slay to your favouring household-gods a swine !

But do you thirst for place and power ?—Away,

Steer for Anticyra without delay :

For whether to the mob you fling your pelf

Or hoard it, where's the difference to yourself ?

Oppidius of Canusium, his estate

(A large one, reckoning by the antique rate)

Between two sons resolving to divide,  
Summoned and thus addrest them ere he died.  
“ Long since, my children, when ye both were boys,  
I marked the different treatment of your toys.  
Yours, Aulus ! scattered and neglected lay,  
Were often given and sometimes thrown away :  
While you, Tiberius ! of severer mood  
Counted and hid them up where’er you could.  
Observing this I feared—nay, still I fear—  
Lest various frenzies should in both appear :  
Lest you the vile example should pursue  
Of Nomentanus—of Cicuta you.  
Conjured, then, by our household-gods, beware,  
As ye regard a dying father’s prayer,  
You of enlarging, you of making less—  
By sordid avarice or by wild excess—  
What seems sufficient in your father’s eyes,  
What sense approves and nature justifies.  
But, lest ambition lure you to the great,  
Hear on what terms I leave you my estate :  
Whichever of the twain is *Ædile* first  
Or *Prætor*, be he outlawed and accurst ! ”

Vainglorious fool, thus to consume thy means  
In scattering largesses of peas and beans,  
All for a brazen bust and gaudy train,  
Stripped of thy house, thy chattels, and domain,—  
Thinking forsooth Agrippa’s praise to win,  
A would-be lion, though an ass within !

Whence, Agamemnon, does this order spring  
That Ajax lie untombed ?—“ Obey your king ! ”—  
Enough ; I’m but your subject ; and submit.  
“ Nay, more—we think our edict just and fit :  
Yet, if there be to whom it seems severe,  
Let him allege his reasons ; we will hear.”



“ Great Chief, may heaven vouchsafe thee to destroy  
And quit in safety the proud walls of Troy !

Fain would I put some questions, if I may,  
With leave to answer.” — “ Say what thou would’st say. ’ —

“ Why does brave Ajax, who for Greece has won  
Such laurels, second but to Peleus’ son,  
Rot uninterred ? what triumph will it be  
To Priam and his people, when they see  
That hero robbed of funeral rites, by whom  
So many youth of theirs have lost a tomb ! ”

“ Upon our flocks with frantic rage he flew,  
And dealing slaughter thought ’twas us he slew.  
Here fell myself—here lay Ulysses gored—  
There Menelaus reeked beneath his sword.”

“ When you at Aulis to the altar led  
Iphigenia in a heifer’s stead,  
Sprinkled upon her brow the salted meal,  
And to her throat applied the ruthless steel,  
What shall we say ? Was he with frenzy wild,  
And are you sane who sacrifice your child ?  
But after all what harm did Ajax do ?  
He killed the sheep and oxen, it is true :  
He cursed the two Atridæ ; but his wife  
And son—he would not hurt them for his life.  
He spared his Teucer ; and his deadliest foe  
Felt but in effigy the vengeful blow.”

—“ I, when Diana’s wrath, as Calchas swore,  
Detained our barks upon the Grecian shore,  
To gain a passage through the stormy flood,  
Strove wisely to propitiate Heaven with blood.”

—Aye, whose, rash madman ! but thine own ? reply.

—“ My own, I grant ;—as madman, I deny.” —

He to whose view bewildering passion flings  
False colours and distorts the form of things,



(Whether from rage or folly, 'tis the same)  
Is frantic, and deserves a madman's name.  
Was Ajax mad, who what he did scarce knew,  
And in his mood the harmless cattle slew ?  
And, when for empty title's sake you sin,  
Basely deliberate, is all sound within ?  
Does no insaneness in that breast reside  
Which pants for sovereignty and swells with pride ?  
What if some wight should take it in his head  
To pet a lambkin in a daughter's stead,—  
Trinkets, fine clothes, and tiring-maids provide,  
And destine her some noble lordling's bride ;—  
Straight his incompetence the law declares  
And names trustees to manage his affairs.  
Reverse the picture now, and say that one  
Slays for a lamb his child, as you have done :  
What shall we call it ?—Madness, to be sure,  
And such a madness as admits no cure.  
For trust this maxim : In whatever mind  
Reigns folly, there, too, madness sits enshrined.  
Frenzy and vice are in effect the same ;  
And whoso fondly hunts the bubble Fame,  
Him have ten thousand furies captive led  
And grim Bellona thundered round his head.

Now turn your eye to the voluptuous race ;  
Give Luxury and Nomentanus chase ;  
And mark if scanned by reason's sober rule  
The spendthrift be not mad ; the rake a fool.  
Yon stripling, having dropped the filial tear,  
Steps into some ten thousand pounds a year.  
What does he first ?—He puts his edict out,  
That fishmongers and fruiterers, *coûte que coûte*,—  
That all who vend perfumes, choice birds, choice meat,  
With all the riff-raff of the Tuscan street,

Buffoons, pimps, poulterers, to his hall repair,  
And what ensued, when they assembled there ?  
Silence proclaimed, amid the full divan,  
The pimp arose, and rising thus began :  
“ Whate’er belongs to me—whate’er to these—  
Is yours to-day, to-morrow, when you please.”  
Then did the youth thus graciously reply :  
“ Friends, you provide me all that gold can buy ;  
You booted hunt the midnight forest o’er,  
That I may sup on a delicious boar :  
You swoop the fishes from the wintry sea,  
And of your perils bring the fruits to me :  
I neither need nor merit this vast store ;  
Here, take this hundred—you this hundred more.  
A triple share to you, dear sir, must fall  
Whose spouse at midnight listens to my call.”

Æsopus’ \* son drew from Metella’s ear  
That pearl for which he erst had paid so dear,  
And in a vinegar solution quaffed  
A cool ten-thousand pieces at one draught.  
Could he have shown a mind more past all cure,  
Had he consigned it to the public sewer ?

The sons of Arrius too, a jovial pair,  
Resolved on dainties no expense to spare,  
Twins in debauch, frivolity, and vice,  
Luncheoned on nightingales of monstrous price.  
How shall we mark all such ? with blackening coal,  
As fools and mad—or chalk them sound and whole ?

To yoke a team of mice, build huts of sod,  
Ride on a switch, and play at ev’n-and-odd,—  
All this if one should do with bearded chin,  
Few would deny that madness lurked within.

\* Æsopus was a celebrated tragic actor.

Say now—if sober argument shall prove  
 These freaks not half so childish as to love,  
 (No matter whether on the play-ground rolled  
 You gambol as you did when four years old,  
 Or for a jilt with foolish tremors quake  
 And whine and whimper for a harlot's sake)  
 Would you, like Polemo\* reclaimed, lay by  
 Each tell-tale badge of the mind's malady?  
 And, as he reeking from debauch, 'tis said,  
 Drew one by one the garlands from his head,  
 Stung by the sober sage's keen rebuff,  
 Would you too doff the tippet, swathe, and muff?

Offer the wayward child a plum; 'tis still  
 "I won't:" withhold it, and he cries, "I will."  
 And is the doting lover less a child,  
 Who ponders, from his mistress' gate exiled,  
 Whether to go or not, where he were sure  
 To go uncalled, nor quits the hated door?  
 —"What," sighs the youth;—"and can I still refuse  
 When of herself she sends for me and sues?  
 Or shall I boldly close at once my pain?  
 She shut me out—she summons me again;  
 And can I after this return? oh no,  
 Not though she beg me on her knees to go!"  
 Now hear the slave, how well the truth he hits;  
 "Master, that thing which in itself admits  
 Nor mean nor method, we attempt in vain  
 By method and by counsel to restrain.  
 In Love are all these ills—alternate wars  
 And peace, suspicions, jealousies, and jars:  
 These random fits, these ever-flitting forms,  
 Vague and inconstant as the winds and storms,

\* Polemo, after listening to Xenocrates, tore the garland from his head and devoted himself to philosophy.

Who thinks to moderate, were no less a fool  
Than he that should attempt to rave by rule."

What—are *his* intellects correct and clear,  
Who, picking out the kernels of a pear,\*  
Hails it an omen of success in love,  
If chance one hit the ceiling's height above?  
When, bent with years, you clip each tender word,  
Art sane? or whether were it more absurd  
With that bald pate to ape an amorous itch  
And lisp out love,—or ride upon a switch?

Nor is this all: Hence darker evils flow,  
And what began in folly, ends in woe:  
Oft has suspicion the fond bosom gored  
And tempered at love's flame the vengeful sword.  
When Marius plunged the knife in Hellas' breast,  
Then leaped down headlong, was he not possest?  
Or else acquitted of disordered sense,  
Shall he be guilty found of sin prepense?  
Say 'twas in malice or in madness done,  
The terms are tantamount—the thing is one.

I knew a freedman once, advanced in age,  
Who went, by way of morning pilgrimage,  
With clean-washed hands to run from street to street,  
Bowed to each statue that he chanced to meet,  
And paying in due form his vows, would cry—  
"Grant me, ye gods all-powerful, ne'er to die!"—  
This fellow one might warrant wind and limb,  
Not thick of hearing nor of eye-sight dim:  
His brain no master but an arrant knave  
Would scruple to except, if sold a slave.  
Such too must class, by wise Chrysippus' rules,  
With thee, Menenius! and thy fellow-fools.

\* A Picenian apple in the original. This love-test exists still as a sport of Hallowe'en.

“ O Jove ! ” the mother cries, whose sole employ  
 For five long months has been to nurse her boy,  
 “ O Jove ! who, as thy sovereign will may please,  
 Inflictest anguish or reliev’st disease,  
 If to these weeping eyes thou giv’st to see  
 My lingering little-one from ague free,  
 On the first solemn fasts thy priests command  
 Chin-deep in Tiber’s current he shall stand.”  
 Should chance or med’cine’s aid prolong his breath  
 And snatch her fosterling from the jaws of death,  
 Bare on the river’s brink she makes him sit,  
 Then pulls him in, renews his ague-fit,  
 And stamps his doom.—What mania have we here ?  
 What but the frenzy of religious fear ?

So spake the sage Stertinius good and great,  
 The eighth wise man and wisest of the eight :  
 Such arms in self-defence he bade me wield,  
 And drive each rude assailant from the field.  
 Who calls me mad, now hears as much in turn ;  
 And he, that taxes me, perchance may learn,  
 To his own grosser faults no longer blind,  
 To mark the wallet pendent from behind.\*

“ O stoic ! so may future luck befriend  
 Your bargains, and your shattered fortunes mend !  
 Since you have clearly proved that all men’s minds  
 Are touched, and folly is of various kinds,  
 Say which of all its species racks my brain ?  
 For ’faith I seem not to myself insane.”  
 —“ Nor did the mad Agave,† when she bore  
 Her own son’s head and eyed the dripping gore.

\* The fable says that Jupiter threw over the shoulders of every mortal two bags ; the faults of his neighbour were put into the bag in front of him, his own behind him.—*Francis*.

† The mother of Pentheus, who in bacchanalian frenzy took her son for a wild beast and killed him.

—“Come then, I grant the justice of your rule,  
 And will most humbly own myself a fool,—  
 Nay, madman too. Say only of what turn  
 You think my madness is?” “Attend and learn.  
 First then you *build*; in other words, you vie  
 With giants, tho’ you stand scarce three feet high.  
 You smile, when Turbo on the stage is seen,  
 At his small stature and commanding mien:  
 But is he more ridiculous than you,  
 When, whatsoe’er you see Mæcenas do,  
 Forthwith, regardless of your pigmy frame,  
 You think that Horace too must do the same!

A mother frog, ’tis said, in quest of food  
 Had roamed abroad and left her infant brood:  
 An ox came by and crushed them all but one,  
 Who told his weeping mother what was done,—  
 How a stupendous monster huge and tall  
 Had trodden on the rest and killed them all.  
 Then puffing both her sides, ‘D’ye think,’ said she,  
 ‘Twas big as this?’—‘Aye, bigger far,’ quoth he.  
 ‘What, big as this?’—‘Nay, mother, cease,’ he cries;  
 ‘Strain till you burst, you’ll never reach his size.’

This fable pictures to the life the state  
 Of little folk, like you, that ape the great.  
 Add to these symptoms that most strange desire  
 For scribbling verse—add oil, that is, to fire:—  
 For when was poet known that had his wits?—  
 —“Hold, hold”—I mention not your raving fits,  
 That horrid aptitude to fume and fret—  
 —“Good Damasippus, have you not done yet?”—  
 —“Your style of living far above your sphere—  
 —“Pray, saucy stoic, cease to interfere  
 In my concerns.”—“And then your lewd excess”  
 —O spare, thou greater madman, spare a less!

HOWES.

## SATIRE IV.

IN THE FORM OF A DIALOGUE BETWEEN  
HORACE AND CATIUS.*“ Unde et quo Catius ? ”*

HAI, Catius ! whence and whither now so fast ?—

“ Prithee excuse me ; I’m in urgent haste  
To note down precepts which the Samian sage,  
The tongue of Socrates, and Plato’s page  
Ne’er equalled.”—Marry, I confess my crime  
To interrupt you at this awkward time.

Yet stay, indulge my thirst of curious lore :

What now escapes, reflection will restore ;

For, be the system relative to art

Or nature, *you* have always both by heart.

—“ But then I’d fain substantiate, ere ’tis fled,  
This skein of doctrine spun of slenderest thread.”

—“ And who is he from whom the doctrine came ?  
Roman or sojourner ? and what’s his name ? ”

—“ Go to—I’ll try and tell you, if I can,  
The rules themselves : no matter for the man.

The long-shaped eggs should be preferred to round :

Their juice is richer, and they more abound

In nutriment. This rule will never fail,

For they inclose the embryo of the male.

The cabbage grown in dry and upland fields

Is sweeter far than what the suburb yields.

Here none but plants of washy taste are had :

Irrigulous ground for all this tribe is bad.

Should you receive an unexpected guest,

And fresh-killed fowl be all you have, ’twere best

Souse it alive in mixed Falernian wine :

This makes the flesh eat tender, rich, and fine.



Prefer those mushrooms that in pastures spring :  
To swallow others is a dangerous thing.

I warrant he shall seldom sickness feel  
Who with ripe mulb'ries ends his morning meal :  
But then they must be gathered, to be sweet,  
Ere the sun sheds his full meridian heat.

Aufidius for his morning beverage used  
Honey in strong Falernian wine infused ;  
But here methinks he showed his want of brains :  
Drink less austere best suits the empty veins.  
And he with greater prudence will proceed  
Who wets his wizzard first with lenient mead.  
If nature lingers, in one mess combine  
Dwarf-sorrel, muscles, and white Coan wine ;  
To the clogged stomach 'twill restore its play  
And wash the crude obstructions clean away.  
Shell-fish afford a lubricating slime !  
But then you must observe both place and time.  
They're caught the finest when the moon is new ;  
The Lucrine far excel the Baian too.  
Misenum shines in cray-fish ; Circe most  
In oysters ; scollops let Tarentum boast.

The culinary critic first should learn  
Each nicer shade of flavour to discern :  
To sweep the fish-stalls is mere show at best,  
Unless you know how each thing should be drest ;  
And what if roasted—what if stewed aright  
Rallies the stomach and renews the fight.

Let boars of Umbrian game replete with mast,  
If game delight you, crown the rich repast :  
Those of Laurentian breed, whose only food  
Are sedge and rushes, are not half so good.  
The vine-fed gazel small enjoyment brings :  
The wise in pregnant hares prefer the wings.



To con the worth and age of fish and bird,  
Ere I explained it, was an art ne'er heard.  
Some waste their genius upon paste alone,  
As if one virtue would all faults atone :  
Others in choice of wines place all their pride,  
Indifferent in what oil their fish is fried.  
Expose to a clear sky your Massic wine ;  
Whate'er was thick the night-air will refine.  
Unpleasant odours too will thus be chased :  
But straining it through linen mars the taste.  
Whoe'er, its strength and spirit to increase,  
Pours his Surrentine o'er Falernian lees,  
Should clarify the mass with pigeons' eggs,  
Which in their fall precipitate the dregs.  
Baked shrimps and cockles o'er the furnace drest  
Serve to recruit the satiated guest.  
But lettuce after many a bumper glass  
Floats on the stomach and corrodes the mass.  
Chuse rather ham or chitterlings or aught  
That reeking from the Tavern-fire is brought.

The compound sauce demands your nicest care,  
Mixed up with oil, rich wine, and caviare :  
But be it of no other sort than that  
Long since distilled from a Byzantine vat.  
With shredded herbs and saffron let it boil,  
And when it cools, pour in Venafrian oil.  
Tiburtine pears to Picene yield in juice,  
In look superior, but less fit for use.  
For grapes Venaculan big jars provide,  
But dry the Alban at your chimney's side.  
This grape with apples, brine, and Coan lees,  
(Add salt and sifted pepper, if you please)  
Round the main dish in separate plates to strew  
Is an invention to my genius due.

Fools, having spent a fortune for a fish,  
 Cramp its circumference in a scanty dish.  
 'Tis apt foul nausea in the guest to raise,  
 If by a greasy glass the slave betrays  
 His lickorish thefts: nor is the eye less hurt  
 To see an antique vase begrimed with dirt.  
 How small of sand, brooms, dusters is the price!  
 Yet to o'erlook them what a flagrant vice!  
 Gods! who would sweep with filthy besom o'er  
 The beauties of a tessellated floor?  
 Or who with sense of decency would spread  
 An unwashed cover o'er a purple bed?  
 The less expense and pains such trifles claim,  
 To disregard them is the greater shame:  
 Some comforts nought but wealth commands; but these  
 Are such as all can compass if they please."

H. "Good Catius! let me by the gods, I pray,  
 Hear this professor, be he who he may.  
 For though you have his lectures at command,  
 Yet through your mouth it comes but second-hand.  
 Besides there's something in his look, his air,  
 Far more than you that know him are aware.  
 I, by the love of sacred science led,  
 Would quaff her waters at the fountain-head."

HOWES.

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SATIRE V.

A HUMOROUS DIALOGUE BETWEEN  
 ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS.

"*Hoc quoque Tiresia, præter narrata petenti.*"

*Ulysses.* BESIDES the precepts, which you gave before,  
 Resolve this question, and I ask no more:

Say by what arts and methods I may straight  
Repair the ruins of a lost estate.

How now, Tiresias? whence those leering smiles?

*Tiresias.* Already versed in double-dealing wiles,  
Are you not satisfied to reach again  
Your native land, and view your dear domain?

*U.* How poor and naked I return, behold,  
Unerring prophet, as you first foretold,  
The wooing tribe, in revellings employed,  
My stores have lavished, and my herds destroyed;  
But high descent and meritorious deeds,  
Unblessed with wealth, are viler than sea-weeds.

*T.* Since, to be brief, you shudder at the thought  
Of want, attend how riches may be caught.  
Suppose a thrush, or any dainty thing  
Be sent to you, despatch it on the wing  
To some rich dotard. What your garden yields,  
The choicest honours of your cultured fields,  
To him be sacrificed, and let him taste,  
Before your gods, the vegetable feast.  
Though he be perjured; though a low-born knave,  
Stained with fraternal blood, a fugitive slave,  
Yet wait upon him, at his least command,  
And always bid him take the upper hand.

*U.* What; shall Ulysses then obey the call  
Of such a wretch, and give a slave the wall?  
Not thus at Troy I proved my lofty mind,  
Contending ever with the nobler kind.

*T.* Then poverty's your fate. *U.* And be it so.  
Let me with soul undaunted undergo  
This loathsome evil, since my valiant heart  
In greater perils bore a manly part.  
But instant tell me, prophet, how to scrape  
Returning wealth, and pile the splendid heap.

*T.* I told, and tell you : you may safely catch  
The wills of dotards, if you wisely watch ;  
And though one hunks or two perceive the cheat,  
Avoid the hook, or nibble off the bait,  
Lay not aside your golden hope of prey,  
Or drop your art, though baffled in your play.

Should either great or less important suit  
In court become the matter in dispute,  
Espouse the man of prosperous affairs,  
Pregnant with wealth, if indigent in heirs ;  
Though he should hamper with a wicked cause  
The juster party, and insult the laws.  
Despite the citizen of better life,  
If clogged with children, or a fruitful wife.  
Accost him thus, (for he with rapture hears  
A title tingling in his tender ears,)  
“ Quintus, or Publius,\* on my faith depend,  
Your own deserts have rendered me your friend :  
I know the mazy doubles of the laws,  
Untie their knots, and plead with vast applause.  
Had you a nut, the villain might as well  
Pluck out my eyes, as rob you of the shell.  
This is the business of my life professed,  
That you lose nothing, or become a jest.”  
Bid him go home, of his sweet self take care ;  
Conduct his cause, proceed, and persevere,  
Should the red dog-star infant statues split,  
Or fat-paunched Furius in poetic fit  
Bombastic howl ; and, while the tempest blows,  
Bespawl the wintry Alps with hoary snows.

\* A slave was no sooner made free than he qualified himself with a surname, such as Marcus Quintus Publius, which carried a sort of dignity with it. The Romans saluted each other by their surnames.

Some person then, who happens to be nigh,  
Shall pull your client by the sleeve, and cry,  
“ See with what patience he pursues your ends !  
Was ever man so active for his friends ? ”  
Thus gudgeons daily shall swim in apace,  
And stock your fish-ponds with a fresh increase.

This lesson also well deserves your care,  
If any man should have a sickly heir,  
And large estate, lest you yourself betray  
By making none but bachelors your prey,  
With winning ease the pleasing bane instil,  
In hopes to stand the second in his will ;  
Then if the boy by some disaster hurled,  
Should take his journey to the nether world,  
Your name in full reversion may supply  
The void ; for seldom fails this lucky die.

If any one desires you to peruse  
His will, be sure you modestly refuse,  
And push it from you ; but obliquely read  
The second clause, and quick run o’er the deed ;  
Observing, whether, to reward your toil,  
You claim the whole, or must divide the spoil.

A seasoned scrivener, bred in office low,  
Full often dupes, and mocks the gaping crow.  
Thus foiled, Nasica shall become the sport  
Of old Coranus, while he pays his court.

*U.* What ! are you mad, or purposed to propose  
Obscure predictions, to deride my woes ?

*T.* O son of great Laertes, everything  
Shall come to pass, or never, as I sing ;  
For Phœbus, monarch of the tuneful Nine,  
Informs my soul, and gives me to divine.

*U.* But, good Tiresias, if you please, reveal  
What means the sequel of that mystic tale.

*T.* What time a youth, who shall sublimely trace  
 From famed Æneas his heroic race,  
 The Parthian's dread, triumphant shall maintain  
 His boundless empire over land and main ;  
 Nasica, loath to reimburse his coin,  
 His blooming daughter shall discreetly join  
 To stout Coranus, who shall sily smoke  
 The harpy's aim, and turn it to a joke,  
 The son-in-law shall gravely give the sire  
 His witnessed will, and presently desire  
 That he would read it : coyly he complies,  
 And silent cons it with attentive eyes ;  
 But finds, alas ! to him and his forlorn  
 No legacy bequeathed—except to mourn.

Add to these precepts, if a crafty lass,  
 Or freedman manage a delirious ass,  
 Be their ally ; their faith applaud, that you,  
 When absent, may receive as much in lieu ;  
 'Tis good to take these outworks to his pelf,  
 But best to storm the citadel itself.

Writes he vile verses in a frantic vein ?  
 Augment his madness, and approve the strain ;  
 Loves he a lass ? then, with a cheerful glee  
 Give to his arms your own Penelope.

*U.* Can you suppose, a dame so chaste, so pure,  
 Could e'er be tempted to the guilty lure.  
 Whom all the suitors amorously strove,  
 In vain, to stagger in her plighted love ?

*T.* The youth too sparing of their presents came ;  
 They loved the banquet rather than the dame ;  
 And thus your prudent, honourable spouse,  
 It seems, was faithful to her nuptial vows.  
 But had she once indulged the dotard's glee,  
 Smacked her old cull, and shared the spoil with thee,

She never after could be terrified,  
Sagacious beagle, from the reeking hide.

I'll tell a tale, well worthy to be told,  
A fact that happened, and I then was old :  
A hag at Thebes, a wicked one, no doubt,  
Was thus, according to her will, lugged out,  
Stiff to the pile. Upon his naked back  
Her heir sustained the well-anointed pack.  
She, likely, took this crotchet in her head,  
That she might slip, if possible, when dead,  
From him, who trudging through a filthy road,  
Had stuck too closely to the living load.

Be cautious, therefore, and advance with art,  
Nor sink beneath, nor overact your part.  
A noisy fellow must of course offend  
The surly temper of a sullen friend :  
Yet be not mute—like Davus in the play,  
With head inclined, his awful nod obey,  
Creep into favour : if a ruder gale  
Assault his face, admonish him to veil  
His precious pate. Oppose your shoulders, proud  
To disengage him from the bustling crowd.  
If he loves prating, hang an ear : should lust  
Of empty glory be the blockhead's gust,  
Indulge his eager appetite, and puff  
The growing bladder with inspiring stuff,  
Till he, with hands uplifted to the skies,  
“ Enough ! enough ! ” in gluttoned rapture cries.

When he shall free you from your servile fear,  
And tedious toil ; when broad awake, you hear,  
“ To good Ulysses, my right trusty slave,  
A fourth division of my lands I leave : ”  
“ Is then (as void of consolation, roar)  
My dearest friend, my Dama now no more ?



Where shall I find another man so just,  
 Firm in his love, and faithful to his trust ? ”  
 Squeeze out some tears : 'tis fit in such a case  
 To cloak your joys beneath a mournful face.  
 Though left to your discretionary care,  
 Erect a tomb magnificently fair,  
 And let your neighbours, to proclaim abroad  
 Your fame, the pompous funeral applaud.

If any vassal of the will-compeers,  
 With asthma gasping, and advanced in years,  
 Should be disposed to purchase house or land,  
 Tell him, that he may readily command  
 Whatever may to your proportion come,  
 And for the value, let him name the sum.—  
 But I am summoned by the queen of hell  
 Back to the shades. Live artful, and farewell.

FRANCIS.

#### SATIRE VI.

*“Hoc erat in votis ; modus agri non ita magnus.”*

THIS was of old my wishes' utmost bound ;—  
 A snug estate with house and garden ground,  
 Where a small grove might wave its foliage near  
 And a pure spring run bubbling all the year.  
 Indulgent Heaven has granted this, and more :  
 'Tis well ; no further blessings I implore.  
 Great son of Maia, make but to endure  
 The boons I have, and stamp their tenure sure !

If to no fraud I owe what I possess,  
 If by no fault or folly make it less,—  
 If from my lips no idle vows escape,  
 As, “ Oh for yonder nook that mars the shape



Of my domain ! ” or, “ Oh would chance unfold  
To these blest eyes some secret hoard of gold ! ”  
(As he that ploughing found a treasured store  
And bought the land he tilled for hire before)  
If pleased with what is given thy votary lives,  
Nor indisposed to bless the hand that gives :—  
Thus I entreat thee : still vouchsafe to shed  
Thy tutelary influence o’er my head ;  
Increase my cattle, to my flocks be kind,  
And fatten all I have—except my mind !

Fled from the city and the city’s care  
To breathe on Sabine hills a purer air,  
(Welcome, sweet theme ! than which I ne’er can chuse  
One more congenial to my slip-shod muse)  
Ambition’s burthen from my mind I cast,  
And shun the pressure of the noxious blast ;  
Autumn’s grim form, that loads the frequent bier  
And gluts the grave, remits his terrors here.

Thou whom the morning’s busy crowd adore !  
Or Janus !—if that title please thee more —  
Great Sire, since all mankind, by Heaven’s decree,  
Ere they commence their labours, bow to thee,—  
With thee begins my song.—From peaceful home  
To offer bail thou summon’st me to Rome.  
“ Arise,” I hear thee cry—“ Begone with speed ;  
Let none anticipate the friendly deed.  
What though the withering north wind scour the plain ?  
What though bleak winter, fraught with snow and rain,  
Bid the swift day in narrower circles run ?  
’Tis business calls, and business must be done.”

Suppose me then at Rome, in forms express  
Bound to what soon may plunge me in distress :  
Next I’ve to push my passage through the throng,  
Elbow the slow, and irritate the strong.

“Madman!” cries one among the saucy rout,  
“What brings you here, and what are you about?  
With such officious zeal you rush to greet  
Mæcenas, that you jostle all you meet!”  
This, I must own, is music to my ear:  
Reproach like this I feel a pride to hear.

Entering at last Esquilia’s shady gloom,  
Scarce am I ushered to the Levee-room,  
When—Oh, what swarms of dull requests invade,  
Buzz at my ear and thicken round my head!  
“Roscius to-morrow ere the hour of eight  
Begs your attendance as his advocate.”—  
“Your brother clerks hope you’ll return to-day  
On business which admits of no delay.”—  
Another brings me parchments. “Sir, you’ll please  
To let Mæcenas fix his seal to these.”  
Should one with hesitating air reply,  
“Whate’er, Sir, the result may be, I’ll try;”  
“Nay,” he rejoins, enforcing his request,  
“Try but in earnest—none can doubt the rest.”

Sev’n rolling years are nearly at an end  
Since first Mæcenas bade me be his friend,  
So far that on a journey or a ride  
He’d place me in the chariot by his side,  
Join in light converse, and politely chat  
With air familiar about this and that:  
As, “What’s the hour?—Which fencer shows most  
skill?”

Without a cloak the mornings now bite chill:”  
And all such small-talk, as without much pother  
Comes in at one ear and flies out at t’other.  
Envy meanwhile grew louder every day,  
And every hour beheld me more her prey.

"Some folks, it seems, are mighty friends of late ;  
 Together at the shows they're tête-à-tête ;  
 Then at the Tennis-court, 'tis just the same :  
 Oh, he's the child of fortune !" —all exclaim.

Is some vague rumour whispered through the street?  
 I'm stopped and sifted by each fool I meet.

"Good sir! —for you who live so much at court  
 Must needs have heard, —what means this odd report  
 About the Dacians?" —"Troth, sir," I reply,

"You're in the secret just as much as I."

"Ah, how you love to banter! would I knew  
 One half as much!" —"Nay, hang me if I do!"

"Will Cæsar quarter, pray, his veteran bands  
 On the Sicilian or Italian lands?"

If I protest my ignorance, I then  
 Pass for the shyest and most close of men!

'Mid such distractions doomed to waste the day,  
 How often, how devoutly do I pray—  
 Dear rural shades, where peace and silence reign,  
 Ah, when shall I behold you once again!  
 When studious there the paths of science tread,  
 And hold high converse with the mighty dead?  
 Or, indolently sunk in sloth serene,  
 Quaff sweet oblivion of the world's dull scene?  
 When shall the beans, by Samian sage adored,  
 With savoury pork and pottage grace my board?  
 O halcyon nights! O feasts that never cloy! —  
 Feasts that the gods themselves might taste with joy!  
 When I and mine beside my own loved hearth;  
 Seasoning our simple meal with sober mirth,  
 Regale on viands plentiful though plain,  
 And leave the remnants to the saucy train!  
 There free from foolish rules, the guests at ease  
 Carouse from goblets of what size they please:

This sips the cup, and that without control  
Draws deep potations from the ampler bowl.

Nor is it long ere subjects of debate  
Are started—not of this or that estate—  
Not of the mansions where the great may dwell,  
Nor whether Lepos dances ill or well ;—  
But other topics of more near concern,  
And things which it were misery not to learn :—  
As whether wealth or virtue makes us blest ;  
If friendship spring from love or interest ;  
In what the goods of human life consist ;  
And what the sovereign good that tops the list.

'Mid such debates friend Servius oft lets fall  
Some pithy tale in point that charms us all :  
Thus, if one chanced to praise the dear bought bliss  
Of rich Arellius, straight his tale was this :—

Once on a time (as ancient legends tell)  
A field-mouse welcomed to his humble cell  
A mouse from town, old cronies both. Our host,  
Though of economy he made much boast,  
Yet, when occasion offered, could unbend,  
And knew with open heart to greet a friend.  
In one word mustering now his choicest fare,  
Wild oats he brought, with many a hoarded tare,  
Scraps of half-nibbled pork, and raisins sweet ;  
In hopes at least by varying thus the treat  
To tempt the squeamish palate of the cit,  
Who sneered contempt and scarcely touched a bit.  
Not so the master of the mansion ; he,  
Stretched on a stubble couch, devoured with glee  
Coarse chaff and darnel, leaving all the best  
With due politeness to his daintier guest.

At last the cit, unable to refrain,  
Broke forth,—“ I vow, my friend, it gives me pain

To see you thus put up with vulgar food,  
Cooped in the covert of a shaggy wood.  
Do take my counsel ; quit this hideous den,  
Run up to Town with me, and live with men.  
And, since in every creature upon earth  
Lurk seeds of dissolution from its birth,—  
Since soon or late, however great or small,  
Inexorable Death awaits us all,—  
Be wise, be happy ; revel while you may,  
And lengthen by enjoyment life's short day.”  
Such cogent reasoning who could long oppose ?  
Light bounding out of doors to Town he goes :  
And side by side they trip, resolved to creep  
Up the town walls when all were fast asleep.

Now pitchy night had wrapt the world in gloom,  
When chance conducts them to a lordly dome,  
Where brodered cushions stained with 'Tyrian dye  
On ivory couches struck the dazzled eye,  
And fragments of the feast of yesterday  
Piled up aloft in tempting baskets lay.  
Placing the peasant on a sumptuous seat,  
Himself officiates and prolongs the treat ;  
With busy speed from fish to pastry springs,  
Brings all the best, and tastes it ere he brings.

The clown exulting in his altered fate  
Lolls like a prince upon his bed of state,  
Thinks of his former fare with high disdain,  
Roves o'er the feast, and stuffs and swills again.  
When suddenly the doors with thundering noise  
Burst open and at once dispel their joys :  
Off in a trice each bounces from his chair,  
And scampers round the hall he scarce knows where :  
Anon, to add to their alarm, rush in  
Fierce hounds, the wide roof echoing to their din.

Then thus the rustic : " Friend, excuse my haste ;  
 Farewell ! this life may suit a town-bred taste :  
 Remote from danger rather let me dwell  
 Cheered with an acorn in my wild-wood cell ! "

HOWES.

#### SATIRE VII.

#### DIALOGUE WITH HIS SLAVE.

One of Horace's slaves, making use of the freedom allowed at the Saturnalia, rates his master in a droll and severe manner.

*" Jamdudum ausculto et cupiens tibi dicere servus."*

*Darus.* I'LL hear no more, and with impatience burn,  
 Slave as I am, to answer in my turn ;

And yet I fear— *Horace.* What ! *Davus*, is it you ?

*D.* Yes. *Davus*, sir, the faithful and the true.

With wit enough no sudden death to fear—

*H.* Well, since this jovial season of the year  
 Permits it, and our ancestors ordain,  
 No more thy dear impertinence restrain.

*D.* Among mankind, while some with steady view  
 One constant course of darling vice pursue,  
 Most others float along the changing tide,  
 And now to virtue, now to vice they glide.  
 Lo ! from three rings how *Priscus* plays the light ;  
 Now shows his naked hand—the various wight  
 With every hour a different habit wears :  
 Now in a palace haughtily appears,  
 Then hides him in some vile and filthy place,  
 Where a clean slave would blush to show his face.  
 Now rakes at home, and now to Athens flies ;  
 Intensely studies with the learned and wise.

Sure all the gods, who rule this varying earth,  
In deep despite presided at his birth.

Old Volanerius, once that man of joke,  
When the just gout his crippled fingers broke,  
Maintained a slave to gather up the dice,  
So constant was he to his darling vice.  
Yet less a wretch than he, who now maintains  
A steady course, now drives with looser reins.

*H.* Tell me, thou tedious varlet, whither tends  
This putrid stuff? *D.* At you direct it bends.

*H.* At me, you scoundrel? *D.* When with lavish  
praise

You vaunt the happiness of ancient days,  
Suppose some god should take you at your word,  
Would you not scorn the blessing you implored?  
Whether not yet convinced, as you pretend,  
Or weak the cause of virtue to defend;  
While sinking in the mire you strive, in vain,  
Too deeply plunged, to free your foot again.

When you're at Rome, the country has your sighs;  
A rustic gown, you vaunt into the skies  
The absent town. Perchance, if uninvited  
To sup abroad, oh! then you're so delighted  
With your own homely meal, that one would think  
That he, who next engages you to drink,  
Must tie you neck and heels; you seem so blessed  
When with no bumper-invitation pressed.

But should Mæcenus bid his poet wait  
(Great folks, like him, can never sup till late),  
Sputtering with idle rage the house you rend,  
“Where is my essence? Rogues, what! none  
attend?”

While the buffoons, you promised to have treated,  
Sneak off with curses—not to be repeated.



Fond of myself, too fond, perhaps, I seem ;  
I throw my nose up to a savoury steam :  
Or folks may call me, careless, idle sot,  
Or say I pledge too oft the other pot :  
But shall the man of deeper vice like you,  
With malice unprovoked my faults pursue,  
Because with specious phrase, and terms of art,  
You clothe, forsooth, the vices of your heart ?

What if a greater fool your worship's found,  
Than the poor slave you bought for twenty pound ?  
Think not to fright me with that threat'ning air,  
Nay keep your temper, sir, your fingers spare,  
While I the maxims, sage and wise, repeat,  
Taught me by Crispin's porter at his gate.

You take the yoke, and to the husband's rage  
Your fortune, person, life and fame engage.  
Have you escaped ? Methinks your future care  
Might wisely teach you to avoid the snare.  
No, you with ardour to the danger run,  
And dare a second time to be undone.  
Repeated slave ! What beast, that breaks his chain,  
In love with bondage would return again ?

But you, it seems, ne'er touch the wedded dame—  
Then, by the son of Jove, I here disclaim  
The name of thief, when, though with backward eye  
I wisely pass the silver goblet by.  
But take the danger, and the shame away,  
And vagrant Nature bounds upon her prey,  
Spurning the reins. But say, shall you pretend  
O'er me to lord it, who can vilely bend  
To each proud master ; to each changing hour  
A very slave ? Not even the prætor's power,  
With thrice-repeated rites, thy fears control,  
Or vindicate the freedom of thy soul.



But as the slave, who lords it o'er the rest,  
Is still a slave, a master slave at best,  
So art thou, insolent, by me obeyed ;  
Thou thing of wood and wires, by others played.

*H.* Who then is free ? *D.* The wise, who well  
maintains

An empire o'er himself : whom neither chains,  
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire,  
Who boldly answers to his warm desire,  
Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise,  
Firm in himself who on himself relies,  
Polished and round, who runs his proper course,  
And breaks misfortune with superior force.

What is there here, that you can justly claim,  
Or call your own ? When an imperious dame  
Demands her price, with insults vile pursues thee ;  
Driven out of doors, with water well bedews thee,  
Then calls you back ; for shame, shake off her chain,  
And boldly tell her you are free.—In vain ;  
A tyrant-lord thy better will restrains,  
And spurs thee hard, and breaks thee to his reins.

If some famed piece the painter's art displays,  
Transfixed you stand, with admiration gaze ;  
But is your worship's folly less than mine,  
When I with wonder view some rude design  
In crayons or in charcoal, to invite  
The crowd, to see the gladiators fight ?  
Methinks, in very deed they mount the stage,  
And seem in real combat to engage ;  
Now in strong attitude they dreadful bend ;  
Wounded they wound ; they parry and defend :  
Yet Davus is with rogue and rascal graced,  
But you're a critic, and a man of taste.

I am, forsooth, a good-for-nothing knave,  
When by a smoking pasty made a slave :  
In you it shows a soul erect and great,  
If you refuse even one luxurious treat.  
Why may not I, like you, my wish obey ?—  
“ My shoulders for the dear indulgence pay.”  
But should not you with heavier stripes be taught,  
Who search for luxuries ; how dearly bought !  
For soon this endless, this repeated feast,  
Its relish lost, shall pall upon the taste ;  
Then shall your trembling limbs refuse the weight  
Of a vile carcass with disease replete.

How seldom from the lash a slave escapes,  
Who trucks some trifle, that he stole, for grapes ?  
And shall we not the servile glutton rate,  
To please his throat who sells a good estate ?  
You cannot spend one vacant hour alone ;  
You cannot make that vacant hour your own.  
A self-deserter from yourself you stray,  
And now with wine, and now with sleep allay  
Your cares ; in vain : companions black as night,  
Thy pressing cares, arrest thee in thy flight.

*H.* Is there no stone ? *D.* At whom, good sir, to  
throw it ?

*H.* Have I no dart ? *D.* What mischief ails our poet ?  
He's mad, or making verses. *H.* Hence, you knave !  
Or to my farm I'll send you—the ninth slave.

FRANCIS.

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## SATIRE VIII.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE AND  
FUNDANIUS.*“Ut Nasidieni juvit te cœna beati.”*

I HOPE you liked the banquet, which they say  
The splendid Rufus gave you yesterday.  
For, when I wished you to partake my fare,  
I found you had been long carousing there.

*F.* Troth, never merrier in my life before.

*H.* What first came on ? *F.* A huge Lucanian boar,  
Caught, as we heard the master oft declare,  
What time the southern breeze blew fresh and fair.  
Rapes, lettuce, radishes were round it placed,  
With sundry sauces pungent to the taste,  
And formed the jaded appetite to teaze,  
As skirwort, pickled shad, and Coan lees.

This course withdrawn, a purple rug restored  
Its brilliant beauty to the maple board ;  
Another slave swept up the scraps that fell,  
That nothing might offend the sight or smell.  
Advancing next with step demure and staid,  
Slow as at Ceres' rites the Attic maid,  
The swart Hydaspes bore Cæcubian wine,—  
Alcon pure Chian undebased with brine.

Then thus our host bespoke his noble guest :  
“ Are these the wines, my Lord, you relish best ?  
If those of Alban or Falernian growth  
Please more, pray speak the word—we have them both.”

*H.* Poor pride of grandeur ! but I long to hear  
Who else, Fundanius, shared the luscious cheer.

*F.* Myself sat first—Thurinus next—below  
Varius, I think. At top, with Balatro

On this side and Vibidius on that,  
 Both ushered as *friend's friends* Mæcenat sat.  
 Above the master, Nomentanus graced  
 The couch, and Porcius was beneath him placed.  
 Oh, you'd have smiled to see the latter stuff  
 Whole tarts as if he ne'er could have enough.  
 The task of Nomentanus was to point  
 And pass encomiums upon every joint ;  
 For we, poor souls, were fed on fowl and fish .  
 So fine, we scarcely knew a single dish.  
 Which facts soon showed me ; for he sent a pile  
 Of plaice and turbot cooked in wondrous style :  
 Then told me honey-apples lose their hue  
 Unless they're gathered when the moon is new ;  
 But how their look affects the taste or smell  
 Ask him ; for troth 'tis more than I can tell.

Whispering to Balatro Vibidius vowed—  
 “ By heaven we'll drink revenge ”—then called aloud  
 For larger cups. A sudden paleness spoke  
 How heartily poor Rufus cursed the joke ;  
 Who hates these deep potations from his soul,  
 Since wit gains freedom from the flowing bowl,  
 And potent bumpers swallowed down in haste  
 Blunt the fine organs and confound the taste.  
 Anon by their example all combine  
 To drain with glee whole flagons-full of wine.  
 As for our host, and his supporters, they,  
 Poor sober souls, did little in that way.

But, while our goblets freely thus we crowned,  
 A lamprey comes with floating prawns around,  
 Stretched on a charger of stupendous size.  
 “ This fish is full of spawn,” the master cries :  
 “ Its flesh is therefore firm, I trust, and good.  
 The sauce has all the ingredients which it should :

Oil from Venafrican vats, rich Spanish brine ;  
 And, ere it boils, we mix old home-brewed wine  
 (For Chian after that is better far) ;  
 White pepper too, and Lesbian vinegar.  
 To pickle the green rocket, and to stew  
 Sour Elicampane, I'm the first who knew.  
 But sage Curtillus found for sauce the juice  
 Of cray-fish far more fit than that in use."

Meanwhile the awning overhead gave way,  
 And brought down hideous ruin and dismay,  
 With dust in such a thick and pitchy train  
 As Boreas ne'er brushed from bleak Campania's plain.  
 Startled at first, we sought anon t' explore  
 The cause ; when finding all the danger o'er,  
 Our fears subsided. Rufus hung the head,  
 And sobbed as if his only child were dead.  
 Heav'n only knows what would have been the end,  
 If Nomentanus had not cheered his friend  
 With kind condoling speeches such as this :  
 " Ah cruel Fortune, foe to human bliss !  
 Invidious power, it seems thy sole delight  
 All our enjoyments in the bud to blight."

Varius his laughter with a napkin scarce  
 Repressed : when Balatro to this dull farce  
 Contrived a more burlesque effect to give :  
 " Such are the terms," cried he, " on which we live !  
 And thus the fair renown, which all your toils  
 Had well-nigh won, this curst contingency spoils.  
 Here now are you for our delicious fare  
 Distracted with solicitude and care  
 For fear of ill-baked bread, ill-seasoned broth,  
 An awkward footman, or a greasy cloth.  
 Things will not fall out always as we wish :  
 A groom oft stumbling cracks a lordly dish ;

And times will happen, when, the deuce knows how,  
Awnings will fall as they have fallen now.  
But then a host's, like a commander's, skill.  
Obscured by good success, shines forth in ill."  
Then Rufus—"Heaven send all things to your mind,  
So good a creature are you and so kind!"  
Then, calling for his slippers, forth he fled;  
While round each couch the titt'ring whisper spread.

*H.* Gods, what a glorious sight must this have been!  
But come, recount the sequel of the scene.

*F.* Vibidius, calling for more wine, in joke  
Demanded if the flagons too were broke.  
A thousand fictions all our mirth expressed,  
And Balatro still seconded the jest.

When lo! as bent by prudence to repair  
Ill luck, comes Rufus back with altered air:  
Hard by in a huge dish two footmen bore  
A crane cut up and grilled, well sprinkled o'er  
With flour and salt: next, wondrous to the sight,  
Livers of geese fattened on figs, and white:  
The wings of hares plucked off and separate drest,  
As daintier far than eaten with the rest:  
With black-birds roasted to a coal and plump,  
And ring-doves fricasseed without the rump.  
Nice things in truth, if our officious host  
Had lectured less on boiled, stewed, fried, and roast.  
At last we fled, our sole revenge to eat  
Of scarce one tit-bit that composed the treat,  
As if Canidia o'er the whole repast  
Had breathed infection with her viperous blast.

CANON HOWES.

THE  
EPISTLES OF HORACE.





# THE EPISTLES OF HORACE.

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## BOOK I.

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### EPISTLE I.

#### TO MÆCENAS.

*“Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camena.”*

O THOU, to whom the Muse first tuned her lyre,  
Whose friendship shall her latest song inspire,  
Wherefore, Mæcenas, would you thus engage  
Your bard, dismissed with honour from the stage,  
Again to venture in the lists of fame,  
His youth, his genius, now no more the same?

Secure in his retreat Vejanius \* lies,  
Hangs up his arms, nor courts the doubtful prize;  
Wisely resolved to tempt his fate no more,  
Or the light crowd for his discharge implore.

The voice of reason cries with piercing force,  
Loose from the rapid car your aged horse,  
Lest in the race derided, left behind,  
Jaded he drag his limbs and burst his wind.

Then here farewell th' amusements of my youth;  
Farewell to verses; for the search of truth,  
And moral decency hath filled my breast,  
Hath every thought and faculty possessed;  
And I now form my philosophic lore,  
For all my future life a treasured store.

\* A celebrated gladiator who had obtained his dismissal. Retired gladiators hung up their arms at the gate of the temple of Hercules, the patron of their profession.

You ask, perhaps, what sect, what chief I own ;  
I'm of all sects, but blindly sworn to none ;  
For as the tempest drives I shape my way,  
Now active plunge into the world's wide sea ;  
Now Virtue's precepts rigidly defend,  
Nor to the world—the world to me shall bend :  
Then make some looser moralist my guide,  
And to the school less rigid smoothly glide.

As night seems tedious to th' expecting youth  
Whose fair one breaks her assignation-truth ;  
As to a slave appears the lengthened day,  
Who owes his task—for he received his pay ;  
As, when the guardian mother's too severe,  
Impatient minors waste their last long year ;  
So sadly slow the time ungrateful flows  
Which breaks th' important systems I propose :  
Systems, whose useful precepts might engage  
Both rich and poor ; both infancy and age ;  
But meaner precepts now my life must rule,  
These, the first rudiments of Wisdom's school.  
You cannot hope for Lynceus' piercing eyes :  
But will you then a strengthening salve despise ?  
You wish for matchless Glycon's limbs,\* in vain,  
Yet why not cure the gout's decrepit pain ?  
Though of exact perfection you despair,  
Yet every step to virtue's worth your care.

Even while you fear to use your present store,  
Yet glows your bosom with a lust of more ?

\* The commentators tell us from Diogenes Laertius, that Glycon was a philosopher who had made himself famous by his dexterity and skill in athletic exercises. But more probably the poet alluded to a statue which is still preserved in Rome, and of which Montfaucon speaks thus : 'Hercules of Farnese, the finest of all, is a masterpiece of art. It is the performance of Glycon the Athenian, who has immortalised his name by putting it at the bottom of this admirable statue.'—*Francis.*

The power of words, and soothing sounds can ease  
The raging pain, and lessen the disease.

Is fame your passion? Wisdom's powerful charm,  
If thrice read over, shall its force disarm.

The slave to envy, anger, wine, or love,  
The wretch of sloth, its excellence shall prove :

Fierceness itself shall hear its rage away,

When listening calmly to th' instructive lay.

Even in our flight from vice some virtue lies ;

And free from folly, we to wisdom rise.

A little fortune, and the foul disgrace,

To urge in vain your interest for a place ;

These are the ills you shun with deepest dread ;

With how much labour both of heart and head ?

That worst of evils, poverty, to shun,

Dauntless through seas, and rocks, and fires, you run

To farthest Ind, yet heedless to attend

To the calm lectures of some wiser friend,

Who bids you scorn, what now you most desire,

And with an idiot's ignorance admire.

What strolling gladiator would engage

For vile applause to mount a country stage,

Who at th' Olympic games could gain renown,

And without danger bear away the crown ?

Silver to gold, we own, should yield the prize,

And gold to virtue ; louder Folly cries,

“ Ye sons of Rome, let money first be sought ;

Virtue is only worth a second thought.”

This maxim echoes through the bankers' street,

While young and old the pleasing strain repeat :

For though you boast a larger fund of sense,

Untainted morals, honour, eloquence,

Yet want a little of the sum that buys

The titled honour, and you ne'er shall rise ;

Yet if you want the qualifying right  
Of such a fortune to be made a knight,  
You're a plebeian still. Yet children sing,  
Amid their sports, "Do right, and be a king." \*

Be this thy brazen bulwark of defence,  
Still to preserve thy conscious innocence,  
Nor e'er turn pale with guilt. But, prithee, tell,  
Shall Otho's law the children's song excel?  
The sons of ancient Rome first sung the strain  
That bids the wise, the brave, the virtuous reign.

My friend, get money; get a large estate,  
By honest means; but get, at any rate,  
That you with knights and senators may sit,  
And view the weeping scenes that Pupius writ.  
But is he not a friend of nobler kind  
Who wisely fashions, and informs thy mind,  
To answer, with a soul erect and brave,  
To Fortune's pride, and scorn to be her slave?

But should the people ask me, while I choose  
The public converse, wherefore I refuse  
To join the public judgment, and approve,  
Or fly whatever they dislike, or love;  
Mine be the answer prudent Reynard made  
To the sick lion—"Truly, I'm afraid,  
When I behold the steps, that to thy den  
Look forward all, but none return again."

But what a many-headed beast is Rome!  
For what opinion shall I choose, or whom?  
Some joy the public revenues to farm;  
By presents some our greedy widows charm;

\* We cannot justly say what this game was. Torrentius, with much probability, conjectures that it was the *Urania* of the Greeks, in which a ball was thrown into the air, and the boy who struck it oftenest before it fell to the ground was called king of the game.—*Francis*.

Others their nets for dying dotards lay,  
And make the childless bachelor their prey ;  
By dark extortion some their fortunes raise ;  
Thus every man some different passion sways ;  
For where is he, who can with steady view  
Even for an hour his favourite scheme pursue ?

If a rich lord, in wanton rapture, cries,  
“ What place on earth with charming Baiæ vies ? ”  
Soon the broad lake and spreading sea shall prove  
Th’ impatient whims of his impetuous love ;  
But if his fancy point some other way  
(Which, like a sign from heaven, he must obey),  
Instant, ye builders, to Teanum haste,  
An inland country is his lordship’s taste.  
Knows he the genial bed, the fruitful wife ?  
“ Oh ! then the bliss of an unmarried life ! ”  
Is he a bachelor ? the only blessed,  
He swears, are of the bridal joy possessed !  
Say, while he changes thus, what chains can bind  
These various forms ; this Proteus of the mind ?

But now to lower objects turn your eyes,  
And, lo ! what scenes of ridicule arise !  
The poor, in mimicry of heart, presumes  
To change his barbers, baths, and beds, and rooms ;  
And, since the rich in their own barges ride,  
He hires a boat, and pukes in mimic pride.

If some unlucky barber notch my hair,  
Or if my robes of different length I wear ;  
If my new vest a tattered shirt confess,  
You laugh to see such quarrels in my dress :  
But if my judgment, with itself at strife,  
Should contradict my general course of life ;  
Should now despise what it with warmth pursued,  
And earnest wish for what with scorn it viewed ;

Float like the tide ; now high the building raise :  
 Now pull it down ; nor round, nor square can please ;  
 You call it madness of the usual kind,  
 Nor laugh, nor think trustees should be assigned  
 To manage my estate ; nor seem afraid  
 That I shall want the kind physician's aid.  
 While yet, my great protector and my friend,  
 On whom my fortune and my hopes depend,  
 An ill-pared nail you with resentment see  
 In one, who loves and honours you like me.

In short, the wise is only less than Jove,  
 Rich, free, and handsome ; nay, a king above  
 All earthly kings ; with health supremely blessed—  
 Except when drivelling phlegm disturbs his rest.

FRANCIS.

## EPISTLE II.

### TO LOLLIUS.\*

*“Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli.”*

WHILE in the schools of Rome, you, Lollius ! plead,  
 I at Præneste with new rapture read  
 The tale of Troy divine, whose facts declare  
 Where moral fitness lies—expedience where,  
 Better than all the logic of the sage,  
 Than Crantor's precepts or Chrysippus' page.  
 Ask you wherein our bard instructs so well ?  
 If time permit, give audience while I tell.

When he records the slow-consuming strife  
 That Greece encountered for a treacherous wife,  
 His glowing pencil paints what mischief springs  
 From the mad broils of nations and of kings.

\* To whom is addressed the ninth ode of the fourth book. He was the son of M. Lollius, a former Consul.

Antenor would the cause of war remove :  
Fond Paris deems the world well lost for love.  
Nestor in all the majesty of age  
Steps forth by sapient counsel to assuage  
The wrath that 'twixt the royal chieftains rose,  
Wrath better shown against their common foes ;—  
In vain :—To pride and passion each holds true ;  
And while the monarchs rave, the people rue.  
By envy, faction, lust, and fraud they sin  
Alike without Troy's bulwarks and within.

What a firm soul and valorous heart avail  
Mark in the hero of his second tale,—  
Who, when the Trojan towers in dust were laid,  
Saw various realms and well their manners weighed,—  
And, toiling long his native shore to gain,  
Stemmed countless hardships on the stormy main,—  
Firm in adversity, in peril brave,  
And buoyant upon Fortune's roughest wave.  
You know the Sirens' song and Circe's draught,  
Which had he with his crew unguarded quaffed,  
A harlot's slave he had been doomed to pine  
Sunk in the senseless hound or wallowing swine.  
See pictured in the revelling suitor-train  
The sensual, the voluptuous, and the vain !  
Mark the spruce fribbles of Alcinous' court,  
Soft sons of sloth dissolved in amorous sport,  
Who snored till midnight, and to melting airs  
Lulled in delicious trance life's anxious cares !  
How many still with these poor idlers vie,  
Born but to eat and drink and sleep and die !

Rogues watch by night the traveller to enthrall ;  
And will not you awake to save your all ?  
Who will not walk while healthy, will be fain  
To run when dropsy swells in every vein.



And you, unless you will (while yet you may)  
Call for a book and lamp ere break of day,  
And casting drowsy lethargy behind  
To high and heavenly studies gird your mind,  
Shall conscience-stung unwilling vigils keep  
Or with heart-gnawing passions watch and weep,—  
Haunted with love, deprest with deep chagrin,  
Or writhing in the agonies of spleen.  
How strange is this ! if ought the eye offends,  
You straight remove it and the anguish ends ;  
If ought corrodes the mind, some slight pretence  
Serves to protract the cure a twelvemonth hence.  
In virtue's race to start is half to win ;  
Come then, be wise—take courage and begin !  
He that defers life's task from day to day,  
Is like the simple clown who thought to stay  
Till the full stream that stopt him should be gone :—  
Alas ! the tide still rolls and ever will roll on !

For gold to portioned nymphs we plight the vow ;  
For gold the woodlands fret beneath our plough.  
Nathless who's rich, that is not satisfied ?—  
Who poor, but he whose wants are unsupplied ?  
Never did house, or land, or gold afford  
An hour's short respite to their sickening lord,  
Soothe with soft balm the fever's throbbing smart,  
Or pluck one rooted sorrow from the heart.  
If health be wanting, riches quickly cloy ;  
'Tis vain to hoard, unless we can enjoy.  
Who frets or covets, wealth can please no more  
Than pictures him whose eyes with rheum run o'er—  
Than furs and flannels can the cripple cheer,  
Or warbling music charm an aching ear.  
Life's every relish lies beyond his power,  
As in the tainted vessel all turns sour.



Spurn empty pleasures ; little is the gain  
Of luxury purchased at the price of pain.  
Draw some fixed line where your desires may rest :  
Th' insatiate miser ever is distressed.  
Pale envy sees a neighbour's happier plight,  
Eyes it askance and sickens at the sight.  
No torment could Sicilian tyrants find  
To rack the frame as envy racks the mind.  
He that takes fire at insults never meant  
And gives the rein to wrath, will soon repent,  
Cursing in bitterness of soul the blow  
That burst in vengeance on his fancied foe.  
Think what remorse ungoverned anger brews,  
Grows by neglect, and unsubdued subdues.  
'Tis a short madness : calm the rising fit ;  
Curb it betimes, and tame it to your bit.  
The mettled courser under strict manége  
Trained while a colt to droop his haughty rage,  
Is schooled by slow degrees man's will to know,  
And goes the way his rider bids him go.  
The stag-hound, from what time at instinct's call  
He bayed the buck-skin in his master's hall,  
Learned at the bugle's note to scour the plain  
And in the wild-wood served a long campaign.  
Would you be wise,—imbibe in earliest youth  
Instruction's lore, and suck the milk of truth.  
Whatever juice the virgin cask imbue,  
It keeps the savour which it drank while new.

Such are the rules which I would fain enforce ;  
By such, at least, I'll steer my steady course ;  
Lag those behind who will, or take the lead—  
I neither bide their sloth, nor emulate their speed.

HOWES.

## EPISTLE III.

## TO JULIUS FLORUS,

THEN ON THE STAFF OF TIBERIUS (AFTERWARDS  
EMPEROR) IN SYRIA.

*"Juli Flore, quibus terrarum mililet oris."*

TELL me, dear Florus ! in what coasts afar  
Does Cæsar's step-son launch the bolts of war ?  
Tread ye the confines still of Thracian ground,  
Where Hebrus halts in icy fetters bound ?—  
Or span the straits that part the turrets twain,  
Or cling to Asia's hills and rich campaign ?  
Say, too, what works engage the lettered corps ?  
What bold adventurer 'mid the sons of lore  
Records great Cæsar's deeds in deathless page,  
And hands his glories to a distant age ?  
What news of dear Septimius,\* sure 'erelong  
To rise the theme of every Roman tongue,—  
That bard who scorning with indignant look  
To sip the shallow pool and vulgar brook,  
Drank deep at once of the Pindaric well,  
And smote with Latian hand the Theban shell ?  
Is he in health ? and does he condescend  
To cast some thoughts upon his absent friend ?  
Does he prefer to pour the raptured rhyme  
Waking the slumbering lyre to themes sublime,—  
Or swell the gorgeous phrase with Tragic art,  
Till pity melt or horror thrill the heart ?

How fares my Celsus, whom again 'twere fit  
We warn to search at home for native wit,

\* Titius, a young poet with Tiberius who had just then received orders from Augustus to go to Armenia and replace Tigranes on the throne.

Nor with bold hand appropriate to himself  
 What once has decked Apollo's sacred shelf,  
 Lest, when the fowls their several plumes reclaim,  
 The jack-daw stripped be put to open shame ?

What banks of wild-thyme do *you* flutter o'er ?  
 What new-found sweets on busy wing explore ?  
 Yours is no vulgar genius ; yours a mind  
 By nature richly fraught—by art refined.  
 Whether you keenly urge a client's cause  
 Or nicely solve some riddle of the laws,  
 Or in bold numbers build the matchless song,  
 To you the ivy's \* richest wreaths belong.  
 And, could you leave the world's low cares behind,  
 Those balms corrosive that benumb the mind,  
 To Virtue's brighter crown you would essay  
 And tread where heaven-born wisdom points the way.  
 This be our work—our early task and late,—  
 This the chief prize pursued by small and great,  
 If life's declining moments we would cheer,—  
 If to our country and ourselves be dear !

Inform me, likewise, if at length you view  
 Munatius † with the kindness which is due  
 To his deserts ? or does soft friendship's band,  
 So rudely rent by frowning Discord's hand,  
 Refuse to reunite ; and, knit in vain,  
 On every slight suspicion burst again ?  
 Whether ye err through the warm blood of youth  
 Or deafness to the sacred voice of truth,—  
 Where'er ye dwell, too generous both and good  
 To break the hallowed league of brotherhood,

\* Ivy was the wreath of poets and learned men.

† Munatius Plancus, believed to be the son of Munatius Plancus, to whom Ode VII., Book I., is addressed.

And worthy both with nobler heats to burn,—  
 Know that a votive steer awaits your wished return.

HOWES.

EPISTLE IV.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS,

THE POET, AT HIS VILLA NEAR TIVOLI.

*“Albi nostrorum sermonum candide iudex.”*

ALBIUS, in whom my satires find  
 A candid critic, and a kind,  
 Do you, while at your country seat,  
 Some rhyming labours meditate,  
 That shall in volumed bulk arise,  
 And even from Cassius bear the prize;  
 Or saunter through the silent wood,  
 Musing on what befits the wise and good?

Thou art not formed of lifeless mould,  
 With breast inanimate and cold;  
 To thee the gods a form complete,—  
 To thee the gods a fair estate—  
 In bounty gave, with art to know  
 How to enjoy what they bestow.

Can a fond nurse one blessing more  
 Even for her favourite boy implore,  
 With sense and clear expression blessed,  
 Of friendship, honour, health possessed,  
 A table, elegantly plain,  
 And a poetic, easy vein?

By hope inspired, depressed with fear,  
 By passion warmed, perplexed with care,  
 Believe, that every morning's ray  
 Hath lighted up thy latest day;

Then, if to-morrow's sun be thine,  
With double lustre shall it shine.

Such are the maxims I embrace,  
And here, in sleek and joyous case,  
You'll find, for laughter fitly bred,  
A hog by Epicurus fed.

FRANCIS.

EPISTLE V.

TO TORQUATUS,\*

WHOM HORACE INVITES TO A FEAST IN HONOUR  
OF THE BIRTHDAY OF AUGUSTUS.

*"Si potes Archiacis conviva recumbere lectis."*

IF, dear Torquatus ! you can rest your head  
On couches such as homely Archias made,  
Nor on a dish of simple pot-herbs frown,  
I shall expect you as the sun goes down.  
Wine you shall quaff such as the grapes afford  
Between Minturnæ and Petrinum, stored  
In Taurus' second year. If to your share  
Fall better, send it ; or—*support the chair*.  
All things are spruce and trim my guest to greet,  
The hearth well burnished and the side-board neat.  
A truce with carking care ! bid Moschus' cause  
Wait for a season, and adjourn the laws,  
To-morrow, recollect, the courts must close ;  
'Tis Cæsar's birth-day, sacred to repose.  
Without a scruple till the morning's light  
We'll wear in jocund chat the summer night.

\* To whom was addressed the seventh ode of the fourth book.

What boots that fortune whence no joy accrues ?  
Or what's to me the wealth I must not use ?  
'Tis little short of madness sure, to spare  
And scramble only to enrich one's heir.  
Rather let's scatter flowers and quaff at ease,  
And leave grave fools to cavil as they please !  
What magic wonders cannot topping do ?  
It drags the smothered secret forth to view ;  
Presents fair hopes by glowing fancy sealed ;  
Bids the poltroon rush to th' embattled field ;  
Takes from the drooping heart its load of pain ;  
And with strange lore informs the blockhead's brain :  
What tongue but flows with eloquence divine,—  
What beggar but will sing, inspired by wine ?

Be mine the not unwelcome task to see  
That every couch and cloth from dust be free ;  
That not a napkin's dirt the board disgrace ;  
That every dish and cup reflect your face ;  
That 'mid the well-assorted group be found  
No spy to blab the mirth that circles round ;  
That all unite well-pleased with one another,  
And that each guest behold in each a brother.  
Good Butra and Septicius will be there ;  
Sabinus too, if no more tempting fair  
Or feast detain him. Room we can afford  
For some friends' friends ; but an o'ercrowded board  
Offends nice nerves. How many is your suite  
You mean to bring, write back ; and (I repeat)  
A truce with toil, give gloomy business o'er,  
And balk your client at the postern door.

HOWES.

## EPISTLE VI.

## TO NUMICIUS.

ON THE TRUE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

*“ Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici.”*

To look at nothing with admiring eyes,—  
In this short precept, dear Numicius ! lies  
The art of human happiness compressed,—  
The one sure way to make and keep us blest.  
Yon moon and stars that shoot a trembling ray,  
The glad vicissitudes of night and day,  
The sun, the seasons true to nature’s law—  
There are who view untouched with wondering awe.  
What deem you then of earth’s inferior stores,  
Of ocean’s treasures poured on Indian shores,  
Of place and pomp and Rome’s applauding noise—  
With what indifference should we view such toys !

Who fears their opposites, or who desires  
The things themselves, in either case *admires*.  
Each fixing on vain show a vacant eye  
Stares at he knows not what—he knows not why :  
Whether we loathe or covet, laugh or mourn,  
No matter, if, alike by passion borne,  
Each object that belies what fancy drew  
Entrance the senses and arrest the view.

Ev’n virtue followed beyond reason’s rule  
May stamp the just man knave—the sage a fool.  
Hear this, ye vain ! then greet with fond applause  
The sculptured silver or the Parian vase :—  
Pore on some bronze antique with ravished eye,  
Or grasp the glittering gem and Tyrian dye :—  
Rejoice that at the waving of your hand  
With eager gaze a listening rabble stand :—

Off to the courts betimes at interest's call,  
Nor thence retire till evening's shadows fall,  
Lest upstart Mutus (oh the foul disgrace !)  
Eclipse the glories of your nobler race.—  
His dotal your paternal farms outdo,  
And so you crouch to him—not he to you.

All-changing time now darkens what was bright,  
Now ushers out of darkness into light.  
Flaunt in the mall and flutter as you may,  
Or scour with whirling wheel the Appian way,—  
Known or obscure, you must with all your care  
Descend where Numa and old Ancus are.

If sharp distemper riot in your reins,  
You seek by med'cine's aid to soothe its pains,  
Would you (who would not ?) live by reason's laws  
And gain true bliss ?—First ascertain the cause.  
Can Virtue only grant the wished-for end,  
Rouse and to her your manliest efforts bend.  
Is she but words which fools would strive to fix,  
As hallowed groves are after all but sticks ?  
Be first to run to port, spread all your sails,  
Forestall the market, watch your Phrygian bales ;  
Add use to principal and sum to sum,  
And toil till you have raised a fair round *plum* :  
Proceed to double this—nay stop not there ;  
Triple it then—and then complete the square.  
For why—a portioned wife, fair fame, and friends,  
Beauty and birth on sovereign *Wealth* attends.  
Blest is her vot'ry throned his bags among !  
Persuasion's self sits perched upon his tongue ;  
Love beams in every feature of his face,  
And every gesture beams celestial grace.  
Avoid the Cappadocian monarch's curse,  
Who, rich in slaves, is penniless in purse.



Lucullus once being asked (the story goes)  
 For five-score cloaks of frieze to grace the shows,—  
 “Five-score!” he cried; “you over-rate my powers:  
 But I’ll inquire; and what I have, are yours.”  
 Next day he writes—“there were within his call  
 Five thousand—they might take a part or all!”  
 No house is rich but that, where much o’erflows  
 Which varlets rifle and no master knows.  
 If wealth, then, leads to pure and lasting bliss,  
 This be your earliest task—your latest this!

If influence and the people’s favour claims  
 The prize, let’s hire a slave to tell their names,  
 And prompt us when to bow and whom to greet  
 With ready smile across the crowded street:  
 “These in the Fabian tribe some votes command,  
 Those in the Veline; prithee, stretch your hand.  
 This great man gives the *fascēs*; that—beware—  
 From whom he will with-holds the ivory chair.”  
 Caress them all: call one your friend; another  
 Hail *father*, as his years may suit, or *brother*.

If he alone lives well who is well fed  
 See, morning dawns; up, sluggard, from your bed  
 Forth to the shambles, fish and flesh provide,  
 True bliss your aim, and gluttony your guide!  
 Hunt as Gargilius did, who through the throng  
 With nets and poles each morning pushed along,  
 That that same throng might see the long-drawn  
     train

With one poor purchased boar sneak back again.  
 Then bathe replete with undigested food,  
 Deaf to the censure of the wise and good.  
 Forfeit your franchise: Let Ulysses’ crew,  
 Who scorned their home for luxury, yield to you.

If without love and dalliance life can give

(As sings Mimnermus \* no delight, why—live  
 In love and dalliance. In a word, whate'er  
 Can make life happiest, point your efforts here.  
 Farewell ! and if my doctrine seem amiss,  
 With candour set me right :—if not, take this !

HOWES.

EPISTLE VII.

TO MÆCENAS.

ON THE WISDOM OF CONTENTMENT.

*“Quinque dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum.”*

PLEDGED in the country but five nights to stay—  
 August is past, and lo ! I still delay,  
 False to my word. But if, dear sir, you care  
 To see me in good plight and debonair,  
 That license which you grant me sick, I know  
 You'll not deny me fearing to be so,—  
 Now that pale Autumn marshals forth again  
 The undertaker with his rueful train,—  
 While each fond mother with distraction wild  
 Hangs o'er the pillow of her sickening child,—  
 While levees thronged and law-courts never still  
 Let loose the fever and unseal the will.  
 But when autumnal drought to winter yields  
 And drifting snows have bleached the Alban fields,  
 Down to the sea your poet will retire  
 To read in comfort couched beside the fire ;  
 Anon, when zephyrs breathe and swallows sing,  
 To greet his patron with returning spring.

Your kindness, sir, to me, is really kind ;—  
 Not like the boons of some Calabrian hind

\* A poet of Colophon in Italy, about 590 B.C.

With fulsome zeal that will not be repressed

Forcing his pears upon the sated guest.

“Come, eat them, pray!”—“I’ve eaten all I would.”

“Then pocket what you please.”—“You’re very good.

Your infant tribe would deem them no bad store.

I’m as obliged as if I took a score.”

“Well, please yourself; but know, what you decline

Will fall ere night a portion to the swine.”

The spendthrift and the fool are so polite,

They give to others what they hate or slight;

And where love’s seed is sown with hand so rude,

No wonder if the crop’s ingratitude.

The good and wise, though anxious to uphold

True worth, yet wot that lupines are not gold.

For me, I ever shall be proud to raise

My worth in justice to my patron’s praise:

But, would you have me never quit your side,

First give me back those locks whose jetty pride

Once clustered o’er my brow in gallant trim;—

Give back the well-strung nerve and vigorous limb;—

With that gay converse and those spirits light

That o’er the bowl deplored coy Cynara’s flight.

A Fox’s whelp one day half-famished stole

Into a corn-bin through a narrow hole;

Where having gorged his fill, he strove in vain

To squeeze his bloated carcase out again:

“Friend,” cried a weazel near, “first mend your shape;

You entered lean, and lean you must escape.”

Should Fortune ever, on this footing, call

Her favours back, I could resign them all;

Nor, capon-fed, with hypocritic air

Would I preach up the peasant’s frugal fare;

Nor should the wealth of all Arabia please,

Taxed with the loss of liberty and ease.

Oft have you praised me as of modest views,  
More prompt to laud your bounty than abuse ;  
Oft in your presence, nor less oft away,  
As my liege-lord I've hailed your gentle sway.  
Try me—and (though with thanks received) you'll find  
Your gifts can be with cheerfulness resigned.  
Well did Ulysses' son, as poets sing,  
Thank for his proffered steeds the Spartan king :—  
“ The rocky island whence I drew my birth,  
Albeit to me the loveliest spot on earth,  
Nor stretched in plains nor rich in grassy food  
Is ill-adapted for the equine brood :  
Wherefore I would renounce, if you permit,  
Those boons, good monarch ! for yourself more fit.”  
Small things become the small : for me Rome's noise  
And pomp imperial now present no joys,  
Far more disposed to dream away the hours  
In Tibur's peaceful shades or soft Tarentum's bowers.

Philippus, for his pleadings famed afar,  
Alert and bold, returning from the Bar  
About the hour of two one sultry day,  
And now complaining that the length of way  
Grew for his years too much, espied ('tis said)  
A smug-faced cit beneath a barber's shed  
Paring his nails with easy unconcern ;—  
Then called his lackey—“ Boy, step in and learn  
Who this may be—his family—his fame—  
Where he resides—and what's his patron's name.”  
The lad (by name Demetrius) lacked not skill  
Or promptness to despatch his master's will.  
He flies—returns—informs him in a trice,  
'Twas one Vulteius Mena, pure from vice,  
Of humble means, by trade an auctioneer,  
Who bustled to and fro to raise the gear,

Lounged when his daily toils were at an end,  
Was fain to get, but not afraid to spend ;—  
Mixed with acquaintance of his own degree,  
Had a fixed dwelling, and enjoyed with glee  
The public shows ; or, when his work was done,  
In Mars's field at tennis would make one.  
“ Troth, I should like to know the wight ; go, say  
I should be glad he'd dine with me to-day.”  
Mena, the message heard, in mute surprise  
Stares, and can scarce believe his ears and eyes ;  
Begs his devout acknowledgments,—in sum  
Feels flattered and obliged, but cannot come.  
“ How! does the wretch then slight me ? ”—“ Even so,  
And through contempt or shyness answers, no.”  
Next morning, as Philippus strolls along,  
He 'spies Vultei<sup>us</sup> to a tuniced throng  
Vending cheap wares, and having crossed the street,  
Makes toward his client and is first to greet.  
He, humbly bowing, pleads the ties of trade  
And business, that he had not early paid  
His compliments ; ev'n now, in toils immersed,  
Is shocked to think he had not hailed him first.  
“ On one condition be your pleas allowed—  
Dine with me to-day.”—“ Sir, I shall be proud.”  
“ Enough—you'll come at the ninth hour ; 'till which  
Go, ply your trade and labour to be rich.”  
The hour arrives—he goes—and having said  
Some wisdom and some foolery, hies to bed.  
Day after day when thus he kindly took  
The flattering bait and nibbled round the hook,  
A morning dangler now and constant guest ;  
What time the Latian festival gives rest  
To wrangling law-courts, he's invited down  
To see his patron's seat not far from town,

Perched in the chaise, he lauds in terms most high  
The golden crops, green lawns, and Sabine sky.  
Philippus, much diverted all the while,  
Sees his scheme work and sees it with a smile,  
Resolved with all chance pastime care to drown,  
In short, seven thousand sesterces paid down,  
With seven more proffered at an easy rate,  
Tempt him to buy and farm a snug estate.  
'Tis bought ; and (not to spin my story out)  
The smart cit drops into the rustic lout ;—  
He prattles of his tilth and vines—prepares  
His elms—and launches in a sea of cares,  
Stung to the quick with gain's delusive itch  
And pining with the thirst of waxing rich.  
Soon after (mark the change !) night-plunderers seize  
His lambs ; his she goats perish with disease ;  
Now blighted harvests mock his hopes ; and now  
The jaded ox drops dead beneath his plough.  
Teased with his losses, cursing fortune's spite,  
Snatching his nag at the mid hour of night,  
Half-frantic to his patron's seat he goes,  
Unshorn, with squalid garb that speaks his woes.  
“ How now ! ” Philippus cries, “ Your looks are such,  
I fear you drudge too hard and toil too much.”  
“ Troth, patron ! to this merit I've no claim ;  
Wretched I am, and that's my proper name.  
Then oh ! by all the ties of faith and love,  
By all your boons, and by the powers above,  
Kind sir ! I do conjure you and implore,  
Replace me in my pristine state once more.”

The moral of my tale is briefly this :  
Let him who finds that he has changed amiss,  
And that his promised joy turns out but pain,  
With all convenient speed change back again !

'Tis a sound rule that each man has his pleasure,  
And each should mete himself by his own measure.

HOWES.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO CELSUS ALBINOVANUS

WITH THE STAFF OF TIBERIUS IN ASIA.

*“ Celso gaudere et bene rem gerere Albinovano.”*

To Celsus, Muse, my warmest wishes bear,  
And if he kindly ask you how I fare,  
Say, though I threaten many a fair design,  
Nor happiness, nor wisdom, yet are mine.  
Not that the driving hail my vineyards beat ;  
Not that my olives are destroyed with heat ;  
Not that my cattle pine in distant plains—  
More in my mind than body lie my pains.  
Reading I hate, and with unwilling ear  
The voice of comfort, or of health I hear ;  
Friends or physicians I with pain endure,  
Who strive this languor of my soul to cure.  
Whate'er may hurt me, I with joy pursue ;  
Whate'er may do me good, with horror view.  
Inconstant as the wind, I various rove ;  
At Tibur, Rome ; at Rome, I Tibur love.

Ask how he does ; what happy arts support  
His prince's favour, nor offend the court ;  
If all be well, say first, that we rejoice,  
And then, remember, with a gentle voice  
Instil this precept on his listening ear,

*“ As you your fortune, we shall Celsus bear.”*

FRANCIS.



## EPISTLE IX.

## TO CLAUDIUS NERO.

HORACE RECOMMENDS SEPTIMIUS TO TIBERIUS  
CLAUDIUS NERO.

*"Septimius, Claudî, nimirum intelligit unus."*

SEPTIMIUS only knows, at least, would seem  
To know, the rank I hold in your esteem ;  
Then asks, nay more, compels me to present him  
(Nor will a moderate share of praise content him),  
Worthy of Nero's family, and heart,  
Where only men of merit claim a part.  
Where fondly he persuades himself I hold  
A place among your nearer friends enrolled,  
Much better than myself he sees and knows  
How far my int'rest with Tiberius goes.

A thousand things I urged to be excused ;  
Though fearful, if too warmly I refused,  
I might, perhaps, a mean dissembler seem,  
To make a property of your esteem.

Thus have I with a friend's request complied,  
And on the confidence of courts relied :  
If you forgive me, to your heart receive  
The man I love, and know him good and brave.

FRANCIS.

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## EPISTLE X.

## TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS

A POET AND ORATOR WHO PREFERRED A TOWN LIFE,  
HORACE WRITES IN PRAISE OF THE COUNTRY.

*“ Urbis amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus.”*

HEALTH to my Fuscus in the town so blest—  
Health from his friend who loves the country best !  
In this one point of widely different creed,  
In others no twin-brethren more agreed ;  
Of kindred taste, like fond old turtle doves,  
Whatever either likes, the other loves.  
You keep the nest ;—I praise the rural shade,  
The moss-grown rock, clear brook, and woodland glade :  
In short, I live—I reign—when I retire  
From all that you town-lovers so admire ;  
And, like some slave from the priest's service fled,  
Cloyed with rich cakes, I long for wholesome bread.

If to conform to Nature's rules be right,  
Then—for a dwelling would you chuse a site—  
Where can a fitter lovelier spot be found  
Than in the fields where plenty smiles around ?  
Where blows the wintry blast less frore ? or where  
Do fresher breezes fan the sultry air,  
What time the Dog-star glows with maddening ire  
And the chafed Lion sets the world on fire ?  
Where do malignant passions less molest  
And chase soft slumber from the care-worn breast ?  
Does the green turf less charm the smell or sight  
Than gaudy floors with Libyan marbles pight ?  
Is water, which through lead from street to street  
Heaves sullenly and slow, more pure or sweet

Than that which gurgling from the fountain-head  
Sports in meanders o'er its pebbly bed ?

Their airy height where streaky columns rear,  
The shrub is taught to wave its foliage near ;  
And praise awaits the dome whose front commands  
An ample view of lawns and cultured lands.  
Thus, chase her out of doors—do what you will—  
Nature renews the charge and triumphs still ;  
Spurns the weak barriers which caprice would lay  
Athwart her course, and boldly bursts her way.

Not to the merchant, whose unpractised eye  
Knows not Aquinum's from the Tyrian dye,  
More galling crosses or more sure ensue,  
Than to the man who takes false joys for true.  
Who prizes fortune at too high a rate,  
Will shrink with horror at an altered state.  
What's grasped with ecstasy, is lost with pain :  
View then the pomp of grandeur with disdain.  
The straw-roofed shed more comfort may bestow  
Than monarchs or their minions e'er can know.

It chanced that after many a well-fought bout  
The Stag contrived to put the Horse to rout ;  
Till, from his pasture driven, the foe thought fit  
To ask the aid of man and took the bit.  
He conquered ; but, his triumph o'er, began  
To find he could shake off nor bit nor man.  
Such is the fate of him who, if he please,  
Might rest in humble competence and ease,  
Yet through the dread of penury has sold  
That independence which surpasses gold.  
Henceforth he'll serve a tyrant for his pains,  
And stand or budge as avarice pulls the reins.

Whene'er our wants square ill with our estate,  
Be it or very small or very great,

'Tis like an ill-made shoe which gives a fall  
 If 'tis too large ; and pinches if too small.  
 Be then, my Fuscus ! wise : enjoy your store ;  
 But check the ever-restless wish for more.  
 Prize what you have—disdain what you have not,  
 And live contented with your destined lot.  
 Me, too, reprove where'er I seem in quest  
 Of more than is enough, and know no rest :  
 That lucre, since it must be slave or lord,  
 May rather bear, than pull, the servile cord.

This near Vacuna's mouldering shrine I penned,  
 Well-pleased, and wanting nothing—save my friend.

HOWES.

# EPISTLE XI.

## TO BULLATIUS,

WHO WAS TRAVELLING TO DISSIPATE ENNUI.

*“ Quid tibi visa Chios, Bullati, notaque Lesbos ? ”*

How fares my friend Bullatius ? has the shore  
 Of Chios or famed Lesbos charmed him more ?  
 Does Samos, lovely isle, his fancy meet,—  
 Or Sardis, once the Lydian monarch's seat ?  
 Is Smyrna more, or Colophon, his care !  
 Belie they, or surpass, the fame they bear ?  
 Or must they all for sober luxury yield  
 To Tiber's wave and Mars's sunny field ?  
 Of those fair towns has he selected one  
 Where Attalus in eastern splendour shone ?  
 Or, tired of rocky seas and rugged ways,  
 Does he thus chaunt of Lebedos the praise ?  
 “ You know lone Lebedos,—more calm and still  
 Than Gabii or Fidenæ ; yet my will

Tempts me to settle in that peaceful spot,  
My friends forgetting—by my friends forgot,  
Where safe on shore I may behold afar  
The howling surge and elemental war.”

Yet he that posts through mire and rain to Rome  
From Capua, will not make an inn his *home* ;  
Nor, if one bathe perchance to cure a cold,  
Will he forthwith the stove and bagnio hold  
Of human bliss the one sure *recipe* :  
Neither, if tost by a rude squall at sea,  
Should you your ship across the Ægean sell.  
Trust me, my friend, to him that's sound and well  
Delicious Rhodes and Mitylene fair  
Like furs in June or silks in winter are,—  
Tiber to swimmers during frost and fog,  
Or in mid Autumn's drought the blazing log.  
Spend then, while fortune smiles, at Rome your days ;  
There, if you will, Rhodes, Chios, Samos praise.  
Accept with grateful heart each joyous hour  
Which bounteous heaven shall place within your power ;  
Live while you may ; seize pleasure while 'tis near ;  
Nor put enjoyment off from year to year ;  
That you may say, where'er your lot be cast,  
My life according to my wish has past.  
For if 'tis wisdom gives content and ease—  
Not a fair prospect of expanded seas,  
Who roam abroad from shore to shore, shall find  
They change the climate only, not the mind.  
Idly alert we traverse sea and land  
In quest of happiness that lies at hand.  
Let but good sense each fretful whim control  
And tranquillize the tumults of the soul,  
'Tis here—'tis anywhere : you cannot miss ;  
And Ulubræ may prove the seat of bliss.—

## EPISTLE XII.

## TO HIS FRIEND ICCIUS.\*

## A LETTER OF ADVICE.

*“Fructibus Agrippæ Siculis, quos colligis, Icci.”*

ICCIUS ! the fruits of fair Sicilia's lands  
 Placed by Agrippa in your trusty hands  
 If you enjoy aright, not Jove's own power  
 Could in your bosom greater affluence shower.  
 Hush then vain murmurs—throw complaint aside !  
 He ne'er is poor, whose wants are well supplied.  
 Possessed of health and food and raiment, know  
 Arabia's treasures can no more bestow.  
 If, with the choicest viands on your board,  
 Wild herbs and roots your homely fare afford,  
 That fare were still the same, though fortune rolled  
 Into your lap a flood of liquid gold ;  
 Or because nature shifts not at the call  
 Of wealth, or virtue forms you all in all.  
 That swine consumed Democritus's corn  
 While far on fancy's wing his soul was borne,  
 Seems now no longer strange,—when *you* retain,  
 Plunged in the murrain and mid-pest of gain,  
 Your old pursuits ; and, spurning earth's low clime,  
 Can soar to speculate on themes sublime :  
 As,—What dark cause confines the swelling tides ;—  
 What in their course the varying seasons guides ;—  
 Whether yon stars in heaven's wide concave roll  
 Drifted by chance or urged by strong control ;—  
 What mystic influence bids the queen of night  
 Now veil her orb and now disclose her light ;—

\* The same person addressed in twenty-ninth ode of the first book.

What that discordant union which appears  
 To link the world and regulate the spheres ;—  
 Whose system best with nature's truth agrees,—  
 Which halts, Stertinius or Empedocles.

However this may be—whether your wish  
 Tend more to slice the leek or slay the fish,—  
 Admit Pompeius Grosphus to your heart,  
 And what he asks with willing zeal impart.  
 Grosphus will put no base or mean request ;  
 And friendship's a cheap market, when the best  
 Are overlooked.—But now, to let you know  
 How matters of more public interest go,—  
 Agrippa has subdued Cantabria's fields ;  
 To Claudius Nero's sword Armenia yields ;  
 Low on his knees Phraates has implored  
 The grace of Cæsar as his rightful lord ;  
 Fled from Italian plains is Famine grim,  
 And Plenty pours her horn replenished to the brim.

HOWES.

#### EPISTLE XIII.

#### TO HIS FRIEND VINIUS ASELLA,

WHOM HE INSTRUCTS AS TO THE MODE IN WHICH HE  
 WISHED HIS POEMS TO BE PRESENTED TO AUGUSTUS.

*“ Ut proficiscentem docui te sæpe diuque.”*

THIS volume, Vinius ! must (as I before  
 Expressly charged thee and repeat once more),  
 Sealed as it is, be placed in Cæsar's hands ;  
 Provided first (observe my strict commands)  
 He be in health—if cheerful be his look—  
 Or if in short he ask thee for the book ;

Nor, over-zealous to fulfil thy trust,  
Let pert officiousness create disgust.

If chance my papers, an unwieldy load,  
Prove galling, rather leave them on the road,  
Than, when arrived whither thy steps are bound,  
Bolt them with eager rudeness on the ground ;  
Lest saucy punsters on thy name refine  
And swear Asella is right asinine.

Go, plod thy weary way o'er hill and moor ;  
And, when thou shalt have reached the destined door,  
Heave not thy bundle with an awkward air,  
Just as a clown beneath his arm would bear  
A lambkin,—or as Pyrrhia, maudlin fool,  
Bears on the stage her pilfered pack of wool,—  
Or burgess at my lord's with sheepish look  
His hat and sandals,—bear not so my book.

Though much entreated, halt not by the way :  
Nor to each curious knave, that sifts thee, say—  
That on thy back a precious burthen lies  
Worthy to charm great Cæsar's ears and eyes.

Go—fare thee well ! but hark'ye—have a care  
Of stumbles, lest thou mar thy fragile ware !

HOWES.

#### EPISTLE XIV.

#### TO HIS STEWARD,

WHOM HORACE GENTLY RIDICULES FOR HIS FICKLENESS  
IN BECOMING TIRED OF THE COUNTRY, FOR WHICH  
HE HAD SO LATELY LONGED.

*“Villice silvarum et mihi me reddentis agelli.”*

DEAR Bailiff of the woody wild domain  
Whose peace restores me to myself again,—



(A sprightlier scene it seems, thy taste requires,  
To Varia though it send five sturdy sires  
The lords of five good households)—let us see  
If I from thorns and briars can better free  
My mind, or thou my farm ; and which is found  
In fairer culture, Horace or his ground.

Me though my Lamia's deep and tender grief  
(Mourning with anguished heart that scorns relief  
A brother lost—a brother snatched away  
In manhood's prime) tempts to prolong my stay ;  
My restless soul still thither casts from Rome  
A wistful look, as to her proper home ;  
And, like the racer, pants for her discharge  
To burst the barrier and to roam at large.  
A country-life's the haven of my rest ;  
To thee no mortal but in town seems blest.  
No wonder, when another's lot alone  
Attracts our wishes, if we loath our own.  
Differing in taste, our folly is the same,  
While each absurdly thinks the place to blame,  
Nor sees the fault all in the mind to lie—  
The mind which never from itself can fly.

Erewhile a city-drudge, thy silent prayer  
Was all for country quiet—country air :  
A Bailiff now, thy taste more squeamish grows,  
And pants for town, the bagnios and the shows.  
For me, thou know'st that free from vain caprice,  
Consistent with myself, and of a piece,  
Whene'er for Rome curst business bids me start,  
I quit the country with a heavy heart.

Fancy, methinks, has tinged with various dyes  
Things to our view, and here the difference lies.  
What thou abhor'st as dreary trackless dells,  
I hail as shades where tranquil silence dwells,—



And deprecate the life which thou would'st choose :  
The greasy cook-shop, and the steaming stews  
Give thee (I see) a yearning wish for town,  
And make thee view with a fastidious frown  
That little nook of mine, which would produce  
Sooner, perhaps, than the grape's luscious juice,  
Pepper or frankincense ;—no tavern nigh  
Which may with brimming can thy thirst supply,—  
No minstrel-wench to whose soft rebeck's sound  
Thou may'st with lumping footstep beat the ground.  
And yet thou'rt fain to ply thy rustic toil,—  
To turn with busy spade th' unbroken soil,  
Or tend the steer unharnessed from the plough,  
And feast with leaves fresh-gathered from the bough.  
Oft, swoln with rain, the brook augments thy care,  
Which mounds must teach the sunny mead to spare.

Now learn how much we differ :—I who drest  
So smart with perfumed locks and silken vest,—  
I whom (thou know'st) the venal jilt could please  
And Cinara's favours won without the fees,—  
I who from midnight with convivial souls  
Would sit carousing o'er Falernian bowls,—  
Now praise the frugal meal and sober glass,  
With slumbers near a fountain on the grass.  
Nor think, I blush, now that the blood runs cool,  
At follies past, but still to play the fool.  
There none my privacy with rancour spy,  
Nor scan my comforts with malignant eye :  
The neighbours do but smile and archly nod  
To see me turn the stone or bruise the clod.

Among the city-slaves thou sigh'st to gnaw  
Their stinted meal—that way thy wishes draw :  
Meanwhile the town-drudge envies thee the use  
Of what those gardens, groves, and herds produce.

Thus the slow ox, it seems, in earnest now  
 Would wear the saddle, and the pack-horse plough.  
 My counsel is that each contented sit,  
 And ply in peace the craft for which he's fit.

HOWES.

EPISTLE XV.

TO NUMONIUS VALA

OF WHOM HORACE MAKES VARIOUS INQUIRIES REGARDING  
 THE CLIMATE AND MODE OF LIFE AT VELIA AND  
 SALERNUM, WHITHER HE HAD BEEN RECOMMENDED  
 TO GO FOR HIS HEALTH.

*"Quæ sit hiems Velie quod cælum, Vala, Salerni."*

How blows the wintry breeze on Velia's coast,  
 What balmy sky Salernum has to boast,  
 What race of mortals in those regions dwell,  
 And what the roads,—all this, my Vala! tell.  
 For know, Antonius, deep in medicine's lore,  
 Warns me to court the Baian nymphs no more:  
 Indeed their favour I have well-nigh lost,  
 Using the cold-bath in mid winter's frost;  
 Nor is the village pleased with one that roves  
 In search of health from her fair myrtle-groves  
 And spring sulphureous, which (we're told) contains  
 Virtue to chase sharp humours from the veins,  
 To Gabii's cooler bowers, and dares to lave  
 His head and breast in Clusium's gelid wave.  
 Perforce then I must change my route, and learn  
 To push my nag beyond th' accustomed turn:  
 "So ho there! not to Cumæ is our course  
 Or Baiæ now."—Thus haply to his horse,  
 (Whose ear, you know, in his curbed muzzle lies)  
 Twitching the left-hand rein, the rider cries.

But to return—which tract grows finer flour ;—  
Whether they drink the cistern-treasured shower,  
Or draw pure water from the bubbling well ;—  
(For of that country's vintage, truth to tell,  
I reckon not much : when on my own loved spot,  
I sip my sober glass and care not what ;  
But, when to the sea-side I hie me down,  
I ask a mellow draught my cares to drown,  
Something that may a genial hope inspire,  
Bid my veins tingle, set my soul on fire,  
Glow on my tongue, and grace me with the air  
Of youth to flirt with the Lucanian fair)—  
In fine—which coast with choicer fish is stored ;—  
Which can more lev'rets—which more boars afford ;  
That thence I may in sleek Phæacian plight  
Return ;—'tis mine to credit, yours to write.

When Mænius had at one fell swoop got quit  
Of his paternal wealth, and turned a wit ;  
A vagrant zany prowling to and fro,  
One that sharp-set discerned not friend from foe,—  
With foul-mouthed ribaldry bespattering all,  
The pest—gulf—quagmire of each butcher's stall ;  
Whatever tit-bit he made shift to draw  
Within his toils, he gave to his huge maw.  
But if from neither those that feared the sinner  
Nor those that favoured, he could squeeze a dinner,  
Sheep's-head or tripe, at home, plate after plate—  
Enough to surfeit three starved bears—he ate ;  
And, Bestius-like, of thrift the champion staunch,  
Swore Luxury should be branded in the paunch.  
But if he pounced upon some goodlier prey,  
When all soon turned to dust and ashes lay,  
“ By heaven ! ” he'd cry, “ I marvel not if men  
Have gormandized their substance now and then ;

Since the world's wealth is nothing-worth beside  
A plump thrush roasted and sow's udder fried."

Such is your friend :—When costlier viands fail,  
I praise contentment and at grandeur rail ;  
Anon, if peradventure to my share  
Fall some *haut-gout*—some more than meagre fare,  
Then—who so blessed as they whose wealth abounds  
In glittering seats and princely pleasure-grounds !

HOWES.

#### EPISTLE XVI.

#### TO QUINTIUS.\*

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SABINE FARM, FOLLOWED BY  
MORAL REFLECTIONS.

*" Ne perconteris, fundus meus, optime Quinti."*

LEST, Quintius ! you inquire if my domain  
Feast me with olives or enrich with grain,  
Or boast its orchard, vine-clad elm, or lawn,—  
With prattling pencil see the landscape drawn.  
Hills lift their heads in one unbroken chain,  
Save where disparted by a sombre glen,  
Yet so that this side greets the morning ray  
While on its left eve's dewy sunbeams play.  
The air would charm you. What if round me grow  
On many a bush the cornel and the sloe—  
If oak and ilex lavishly afford  
Food to my flocks and shelter to their lord ?  
You'd swear 'twas but Tarentum brought more near  
To spread her shades and wave her foliage here.  
A spring that to a river might give name,  
Such that not Hebrus shines in Thracian fame

\* Supposed to be Quintius Crispinus, Consul in A.U.C. 725.

More cool or pure, here gently bubbling frees  
Weak heads and sickly stomachs from disease.  
These fav'rite (let me add, these fair) retreats  
Secure me hale in mid September's heats.

You live, my friend ! full well, if 'tis your care  
To realize the character you bear ;  
Whom we at Rome with one consent commend  
As blest in full. But much I apprehend  
Lest on this ticklish subject you be prone  
To trust all judgments rather than your own :  
I fear the fact be not yet understood  
That none are happy save the wise and good :  
I fear lest, if the world but hail you sound,  
You'd fain disguise the fever, when around  
Rich dishes smoke, till sudden death appal  
And from your palsied grasp the goblet fall.  
A false and foolish shame will often hide  
The festering sore, when balms should be applied.  
Should one your victories chaunt by sea and land,  
Your fond ear greeting with these accents bland ;  
“ Whether the people more your safety will  
Or you the people's, Jove keep doubtful still,  
Whose watchful eye protects both them and you ! ”—  
Such praises, as to Cæsar only due,  
You doubtless would disclaim. When to the skies  
Extolled, as of consummate worth and wise,  
Does conscience recognise this airy claim,  
As if you answered to your proper name ?  
“ To shine,” you say, “ for wisdom and for worth  
Charms you and me and every soul on earth.”  
Yet think—who proffer their good word to-day,  
Will, if they list, to-morrow take away :  
Just as the Fasces, for the slightest cause,  
The same authority which gave, withdraws.

“Down with your mace !” say they ; “ ’tis our desire ! ”  
I lay it down, look foolish, and retire.  
Yet, should that people brand me with the name  
Of thief, denounce me pathic lost to shame,  
Or swear I had my father strangled—say,  
Shall I turn pale and shudder with dismay ?  
Whom but the worthless should false honour charm ?  
Whom but the cheat should false reproach alarm ?  
Your upright man is one, who curbed by awe  
Marks well the statute’s text, and steers by law ;  
Whose balanced judgment many a jury guides ;  
Whose bail secures ; whose evidence decides.  
Yet him friends, neighbours, kindred see the while  
Without all varnish and within all guile.

Suppose my slave with flippant pertness say—  
“ I never robbed you, Sir, nor ran away : ”  
“ Good ”—I reply ; “ and, if your tale be true,  
“ What then ?—you are not whipped ; you have your  
due.”

“ I’m not a murd’rer.” “ Tut—nor one of those  
Destined to grace a cross and feast the crows.”  
“ I’m dutiful and thrifty.” Here occurs  
A doubt ; the wary Sabine here demurs :  
“ For why—sly wolves the pitfall shun with care,  
Pikes the suspected hook, and hawks the snare.  
The good hate vice, for virtue’s sake ; but you,  
For fear lest pains and penalties ensue.  
Set these a little out of sight—’tis plain  
You’d straight confound things sacred with profane.  
What tho’ amid a thousand pecks of beans  
You steal but one—the damage by these means  
Is lighter, not the guilt.” Thus he, whom all  
Hail just, of every court and judgment-hall

The gaze and pride, if he would win the ear  
 Of heav'n by sacrifice of swine or steer,  
 Hails thee aloud, Apollo!—with much show  
 Hails, Janus! thee;—then adds in whisper low :  
 “ Grant, fair Laverna ! the imposing guise  
 Of sanctity ; throw dust in the world's eyes ;  
 Grant me to seem the thing that I am not ;  
 In darkness veil each vice—in clouds each plot ! ”

How he, that burns with covetous desire  
 And for a farthing lost would rake the mire,  
 Stands in the scale of freedom one degree  
 Above the humblest slave, I cannot see.  
 For he, that craves, will fear too ; and whom fears  
 Enthral, no freeman to my mind appears.  
 The arms of Virtue he has thrown away  
 And left her sentry-post, who night and day  
 Toils in amassing wealth. But hold ! 'tis well :—  
 Forbear to kill the captive you can sell.  
 He'll do the public drudgery ! let him keep  
 The kine, and plough the soil, and tend the sheep :  
 Let him bear fardels, and on ship-board brave  
 The roughest terrors of the wintry wave.  
 He'll serve to keep the markets down, to drain  
 Home-produce and import the foreign grain.

Not so the wise and good man ; *He* will say  
 What Bacchus does to Pentheus in the play :—  
 “ On thy poor prisoner, king ! what penal woes,  
 What torments undeserved wouldst thou impose ? ”—  
 “ I'll strip thee of thy goods.” “ What goods ? my plate,  
 My house, my couches, cattle, and estate ?  
 Take them.” “ Bound hand and foot I'll keep thee still  
 In durance vile.” “ My god, whene'er I will,  
 Himself shall loose me.” Meaning Death, I trow—  
 Death—the last term of human weal and woe.

HOWES.



## EPISTLE XVII.

## TO SCÆVA.

## ON THE ART OF A PLACE-HUNTER.

*“Quamvis, Scæva, satis per te tibi consulis et scis.”*

Tho' with the great to deal, my Scæva! well  
 You wot, and need no monitor to tell,  
 Take some poor hints from one who must in turn  
 Frankly acknowledge he has much to learn;  
 As if the blind should point the road. Yet see  
 If something worth your thought fall ev'n from me.

If after dawn one hour of calm repose,  
 With snug retirement, please—if taverns, shows,  
 And dust and brawls and rumbling carts offend—  
 No more—to quiet Ferentinum bend  
 Your steps; there fix the haven of your rest;  
 For not Ambition's sons alone are blest;  
 Nor fares he ill, who making peace his own,  
 Steals from the cradle to the grave unknown.

Bnt, would you serve your kindred—would you share  
 Yourself a somewhat more indulgent fare,  
 Go, seek some lordly board without delay!  
 “To supper with what appetite you may!”  
 When one,\* who hated courtiers from his heart,  
 Growled out—“If Aristippus knew the art  
 To dine content on potherbs, he would spurn  
 To court the great”—“Aye,” quoth the sage in turn;  
 “And he who knew the great man's smile to gain,  
 By my advice your potherbs would disdain.”  
 Declare now, which of these contending schools  
 You favour: or (compliant with the rules

\* Diogenes.



Of eldership) hear, tried by reason's test,  
Why Aristippus' system likes me best.  
For thus with keen retort, as history shows,  
He parried off the snarling Cynic's blows :  
" I act the zany fairly with a view  
To serve myself—to please the rabble you.  
I pay my court—(what's nobler ?)—that a steed  
May bear me, purple clothe, and monarchs feed.  
You beg scant offal, smaller than the small,  
Then brag forsooth you have no wants at all !"  
All states of life the supple sage became ;  
All hues of fortune found him still the same :  
On higher things his eye was mostly bent ;  
With present things his heart was still content.  
Not so the churl, whom hardihood of limb  
In mantle of coarse drugget wraps : on him,  
'Twere marvel, if, for sufferance only fit,  
A change of circumstance with ease could sit.  
The one ne'er tarries for his fine-spun vest ;  
But, in whatever garb chance offers drest,  
Saunters among the throng, and boasts the art  
In either character to top his part.  
Cloth of Milesian texture t'other flies  
As a mad dog or asp. He starves—he dies—  
If you restore him not his rug. Restore,  
And let him live the fool he was before !

If to direct the helm of state, and show  
To shouting multitudes the captive foe,  
Above all earthly majesty raised high,  
Soars to the throne of Jove and tempts the sky ;  
Of chiefs and statesmen, sure to win the grace  
Holds not in glory's scale the lowest place.  
To make the port of Corinth, we are told,  
Falls to the lot of none except the bold.

Who doubts his pow'r, had best sit still :—Agreed ;  
But what of those more venturous who succeed ?  
Lies there not gallant firmness at the root ?—  
Why here, or nowhere, hangs the point we moot.  
*This* dreads an enterprise which, he conceives,  
Mocks his poor strength ; *that* dares it, and achieves.  
Unless all virtue be an empty name,  
The palm of honour is the adventurer's claim.

They, who their own distress forbear to din  
In their rich patron's ear, more favour win  
Than the importunate. It differs much  
To grasp the *prize*, and modestly to touch  
The *present*. Yet here lies the source—the end,  
From which our efforts spring—to which they tend.  
The teasing fool, who clamours every hour—  
“ My mother starves ; my sister lacks a dower ;  
My fields, alas ! are little worth to sell,  
Yet insufficient to maintain me well ”—  
Says in effect, “ Please, gentlefolks ! to show  
Compassion on the poor ! your alms bestow ! ”  
Then chimes some other to the self-same tune—  
“ Oh, pity me ! let me too share the boon ! ”  
Had but the crow in silence deigned to eat,  
His rivals had been less and more his meat.

Whoe'er, when kindly summoned on a ride  
Forth to Brundusium by his patron's side  
Or fair Surrentum, all the way complains  
Of rugged roads, sharp winds, and pelting rains,—  
Or (which is worse) deplores beyond due measure  
His ransacked baggage and his rifled treasure,—  
Apes the sly jilt, who ever and anon  
Sobs for her necklace lost, her bracelet gone ;  
Until, the trick grown stale, her genuine grief  
And real losses gain but small belief.

None care, when they have once found out the cheat,  
 To lift the canting cripple from the street :  
 Tho' many an unfeigned tear his eyes let fall—  
 By great Osiris let him swear, and bawl—  
 “ Help, cruel neighbours, help ! ’tis truth I tell : ”  
 “ Seek elsewhere, knave ! ” cry they ; “ we know thee  
 well.”

HOWES.

EPISTLE XVIII.

TO LOLLIUS.\*

*“ Si bene te novi, metues, liberrime Lolli.”*

LOLLIUS, if well I know your heart,  
 Your liberal spirit scorns an art  
 That can to sordid flattery bend,  
 And basely counterfeit the friend ;  
 For such the difference, I ween,  
 The flatterer and friend between,  
 As is betwixt a virtuous dame  
 And women of uncertain fame.

Behold, in opposite excess,  
 A different vice, though nothing less ;  
 Rustic, inelegant, uncouth,  
 With shaggy beard, and nasty tooth,  
 That fondly would be thought to be  
 Fair virtue, and pure liberty.  
 But virtue in a medium lies,  
 From whence these different follies rise.

Another, with devotion fervent,  
 Is more than your obsequious servant ;

\* To whom the second epistle of this book is inscribed.

Admitted as an humble guest,  
Where men of money break their jest,  
He waits the nod, with awe profound,  
And catches ere it reach the ground  
The falling joke, and echoes back the sound.  
A school-boy thus, with humble air,  
Repeats to pedagogue severe ;  
Thus players act an under part,  
And fear to put forth all their art.

Another in dispute engages,  
With nonsense armed for nothing rages,  
“My word of honour not believed ?  
Or my opinion not received ?  
And shall I, whether right or wrong,  
Be forced, forsooth, to hold my tongue ?  
No : at a price so base and mean,  
I would a thousand lives disdain.”

But what's the cause of all this rage ?  
Who's the best actor on the stage ;  
Or to which road you best may turn ye,  
If to Brundusium lies your journey.

Now, Lollius, mark the wretch's fate  
Who lives dependent on the great.  
If the precipitating dice,—  
If Venus be his darling vice,—  
If vanity his wealth consumes,  
In dressing, feasting, and perfumes,—  
If thirst of gold his bosom sways,  
A thirst which nothing can appease,—  
If poverty with shame he views, ↓  
And wealth with every vice pursues,—  
My lord, more vicious as more great,  
Views him with horror, and with hate ;

At least, shall o'er him tyrannise,  
And like a fond mamma advise,  
Who bids her darling daughter shun  
The paths of folly she had run.

“Think not,” he cries, “to live like me ;  
My wealth supports my vanity ;  
Your folly should be moderate,  
Proportioned to a small estate.”

Eutrapelus,\* in merry mood,  
The object of his wrath pursued,  
And where he deepest vengeance meant,  
Fine clothes, with cruel bounty, sent ;  
For when the happy coxcomb's dressed,  
Strange hopes and projects fill his breast ;  
He sleeps till noon, nor will he, listless  
Of fame or fortune, leave his mistress.  
Lavish he feeds the usurer's store,  
And when the miser lends no more,  
He learns the gladiator's art,  
Or humbly drives a gardener's cart.

Strive not with mean, unhandsome lore,  
Your patron's bosom to explore,  
And let not wine or anger wrest  
Th' intrusted secret from your breast.

Nor blame the pleasures of your friend,  
Nor to your own too earnest bend ;  
Nor idly court the froward muse,  
While he the vigorous chase pursues.  
Humours like these could fatal prove  
To Zethus' and Amphion's love,†

\* A Roman famed for his wit ; he hoped by the gift of fine garments to allure his enemies into extravagant and luxurious habits. The name was given to P. Volumnius on account of his wit.

† Zethus and Amphion were sons of Jupiter and Antiope. Amphion played the lyre, but Zethus hated music, and to retain his brother's love and society Amphion gave up his favourite accomplishment.

Until Amphion kind complied,  
And laid th' offensive lyre aside.  
So to your patron's will give way,  
His gentle insolence obey,  
And when he pours into the plain  
His horses, hounds, and hunting train,  
Break from the peevish Muse away,  
Divide the toils, and share the prey.

The chase was by our sires esteemed  
Healthful, and honourable deemed.  
Thy swiftness far the hound's exceeds;  
The boar beneath thy javelin bleeds,  
And who, like thee, with grace can wield  
The weapons of the martial field,  
Or with such loud applause as thine  
Amidst the youthful battle shine?

In the destructive war of Spain  
Early you made your first campaign,  
Beneath a leader, who regains  
Our eagles from the Parthian fanes,  
Who boundless now extends his sway,  
And bids a willing world obey.

Lollius, though all your actions rise  
From judgment temperate and wise,  
Yet oft at home you can unbend,  
And even to trifling sports descend.  
Your little boats, with mimic rage,  
Like Actium's mighty fleets engage;  
Your lake like Adria's ocean spreads,  
The adverse war your brother leads,  
Till Victory her wings display,  
And crown the conqueror of the day.  
Cæsar, who finds that you approve  
His taste, shall your diversions love.

If my advice regard may claim,  
Be tender of another's fame,  
And be the man with caution tried  
In whose discretion you confide.  
Th' impertinent be sure to hate ;  
Who loves to ask, will love to prate.  
Ears, that unfold to every tale,  
Intrusted secrets ill conceal,  
And you shall wish, but wish in vain,  
To call the fleeting words again.

With cautious judgment, o'er and o'er,  
The man you recommend explore,  
Lest, when the scoundrel's better known,  
You blush for errors not your own.  
Then frankly give him up to shame,  
But boldly guard the injured fame  
Of a well-known and valued friend,  
With vigour and with zeal defend ;  
For, be assured, when he's defamed,  
At you the envenomed shaft is aimed.  
When flames your neighbour's dwelling seize,  
Your own with instant rage shall blaze ;  
Then haste to stop the spreading fire,  
Which, if neglected, rises higher.

Untried, how sweet a court attendance !  
When tried, how dreadful the dependance !  
Yet, while your vessel's under sail,  
Be sure to catch the flying gale,  
Lest adverse winds, with rapid force,  
Should bear you from your destined course.

The grave, a gay companion shun ;  
Far from the sad the jovial run ;  
The gay, the witty, and sedate,  
Are objects of each other's hate,

And they, who quaff their midnight glass,  
Scorn them, who dare their bumper pass,  
Although they loudly swear, they dread  
A sick debauch, and aching head.

Be every look serenely gay,  
And drive all cloudy cares away.  
The modest oft too dark appear,  
The silent, thoughtful and severe.

Consult with care the learned page ;  
Inquire of every scienced sage,  
How you may glide with gentle ease  
Adown the current of your days,  
Nor vexed by mean and low desires,  
Nor warmed by wild ambition's fires,  
By hope alarmed, depressed by fear,  
For things but little worth your care ;  
Whether fair Virtue's hallowed rules  
Proceed from Nature, or the schools ;  
What may the force of care suspend,  
And make you to yourself a friend ;  
Whether the tranquil mind and pure,  
Honours and wealth, our bliss insure,  
Or down through life unknown to stray,  
Where lonely leads the silent way.

When happy in my rural scene,  
Whose fountain chills the shuddering swain,  
Such is my prayer—" Let me possess  
My present wealth, or even less,  
And if the bounteous gods design  
A longer life, that life be mine.  
Give me of books the mental cheer ;  
Of Wealth, sufficient for a year,  
Nor let me float in Fortune's power,  
Dependent on the future hour.



To Jove for life and wealth I pray,  
 These Jove may give, or take away,  
 But, for a firm and tranquil mind,  
 That blessing in myself I'll find."

FRANCIS.

EPISTLE XIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

*"Prisco si credis, Mæcenas docte, Cratino."*

To old Cratinus \* if you credit give,  
 No water-drinker's verses long shall live,  
 Or long shall please. Among his motley fold,  
 (Satyrs and fauns), when Bacchus had enrolled  
 The brain-sick rhymers, soon the tuneful Nine  
 At morning breathed, and not too sweet, of wine.

When Homer sings the joys of wine, 'tis plain  
 Great Homer was not of a sober strain;  
 And father † Ennius, till with drinking fired,  
 Was never to the martial song inspired.  
 Let thirsty spirits make the bar their choice,  
 Nor dare in cheerful song to raise their voice.

Soon as I spoke, our bards, before they write,  
 Smell of their wine all day, and tipples all the night.  
 What! if with naked feet and savage air,  
 Cato's short coat some mimic coxcomb wear,  
 Say, shall his habit and affected gloom  
 Great Cato's manners, or his worth assume?

Cordus, the Moor, while studious how to please  
 With well-bred raillery, and learned ease,

\* An Athenian poet of the Old Comedy, born B.C. 549.

† So called because he was one of the earliest of the Roman poets.

To rival gay Timagenes he tried,  
Yet burst with disappointed spleen and pride ;  
By such examples many a coxcomb's caught,  
Whose art can only imitate a fault.

Should I by chance grow pale, our bardlings think  
That bloodless cumin's the true rhyming drink.\*  
Ye wretched mimics, whose fond heats have been,  
How oft ! the objects of my mirth and spleen.  
Through open worlds of rhyme I dared to tread  
In paths unknown, by no bold footsteps led ;  
Who on himself relies with conscious pride  
Most certainly the buzzing hive shall guide.  
To keen iambics I first tuned the lyre,  
And warmed with great Archilochus's fire  
His rapid numbers chose, but shunned with care,  
The style that drove Lycambes to despair.†

I feared to change the structure of his line,  
But shall a short-lived wreath be therefore mine ?  
Sappho, whose verse with manly spirit glows,—  
Even great Alcæus his iambics chose,  
In different stanzas though he forms his lines,  
And to a theme more merciful inclines ;  
No perjured sire with blood-stained verse pursues,  
Nor ties, in damning rhyme, his fair one's noose.  
I first attempted in the lyric tone,  
His numbers, to the Roman lyre unknown,  
And joy that works of such unheard-of taste  
By men of worth and genius were embraced.

But would you know why some condemn abroad,  
Thankless, unjust, what they at home applaud ?

\* Dioscorides assures us that cumin will make people pale who drink it, or wash themselves with it.—*Francis*.

† A cruel satire which made Lycambes hang himself.

I purchase not the venal critic's vote  
 With costly suppers, or a threadbare coat ; \*  
 The works of titled wits I never hear,  
 Nor vengeful in my turn assault their ear,  
 The tribe of grammar pedants I despise,  
 And hence these tears of spleen and anger rise.  
 I blush in grand assemblies to repeat  
 My worthless works, and give such trifles weight ;  
 Yet these professions they with wonder hear—  
 “ No. You reserve them for dread Cæsar's ear ;  
 With your own beauties charmed, you surely know  
 Your verses with a honeyed sweetness flow.”  
 Nor dare I rally with such dangerous folk,  
 Lest I be torn to pieces for a joke,  
 Yet beg they would appoint another day,  
 A place more proper to decide the fray,  
 For jests a fearful strife and anger breed,  
 Whence quarrels fierce, and funeral wars proceed.

FRANCIS.

## EPISTLE XX.

## TO HIS BOOK.

A FAREWELL ADDRESS ON ITS PUBLICATION.

“ *Vertumnus Janumque, liber, spectare videris.*”

So then, to Janus and Vertumnus, Book !  
 Thou seem'st at length to throw a wistful look ;  
 Where tricked and varnished by the Sosian † hand,  
 High on the venal shelf thou long'st to stand.

\* It was customary, at an election for a magistracy, to make a present of a suit of clothes to a voter ; but to people of low condition they sent clothes which had been worn.—*San.*

† The Sosii were the chief booksellers of Rome.

Yes, yes—I see, thy shy reserve is fled ;  
Averse to locks and bolts thou would'st be read :  
And, slighting all my counsel, bidst adieu  
To private ears, to court the public view.

Well, have thy will, and go thy way ! but learn,  
When once dismissed, thou never canst return.  
*Fool that I was !* methinks I hear thee cry,  
When some fastidious critic flings thee by,  
Or some admirer satiate of thy charms  
Thrusts thee all torn and rumpled from his arms.  
But, if I read thy destinies aright  
Nor mists of self-love dim the prophet's sight,  
While novelty and youth's attractive bloom  
Endure, thou shalt be much caressed at Rome.  
But, when the vulgar touch thy beauty soils,  
The silent moth shall batten on thy spoils ;  
Or to far Afric's coast thou shalt be sent  
Or Spain, fast bound in odious banishment.  
Then he, whose warning voice thou would'st not hear,  
Shall slight thy sufferings and deride thy fear,—  
Like him who once, his restive ass to mock,  
Threw up the reins and drove him o'er the rock.  
Nor is this all :—For, when the prime is past,  
Old-age with lisping accents shall at last  
Surprise thee teaching school-boys to repeat  
Their daily task in every dirty street.

Thou then, what time the sun's intenser ray  
Summons around thee many a listener, say—  
That, tho' a freedman's son, in fortune's spite  
I impd my pinions for a prouder flight,  
And soared aloof. Thus, what I lack in birth,  
To make amends, shall swell the score of worth.  
Say too that by the great—by men confessed  
Supreme in peace and war—I was caressed.

Add that I loved to bask in summer skies,  
 Was grey betimes, in stature under size,  
 And quick to wrath ; yet that my bitterest rage  
 Ne'er rankled. Tell them, if they ask my age,  
 Lollius and Lepidus the state controlled  
 When four and forty suns had o'er me rolled.

HOWES.

## BOOK II.

### EPISTLE I.

#### TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

A PANEGYRIC ON AUGUSTUS, FOLLOWED BY CRITICISMS  
 ON THE VARIOUS STYLES AND OBJECTS OF POETRY.

*"Cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus."*

CÆSAR ! while you sustain a nation's weight,  
 Immersed in toils so various and so great,—  
 While you the Roman realm in arms defend,  
 Call back to virtue, and with laws amend,—  
 He that with prolix pen such hours should steal  
 Might seem to trespass on the public weal.

The worthies who achieved high deeds of old,  
 Since for those deeds among the Gods enrolled,  
 Rome's founder,—Bacchus,—Leda's twin-born pride,  
 While yet alive their generous toils they plied—  
 To tame wild hordes, put lawless rebels down,  
 Mark the new settlement, and rear the town—  
 Mourned that the world, still blind to merit new,  
 Withheld the guerdon to their exploits due.  
 Ev'n he who crushed the far-famed Hydra's rage  
 And dared so long a fateful war to wage

With monsters dire, those monsters all o'erthrown,  
Found Envy could be quelled by Death alone.  
For why—each weak aspirant's twinkling rays  
Fade in these greater luminaries' blaze ;  
But, soon as death has quenched their scorching beam,  
Rivals turn friends and those that railed, esteem.

But *your* deserts maturer honours claim,  
And shrines already consecrate your name,—  
All prompt to own, ere yet you mount the skies,  
That nothing such has ris'n nor e'er shall rise.  
And yet your people (wisely thus and well  
On this one point agreed, that you excel,  
Whose name they justly rank while yet on earth  
Above all Greek—above all Roman worth)  
In books methinks far other taste display  
And frame their judgments in a coarser way.  
Each loathes with scorn whatever wears the bloom  
Of novelty and smells not of the tomb ;  
Each of departed worth the praises rings :  
Name the Decemv'ral code—some league our kings  
With Gabii or rude Sabines sealed of yore—  
The Pontiffs' books—the Sibyl's musty lore—  
Their rapture knows no bound. The sacred Nine  
On Alba's hill, say they, inspired each line !

But if, because in Greece, with genius blest  
So long, the earliest bards are held the best,  
In the same scale we Roman talent weigh  
Where bards and books are things of yesterday,—  
I say no more—such sophists may as well  
Swear olives have no kernel, nuts no shell !  
Consummate masters in each branch of art,  
We sons of wit forsooth have topped our part ;  
And polished Athens bows to Roman skill  
In picture, music, wrestling—what you will !

If verse, like wine, improve by ripening age,  
What period, pray, stamps value on the page ?  
To end all parley draw your landmark clear :  
A bard, suppose, has reached his hundredth year ;—  
I fain would learn if praise be deemed his due  
As ancient, or contempt as vile and new.  
“ He o’er whose grave one hundred suns have rolled  
May be pronounced a classic good and old.”  
But should he want a month or year perhaps,—  
Must he maintain his station or relapse,—  
Tow’r mid the faultless wits of other days,  
Or mixed with modern trash renounce all praise ?  
“ For one short month he forfeits not his place ;  
Come, grant him, if you will, a twelvemonth’s grace.”  
To take the licence giv’n I shall not fail ;  
And, like the hairs from which the horse’s tail,  
Though singly pulled, yet all at last decay,  
So I those years pluck one by one away,  
Till my opponent, by fair logic beat,  
Shall find the ground sink fast beneath his feet,  
Who runs to dates, weighs genius by the year,  
And hails no worth till sanctioned by the bier.

Ennius, in precept sage, in spirit bold,  
That second Homer, as our critics hold,  
Seems oft methinks his promise to neglect,  
And brings his Samian dreams to small effect.  
Nævius (so much is time the soul of verse !)  
None read, but all can fresh by heart rehearse.  
In balancing their worth if questions rise  
Which yields to which, Pacuvius bears the prize  
Of studious art—Accius of loftiness ;  
Afranius well, it seems, in Roman dress  
Hits off Menander ; Plautus more, they say,  
In Epicharmus the Sicilian’s way



Pours with bold negligence his rapid lines ;  
Terence in skill, in force Cæcilius shines.  
These bards great Rome commits to memory ; these  
In crowded pits her ravished audience please :  
These are her standard favourites on the stage  
From elder Livius to the present age.

The people's voice is sometimes just and true ;  
But times occur when it can blunder too.  
If it pronounce with hyperbolic praise  
That nothing can surpass those antique lays—  
Nothing come near their worth, 'tis clearly wrong.  
But if it candidly admit their song  
Charged with old-fashioned rudeness, coarse in grain,  
Uncouth in parts, and slov'nly in the main,  
'Tis clearly right ; its voice accords with mine ;  
And Jove's own grace shall on the verdict shine.

Not that I would at all those veterans flout,  
Or wish old Livius wholly blotted out,  
Whom, I remember well, with iron rule  
Orbilius taught me to repeat at school :  
But, when I hear them called to the last touch  
Correct and exquisite, I marvel much :  
In whom if haply starts me here and there  
Somewell-turned phrase—some line of smoothness rare,  
It covers flaws unnumbered, drags along  
Whole pages, and accredits all the song.  
I hate to hear a work assailed with blame  
Not for its own dull thoughts or texture tame,  
But for its newness ; and for ancient bards  
Not pardon claimed, but honour and rewards.  
Should I of Atta's piece a doubt obtrude  
Whether it tread the boards all flow'r-bestrewed.\*

\* The stage at Rome was strewn with flowers and saffron. Horace supposes the plays of Atta limping over the stage like their lame author.  
—*Francis.*



With foot erect, some frowning senior says  
That lost to shame are these degenerate days,  
When scenes, that grave Æsopus used to act  
Or artful Roscius, are with sneers attacked !  
Is it that self-love dims their eye, which sees  
No worth but what has chanced themselves to please ?  
Or that they cannot brook the foul disgrace  
Of borrowing counsel from a rising race,—  
And, stiff in prepossession, proudly spurn  
In age their childhood's lesson to unlearn ?  
Go to—the Salian hymn that Numa \* wrote  
Who praises, and affects to know and quote  
What neither he nor I can comprehend,  
Seeks not departed genius to befriend,  
Nor burns with zeal for bards of centuries past ;  
But us depreciates—us and ours would blast.

Yet had the Greeks thus scrupled to allow  
Ought that was new, what had been ancient now ?  
Or whence had public use derived this store  
Of volumes to be thumbed and tumbled o'er ?  
When, resting from her deeds of arms, fair Greece  
Voluptuous revelled in the lap of peace,  
Soon wanton waxed, she now would take the lead  
In feats gymnastic, now would train the steed ;  
In ivory, stone, or brass she loved to trace  
The sculptured form and mould the living grace ;  
Or on the coloured canvas boldly sought  
To rivet each enraptured eye and thought ;—  
Now to the Comic pipe gave eager ear ;  
Now shed o'er Tragic scenes soft pity's tear.

\* Numa composed hymns in honour of Mars, which were sung by his priests. They were called *axamenta*, because they were written upon tables of wood, *axes*. The language of them was grown so dark and obsolete, that Cicero confesses he did not understand them ; and Quintilian says, in his time they were scarce intelligible to the priests themselves.—*Francis*.

As frisking round his nurse some infant boy  
With wayward humour shifts the various toy,  
So every art in turn with wistful eye  
She viewed—then flung the short-lived bauble by.  
What moves our love—or what our hate—so much,  
But soon it veers at fashion's magic touch !  
Thus throve variety—thus seldom fails  
To thrive—with gentler peace and prosp'rous gales !

In Rome 'twas long our fathers' joy and pride  
At early dawn with portals opened wide  
On knotty points to clear each client's doubt ;  
And great the care to put their money out  
With all due forms secured : experienced age  
Would teach, and youth imbibe, in precepts sage,  
The ways and means to make their funds increase  
By honest thrift, and bid vain luxury cease.  
The fickle public now has changed its tone,  
Stung with the lust of scribbling verse alone.  
Crowned at the festive board with bays, grave sires  
And striplings dictate what the muse inspires.  
Ev'n I, who pen no rhyme as I've averred,  
Prove falser than the Parthian to my word,  
And, ere the sun is risen, awake and bawl  
For parchment, pens, and ink, in haste to scrawl.

None steer the ship but those in steerage versed ;  
Those who would practise med'cine, learn it first :  
And few will, ere the art is understood,  
Mix for the sick a dose of southern-wood :  
Smiths ply the smithy ; and the proverb rules  
None but adepts should meddle with edged tools :  
Verse is the only art each thinks he knows ;  
And, learnèd or illiterate, all compose !

Yet that this slight obliquity of brain—  
This minor mania—carries in its train

Some scattered virtues too, must be confest :  
Avarice can scarce infect the poet's breast :  
'Tis verse he covets—verse alone requires ;  
With this he laughs at losses, thefts, and fires.  
No plots he hatches, nor supplants by fraud  
An unsuspecting friend or infant ward.  
Coarse bread and herbs demand small length of purse ;  
He asks no better fare, he fears no worse :  
Though weak in war, still useful to the state  
Grant but that small concerns may profit great :  
He trains to speech the infant's faltering tongue,  
And childhood learns to lisp what bards have sung.  
Ev'n at those years he turns the untainted eyes  
From ribald trash to lessons sound and wise :  
Anon he forms the heart in riper age,  
Reproves low spite and tempers brutal rage ;—  
Perpetuates worth, records each generous deed,  
And binds round Virtue's brow fair honour's meed ;—  
Points out to view examples high, and fires  
The sons to emulate their patriot sires ;—  
Bids anguish smile that never smiled before,  
Assuages sickness, and consoles the poor.  
Unless the muse had giv'n the bard, say how  
Had youths and maids preferred the suppliant vow ?  
The Chorus waits—he lends his helping hand,  
And Heav'n is won to hear their accents bland.  
He calls to earth the show'r refreshing, frees  
From threat'ning peril, and averts disease ;  
Let but the poet touch the plaintive string—  
See peace returning spreads her downy wing,  
And years with plenty at his bidding flow !  
Verse soothes the Gods above and Ghosts below !

Our pristine peasants, men of rustic mould,  
Content with little, hardy, rough and bold,

After their corn was housed, in festive play  
Were wont to pass a harmless holiday.  
Cheered through long toil by prospects of its close,  
Their hands—nay hearts—they gave to glad repose.  
Each seated with his good-wife at his side  
And chubby brats, the little household's pride,  
With milk Silvanus—with a pig boon Earth—  
Genius, the mystic pow'r that guards our birth,  
With flow'rs and wine—they laboured to appease,  
Mindful of life's short date. From rites like these  
The rude Fescennine farce in process grew,  
Where rustic flouts in verse alternate flew.  
The pleasing license long uncurbed by laws  
Gambolled from year to year, and gained applause :  
Till into open outrage waxing fast  
The foul-mouthed jibe grew serious, and at last  
Through noble roofs the ribald slander rang :  
He that was galled by scandal's venom'd fang  
Erelong took umbrage ; he too that was not,  
Still felt some interest for the common lot.  
A law now past appointing heavy pains  
To him that should revile in wicked strains.  
They changed their note, and dread of drubbing soon  
Taught them fair words and wit without lampoon.  
Tamed Greece to tame her victress now began,  
And with her arts fair Latium over-ran :  
Whence that Saturnian doggrel was consigned  
To due disgrace, and rudeness grew refined.  
Yet traces of the ancient uncouth vein  
Remained for many an age, and still remain.  
For late it was ere Rome, her arms flung by,  
Turned to the Grecian page a studious eye ;  
Nor, till her wars with Carthage now well o'er  
Gave leisure and repose unknown before,

Began she to inquire if Sophocles,  
Thespis, and Æschylus had ought to please.  
Fired with those scenes, to copy next she tried,  
And to translation's task her hand applied ;  
And, formed with heart to feel and tongue to dress  
Thoughts high and grand, she failed not of success.  
For not of tragic spirit lacks she store,—  
Nay happily can dare and boldly soar :  
But here her weakness lies, that to efface  
What once is penned, she deems a foul disgrace.

To Comedy some hold less pains and thought  
Due, since her themes from common life are sought.  
But common themes in fiction's garb to dress—  
The task grows harder as the indulgence less.  
Mark with how small consistency or truth  
Plautus delineates the enamoured youth,  
Sly pimp, and griping churl ! Observe, I pray,  
How old Dossennus in his rambling way  
With spunging parasites ekes out his page,  
And with how lax a sock he sweeps the stage !  
For why—His aim is pelf ; with purse well crammed  
He recks not if his piece be clapped or damned.  
Now look to him whom in her airy car  
Vain-glory leads to the dramatic war !  
His heart with spleen a lukewarm audience kills,  
A listening pit with pert complacence fills.  
To those who start for fame, so light—so small  
That chance which bids their spirits mount or fall !  
Adieu the stage, if, as the palm is mine  
Or from my grasp withheld, I thrive or pine !

Another grievance, which might well deter  
The stoutest-hearted bard, will oft occur :  
For of the crowd that portion which, though lower  
In rank and taste, are far in numbers more,

The stupid vulgar (prompt with many a fist  
To enforce their judgment, should the knights resist)  
In the mid action claim with deaf'ning bawl  
The Boxers or the Bear, their all-in-all.  
Nay ev'n the knight seems now no joy to know  
But gorgeous pageantry and raree-show ;  
His spring of pleasure from the ear and brain  
Passed to the flickering eye and optics vain.  
Four hours or more uncurtained stands the stage,  
While troops of horse and foot fierce battle wage ;  
Cars, coaches, chariots, ships, astound the eye,  
And here kings stalk in chains, there squadrons fly :  
Corinthian vases plundered from the foe,  
And ivory statues in long order go.  
Oh could the laughing sage revisit earth,  
How would our staring audience move his mirth,  
When some white elephant their fond regard  
Attracts, or beast half-camel and half-pard !  
The people sure would his main interest share,  
And prove far more amusing than the play'r.  
The bard (God help him !) well with him might pass  
For one that tells his tale to a deaf ass.  
For where can histrionic lungs be found  
To stem the clam'rous din our pits resound ?  
Loud as the billows lash the Tuscan shore  
Or Gargan forests to the tempest roar,  
Their shouts salute the pomp with carvings rich,  
And gems, and foreign frippery, frounced in which  
No sooner stalks the play'r, than peals are heard  
On peals !—But has he spoken ?—Not a word.—  
Why then this coil ?—Yon tawdry stuff they view,  
Whose dye Tarentine mocks the violet's hue.

But, lest you think that hopeless to excel  
Myself, I slight what others handle well,

Know that to me that poet seems possessed  
Of pow'rs portentous, who can rack my breast  
With visionary woe, bid pity fill,  
Soothe, stir to wrath, with fancied horrors thrill,  
And, like a sorcerer, whisk me through the air  
To Thebes—to Athens—when he will and where !

But some there are, who loathe to trust their piece  
To an assembled public's proud caprice,  
Write to be read. To these aspirants too,  
Methinks, some portion of your care is due,  
If you would fill that sacred pile you rear  
With poems worthy great Apollo's ear,—  
Or fire our bards with zeal, and spur them on  
To climb the verdant heights of Helicon.

Oft to ourselves, indeed, we sons of song  
(To own the painful truth) work mickle wrong :  
When on your ear, for instance, at a time  
Of bus'ness or fatigue, we force our rhyme ;—  
When we resent the freedom of a friend  
Who dares this line or that to reprehend ;—  
When, in reciting, each choice phrase we meet,  
We hasten, uninvited, to repeat ;—  
When we lament that few have sense to trace  
Our poem's subtle thread and fine-spun grace ;—  
When we think surely that our scribbling vein  
No sooner shall transpire, than you will deign  
To smile upon our lays, caress, invite,  
Load us with boons, and urge us on to write.

Yet 'tis worth while to mark with wary eyes  
What sort of *Sacristans* the mute supplies  
Meet for the shrine, and competent to tell  
That worth in peace, in war, approved so well,—  
Worth, which 'twere sacrilege to trust, I deem,  
In hands unequal to so proud a theme.



Well had it been for Philip's warlike son  
If Chœrilus had ne'er his favour won,  
Nor to the conqueror of the world had sold  
His doggrel lines for Macedonian gold.  
For homely verse the purest fame will spot,  
Sure as ink handled leaves behind a blot.  
But he, in choice of bards so little nice,  
Who such a poem bought at such a price,—  
This very king, we're told, ordained by law  
None but Apelles should his semblance draw,  
And that Lysippus' hand should mould alone  
Great Alexander's shape in brass or stone.  
Thus the same mind, which Nature had endued  
With taste for works of art so nice and shrewd,  
When summoned to pronounce on books and bards  
And those fair tributes which the muse awards,  
Forgot its skill, and any one might swear  
He drew, when young, Bœotia's foggy air.

But, sir! the favoured bards, on whom is placed  
Your patronage, discredit not your taste ;—  
But speak the fine discernment which selects  
And the boon hand which hailed by all protects  
Virgil and Varius. Here the public voice  
Echoes the verdict and approves the choice.  
Nor breathes the form with portraiture more just  
On the smooth tablet stamped or brazen bust,  
Than of great worthies by the pen we find  
Sketched to the life the manners and the mind.  
Nor would I still my humble efforts bound  
To this colloquial verse that creeps aground,  
But rather launch in Epic's bold career,  
To sing the embattled host and bristling spear,  
Record the fields which Cæsar's arms have won,  
The rivers forded and the realms o'er-run,



Hills crowned with forts to curb each barb'rous horde,  
And a wide world compelled to own its lord,  
While Janus closed speaks peace restored anew  
And Parthia bows her neck to Rome and You—  
All this and more my ample page should fill,  
Were but my genius equal to my will.  
But so it is: Your dignity demands  
No flimsy treatment at the poet's hands ;  
And shame forbids this feeble pen to dare  
A theme my muse lacks energy to bear :  
Since too officious zeal has oft pulled down  
To its own level him it strove to crown ;  
But never more than when that zeal displays  
Its fulsome raptures in poetic lays.  
For sooner caught and steadier to abide  
On memory's tablet that which we deride,  
Than what revere. For me, had I such claim,  
Well could I spare the zeal which mars my fame.  
I wish not to stand forth to public view  
In wax with features coarser than the true,—  
Still less to hear some bungling bard rehearse  
My praises travestied in slov'nly verse ;  
Lest at a tribute so uncouthly paid  
I stand abashed ; and with my author laid  
In the broad bottom of some open chest,  
Budge to the shopman's counter to invest  
Pies, perfumes, pepper, frankincense, or ought  
That wrapped in reams of nonsense there is bought.

HOWES.

## EPISTLE II.

## TO JULIUS FLORUS.

*“Flore, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni.”*

FLORUS, the friend of Nero, good and brave,  
 Suppose a merchant, who would sell a slave,  
 Should thus address you : “ Sir, the boy’s complete  
 From head to foot, and elegantly neat :  
 He shall be yours for fifty pounds. He plays  
 The vassal’s part, and at a nod obeys  
 His master’s will—then for the Grecian tongue  
 He has a taste—so pliable and young,  
 Like clay, well tempered with informing skill,  
 He may be moulded to what shape you will.  
 His notes are artless, but his voice is fine,  
 To entertain you o’er a glass of wine.  
 He sinks in credit who attempts to raise  
 His venal wares with overrating praise,  
 To put them off his hands. My wants are none ;  
 My stock is little, but that stock my own.  
 No common dealer, sir, would sell a slave  
 On equal terms, nor should another have  
 So good a bargain. Guilty of one slip,  
 It seems, and fearful of the pendent whip,  
 I own he loitered once. The money pay ;  
 The lad is only apt to run away.”  
 I think he safely may the sum enjoy :  
 You know his failing, and would buy the boy :  
 The form was legal, yet you still dispute  
 The sale, and plague him with an endless suit.

I told you, frankly told you, ere you went,  
 That I was grown most strangely indolent,

No longer fit for offices like these,  
Lest my not writing might my friends displease ;  
But what avails whatever I can say,  
If you demur against so just a plea ?  
Besides, you murmur, that my muse betrays  
Your expectations in her promised lays.

A common soldier, who by various toils  
And perils gained a competence in spoils,  
At night fatigued, while he supinely snored,  
Lost to a farthing his collected hoard.  
This roused his rage, in vengeance for his pelf,  
Against the foe, nor less against himself.  
A very ravenous wolf, with craving maw,  
With hungry teeth and wide-devouring jaw,  
He charged with fury, as the folks report,  
Scaled the high wall, and sacked a royal fort,  
Replete with various wealth : for this renowned,  
His name is honoured, and his courage crowned :  
Besides, in money he receives a meed,  
A sum proportioned to the glorious deed.

His chief soon after purposing to form  
Another siege, and take a town by storm,  
Began to rouse this desperado's fire  
With words, that might a coward's heart inspire :  
“ Go, my brave friend, where fame and honour call ;  
Go ; with successful courage mount the wall,  
And reap fresh honours with an ample prize :—  
What stops your course ! ” The rustic shrewd replies :  
“ An't please you, captain, let another trudge it,  
The man may venture who has lost his budget.”

It chanced, at Rome, that I was early taught  
What woes to Greece enraged Achilles wrought ;  
Indulgent Athens then improved my parts  
With some small tincture of ingenuous arts,

Fair truth from falsehood to discern, and rove  
In search of wisdom through the museful grove.  
But, lo! the time, destructive to my peace,  
Me rudely ravished from that charming place ;  
The rapid tide of civil war amain  
Swept into arms, unequal to sustain  
The might of Cæsar. Dread Philippi's field  
First clipt my wings, and taught my pride to yield.  
My fortune ruined, blasted all my views,  
Bold hunger edged, and want inspired my muse.  
But say, what dose could purify me, blessed  
With store sufficient, should I break my rest  
To scribble verse? The waning years apace  
Steal off our thoughts, and rifle every grace.  
Alas! already have they snatched away  
My jokes, my loves, my revellings, and play.  
They strive to wrest my poems from me too ;  
Instruct me then what method to pursue.  
In short, the race of various men admire  
As various numbers : thee the softer lyre  
Delights : this man approves the tragic strain ;  
That joys in Bion's\* keen, satiric vein.

I have three guests invited to a feast,  
And all appear to have a different taste.  
What shall I give them? What shall I refuse?  
What one dislikes, the other two shall choose :  
And even the very dish you like the best,  
Is acid, or insipid to the rest.

Besides, at Rome, amidst its toils and cares,  
Think you that I can write harmonious airs?  
One bids me be his bail ; another prays  
That I would only listen to his lays,

\* Bion imitated Archilochus and Hipponax in his satirical poems. He wrote a criticism on Homer.

And leave all business ; more to raise your wonder,  
Although they live the length of Rome asunder,  
Yet both must be obeyed : and here you see  
A special distance—" But the streets are free,  
And, while you walk, with flowing fancy fraught,  
Nothing occurs to disconcert a thought."

Here furious drives a builder with his team ;  
An engine there upheaves the lengthened beam,  
Or ponderous stone ; here justling waggons jar  
With mournful hearses in tumultuous war :  
Hence runs a madding dog with baneful ire :  
Thence a vile pig, polluted with the mire.  
Go then, and bustle through the noisy throng,  
Invoke the muse, and meditate the song.

The tribe of writers, to a man, admire  
The peaceful grove, and from the town retire,  
Clients of Bacchus, indolent they dose  
Beneath the shade, and court its calm repose.  
How then in noise unceasing tune the lay,  
Or tread where others hardly find their way ?

A genius who, in Athens' calm retreat,  
Had studied hard his seven long years complete,  
Now, waxen old in discipline and books,  
Abroad he comes, with pale and meagre looks ;  
Dumb as a statue, slow he stalks along,  
And shakes with laughter loud the gazing throng.  
What then—at Rome ; in this tumultuous town,  
Tossed by the noisy tempest up and down,  
Can I, though even the willing muse inspire,  
Adapt her numbers to the sounding lyre ?

A wight there was, for rhetoric renowned,  
Whose brother was a lawyer most profound ;  
In mutual praise all honours were their own,  
And this a Gracchus, that a Mucius \* shone.

\* Mucius Scævola, a distinguished lawyer.

What milder frenzy goads the rhyming train ?  
Mine is the lyre ; in elegiac strain  
He soothes the soul. A wondrous work is mine !  
And his—was surely polished by the Nine !

With what an air of true poetic pride  
And high disdain, we view from side to side  
Apollo's temple, as if we ourselves,  
And none but we, should fill the vacant shelves !  
Then follow farther, if your time permits,  
And at a distance hear these mighty wits ;  
How far intitled to this mutual praise,  
Which freely gives, and arrogates the bays.  
Like gladiators, who, by candle-light,  
Prolong the combat, for with foils they fight ;  
With mimic rage we rush upon the foe,  
Wounded, we wound, and measure blow for blow.  
Alcæus I in his opinion shine,  
He soars a new Callimachus in mine ;  
Or if Mimnermus be his nobler fame,  
He struts and glories in the darling name.

Much I endured, when writing I would bribe  
The public voice, and soothe the fretful tribe  
Of rival poets. Now my rhyming heat  
Is cooled, and Reason reassumes her seat,  
I boldly bar mine ears against the breed  
Of babbling bards, who without mercy read.

Bad poets ever are a standing jest,  
But they rejoice, and, in their folly blessed,  
Admire themselves ; nay, though you silent sit,  
They bless themselves in wonder at their wit.  
But he who studies masterly to frame  
A finished piece, and build an honest fame,  
Acts to himself the friendly critic's part,  
And proves his genius by the rules of art ;

Boldly blots out whatever seems obscure,  
 Or lightly mean, unworthy to procure  
 Immortal honour, though the words give way  
 With warm reluctance, and by force obey ;  
 Though yet enshrined within his desk they stand,  
 And claim a sanction from his parent hand.

As from the treasure of a latent mine,  
 Long darkened words he shall with art refine ;  
 Bring into light, to dignify his page,  
 The nervous language of a former age,  
 Used by the Catos, and Cethegus \* old,  
 Though now deformed with dust, and covered o'er  
 with mould.

New words he shall endenizen, which use  
 Shall authorise, and currently produce ;  
 Then, brightly smooth, and yet sublimely strong,  
 Like a pure river, through his flowing song  
 Shall pour the riches of his fancy wide,  
 And bless his Latium with a vocal tide ;  
 Prune the luxuriant phrase ; the rude refine,  
 Or blot the languid, and unsinewed line.  
 Yet hard he labours for this seeming ease ;  
 As art, not nature, makes our dancers please.  
 A stupid scribbler let me rather seem,  
 While of my faults with dear delight I deem,  
 Or not perceive, than sing no mortal strain,  
 And bear this toil, this torture of the brain.

At Argos lived a citizen, well known,  
 Who long imagined that he heard the tone  
 Of deep tragedians on an empty stage,  
 And sat applauding in ecstatic rage :  
 In other points a person, who maintained  
 A due decorum, and a life unstained,

\* *Constul*, A. U. C. 548



A worthy neighbour, and a friend sincere,  
Kind to his wife, nor to his slaves severe,  
Nor prone to madness, though the felon's fork  
Defaced the signet of a bottle cork ; \*  
And wise to shun (well knowing which was which)  
The rock high pendent, and the yawning ditch.  
He, when his friends, at much expense and pains,  
Had amply purged with hellebore † his brains,  
Came to himself—" Ah ! cruel friends ! " he cried,  
" Is this to save me ? Better far have died,  
Than thus be robbed of pleasure so refined,  
The dear delusion of a raptured mind."

'Tis wisdom's part to bid adieu to toys,  
And yield amusements to the taste of boys,  
Not the soft sound of empty words admire,  
Or model measures to the Roman lyre,  
But learn such strains and rhapsodies, as roll  
Tuneful through life, and harmonise the soul.

Thus, when alone, I commune with my heart,  
And silent meditate this nobler art.  
If no repletion from the limpid stream  
Allayed the burnings of your thirsty flame,  
You strait would tell the doctor your distress ;  
And is there none to whom you dare confess,  
That, in proportion to your growing store,  
Your lust of lucre is inflamed the more ?  
If you were wounded, and your wound imbibed  
No soothing case from roots or herbs prescribed,  
You would avoid such medicines, be sure,  
As roots and herbs, that could effect no cure.

\* The Romans generally sealed a full bottle, to prevent their slaves from stealing the wine. From whence Persius says he will never touch a bottle of bad wine with his nose, as misers try whether the seal be unbroken.—*Francis*.

† A supposed cure for madness.



But you have heard, that Folly flies apace  
From him whom heaven hath gifted with the grace  
Of happy wealth, and though you have aspired  
Not more to wisdom, since you first acquired  
A fund, yet will you listen to no rule,  
But that from Fortune's insufficient school ?  
Could riches add but prudence to your years,  
Restrain your wishes, and abate your fears,  
You then might blush with reason, if you knew  
One man on earth more covetous than you.

If that be yours, for which you fairly told  
The price concluded (and as lawyers hold,  
In some things use a property secures),  
The land which feeds you must of course be yours.  
Your neighbour's bailiff, who manures the fields,  
And sows the corn, which your provision yields,  
Finds in effect, that he is but your slave :  
You give your coin, and in return receive  
Fowls, eggs, and wine ; and thus it will be found  
That you have bought insensibly the ground,  
The fee of which to purchasers before,  
Perhaps, had been two thousand pounds or more ;  
For what avails it in a life well passed,  
At first to pay the purchase, or at last ?  
The frugal man, who purchased two estates,  
Yet buys the pot-herbs which his worship eats,  
Though he thinks not : this tyrant of the soil  
Buys the mere wood, which makes his kettle boil ;  
And yet he calls that length of land his own  
From which the poplar, fixed to limits known,  
Cuts off disputes, as if he had the power  
Of that, which in the moment of an hour  
By favour, purchase, force, or Fate's commands,  
May change its lord, and fall to other hands.

Since thus no mortal properly can have  
A lasting tenure ; and, as wave o'er wave,  
Heir comes o'er heir, what pleasure can afford  
Thy peopled manors, and increasing hoard ?  
Or what avails it, that your fancy roves  
To join Lucanian to Calabrian groves,  
Inflexible to gold if rigid Fate  
Mows down, at once, the little and the great ?

Gems, marble, ivory, vases sculptured high,  
Plate, pictures, robes, that drink the Tyrian dye,  
These are the general wish ; yet sure there are  
Who neither have, nor think them worth their care.

Sauntering, perfumes, and baths, one brother loves  
Beyond the wealth of Herod's palmy groves ; \*  
Though rich the other, yet with ceaseless toil,  
Anxious he burns, ploughs, tames the stubborn soil.  
But whence these various inclinations rose  
The God of human nature only knows :  
That mystic genius, which our actions guides,  
Attends our stars, and o'er our lives presides ;  
Whose power appears propitious or malign,  
Stamped on each face, and varied through each line.

Be mine, my little fortune to enjoy ;  
A moderate pittance on myself employ,  
Nor fear the censure of my thankless heir,  
That I have left too little to his share.  
And yet the wide distinction would I scan  
Between an open, hospitable man,  
And prodigal ; the frugalist secure,  
And miser, pinched with penury ; for sure  
It differs, whether you profusely spend  
Your wealth, or never entertain a friend ;

\* Judea was famous for its woods of palms, from whence Herod drew a considerable revenue.

Or, wanting prudence, like a play-day boy  
Blindly rush on to catch the flying joy.  
Avert, ye gods, avert the loathsome load  
Of want inglorious, and a vile abode !  
To me are equal (so they bear their charge),  
The little pinnace, and the lofty barge.  
Nor am I wafted by the swelling gales  
Of winds propitious, with expanded sails,  
Nor yet exposed to tempest-bearing strife,  
Adrift to struggle through the waves of life,  
Last of the first, first of the last in weight,  
Parts, vigour, person, virtue, birth, estate.

You are not covetous : be satisfied.  
But are you tainted with no vice beside ?  
From vain ambition ; dread of death's decree ;  
And fell resentment, is thy bosom free ?  
Say, can you laugh indignant at the schemes  
Of magic terrors, visionary dreams,  
Portentous wonders, witching imps of hell,  
The nightly goblin, with enchanting spell ?  
Can you recount with gratitude and mirth  
The day revolved that gave thy being birth,  
Indulge the failings of thy friends, and grow  
More mild and virtuous, as thy seasons flow ?

Pluck out one thorn to mitigate thy pain,—  
What boots it—while so many more remain ?  
Or act with just propriety your part,  
Or yield to those of elegance and art.  
Already glutted with a farce of age,  
'Tis time for thee to quit the wanton stage,  
Lest youth, more decent in their follies, scoff  
The nauseous scene, and hiss thee reeling off.

FRANCIS.



THE  
ART OF POETRY.



# THE ART OF POETRY

IN AN EPISTLE ADDRESSED TO

LUCIUS CALPURNIUS PISO \* AND HIS  
TWO SONS.

*“Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam.”*

SUPPOSE a painter to a human head  
Should join a horse's neck, and wildly spread  
The various plumage of the feathered kind  
O'er limbs of different beasts, absurdly joined ;  
Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid  
Above the waist with every charm arrayed,  
Should a foul fish her lower parts infold,  
Would you not laugh such pictures to behold ?  
Such is the book, that like a sick man's dreams,  
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.

“Painters and poets our indulgence claim,  
Their daring equal, and their art the same.”  
I own th' indulgence—such I give and take ;  
But not through Nature's sacred rules to break,  
Monstrous to mix the cruel and the kind,  
Serpents with birds, and lambs with tigers joined.

Your opening promises some great design,  
And shreds of purple with broad lustre shine  
Sewed on your poem. Here in laboured strain  
A sacred grove, or fair Diana's fane  
Rises to view ; there through delicious meads  
A murmuring stream its winding water leads ;

\* Lucius Calpurnius Piso was a victorious soldier in the Thracian war and a popular Prefect of Rome. He seems to have been a man of literary taste, and Horace leads us to infer that his elder son was thinking of becoming a writer. It is to him that the epistle is chiefly addressed.

Here pours the rapid Rhine ; the wat'ry bow  
There bends its colours, and with pride they glow.  
Beauties they are, but beauties out of place ;  
For though your talent be to paint with grace  
A mournful cypress, would you pour its shade  
O'er the tempestuous deep, if you were paid  
To paint a sailor, midst the winds and waves,  
When on a broken plank his life he saves ?

Why will you thus a mighty vase intend,  
If in a worthless bowl your labours end ?  
Then learn this wandering humour to control,  
And keep one equal tenor through the whole.

But oft our greatest errors take their rise  
From our best views. I strive to be concise ;  
I prove obscure. My strength, my fire decays,  
When in pursuit of elegance and ease.  
Aiming at greatness, some to fustian soar ;  
Some in cold safety creep along the shore,  
Too much afraid of storms ; while he, who tries  
With ever-varying wonders to surprise,  
In the broad forest bids his dolphins play,  
And paints his boars disporting in the sea.  
Thus, injudicious, while one fault we shun,  
Into its opposite extreme we run.

One happier artist of th' Emilian square,\*  
Who graves the nails, and forms the flowing hair,  
Though he excels in every separate part,  
Yet fails of just perfection in his art,  
In one grand whole unknowing to unite  
Those different parts ; and I no more would write  
Like him, than with a nose of hideous size  
Be gazed at for the finest hair and eyes.

\* The Emilian square was a school of gladiators kept by Emilius Lepidus ; many artists lived near it.



Examine well, ye writers, weigh with care,  
What suits your genius ; what your strength can  
bear.

To him, who shall his theme with judgment choose,  
Nor words, nor method shall their aid refuse.

In this, or I mistake, consists the grace,  
And force of method,—to assign a place  
For what with present judgment we should say,  
And for some happier time the rest delay.

Would you to fame a promised work produce,  
Be delicate and cautious in the use  
And choice of words ; nor shall you fail of praise,  
When nicely joining two known words you raise  
A third unknown. A new-discovered theme  
For those, unheard in ancient times, may claim  
A just and ample licence, which, if used  
With fair discretion, never is refused.

New words, and lately made, shall credit claim,  
If from a Grecian source they gently stream ;  
For Virgil sure, and Varius may receive  
That kind indulgence, which the Romans gave  
To Plautus and Cæcilius : or shall I  
Be envied, if my little fund supply  
Its frugal wealth of words, since bards, who sung  
In ancient days, enriched their native tongue  
With large increase ? An undisputed power  
Of coining money from the rugged ore,  
Nor less of coining words, is still confessed,  
If with a legal, public stamp impressed.

As when the forest, with the bending year,  
First sheds the leaves which earliest appear,  
So an old age of words maturely dies,  
Others new-born in youth and vigour rise.

We and our noblest works to fate must yield ;  
Even Cæsar's mole,\* which royal pride might build,  
Where Neptune far into the land extends,  
And from the raging north our fleets defends ;  
That barren marsh,† whose cultivated plain  
Now gives the neighbouring towns its various grain ;  
Tiber (who taught a better current) yields  
To Cæsar's power, nor deluges our fields ;  
All these must perish, and shall words presume  
To hold their honours, and immortal bloom ?  
Many shall rise, that now forgotten lie ;  
Others, in present credit, soon shall die  
If custom will, whose arbitrary sway,  
Words, and the forms of language, must obey.

By Homer taught, the modern poet sings,  
In epic strains, of heroes, wars and kings.  
Unequal measures first were tuned to flow  
Sadly expressive of the lover's woe ;  
But now, to gayer subjects formed, they move  
In sounds of pleasure, to the joys of love :  
By whom invented, critics yet contend,  
And of their vain disputings find no end.

Archilochus, with fierce resentment warmed,  
Was with his own severe iambics armed,  
Whose rapid numbers, suited to the stage,  
In comic humour, or in tragic rage,  
With sweet variety were found to please,  
And taught the dialogue to flow with ease ;  
Their numerous cadence was for action fit,  
And formed to quell the clamours of the pit.

\* It formed the Julian harbour.

† The Pontine marshes. These were partly drained, and the inundations of the Tiber were checked by order of Augustus.

The muse to nobler subjects tunes her lyre ;  
 Gods, and the sons of gods, her song inspire,  
 Wrestler and steed, who gained th' Olympic prize :  
 Love's pleasing cares, and wine's unbounded joys.  
 But if, through weakness, or my want of art,  
 I can't to every different style impart  
 The proper strokes and colours it may claim,  
 Why am I honoured with a poet's name ?  
 Absurdly modest, why my fault discern,  
 Yet rather burst in ignorance than learn ?

Nor will the genius of the comic muse  
 Sublimar tones, or tragic numbers use ;  
 Nor will the direful Thyestean feast  
 In comic phrase and language be debased.  
 Then let your style be suited to the scene,  
 And its peculiar character maintain.

Yet Comedy sometimes her voice may raise,  
 And angry Chremes \* rail in swelling phrase :  
 As oft the tragic language humbly flows,  
 For Telephus or Peleus,† 'midst the woes  
 Of poverty or exile, must complain  
 In prose-like style ; must quit the swelling strain,  
 And words gigantic, if with Nature's art  
 They hope to touch the melting hearer's heart.

'Tis not enough, ye writers, that ye charm  
 With ease and elegance ; a play should warm  
 With soft concernment ; should possess the soul,  
 And, as it wills, the listening crowd control.

With them who laugh our social joy appears ;  
 With them who mourn we sympathise in tears :

\* A character in Terence.

† Telephus suffered poverty in seeking for his father. Peleus was driven into exile for being accessory to his brother's murder. The adventures of both princes had been the subject of tragedies.

If you would have me weep, begin the strain,  
Then I shall feel your sorrows, feel your pain ;  
But if your heroes act not what they say,  
I sleep or laugh the lifeless scene away.

The varying face should every passion show,  
And words of sorrow wear the look of woe ;  
Let it in joy assume a vivid air ;  
Fierce when in rage ; in seriousness severe :  
For Nature to each change of fortune forms  
The secret soul, and all its passions warms :  
Transports to rage, dilates the heart with mirth,  
Wrings the sad soul, and bends it down to earth.  
The tongue these various movements must express ;  
But, if ill-suited to the deep distress  
His language prove, the sons of Rome engage  
To laugh th' unhappy actor off the stage.

Your style should an important difference make  
When heroes, gods, or awful sages speak ;—  
When florid youth, whom gay desires inflame ;—  
A busy servant, or a wealthy dame—  
A merchant, wandering with incessant toil,  
Or he, who cultivates the verdant soil ;  
But if in foreign realms you fix your scene,  
Their genius, customs, dialects maintain.

Or follow Fame, or in th' invented tale  
Let seeming, well-united truth prevail :  
If Homer's great Achilles tread the stage,  
Intrepid, fierce, of unforgiving rage,  
Like Homer's hero, let him spurn all laws,  
And by the sword alone assert his cause.  
With untamed fury let Medea glow,  
And Ino's tears in ceaseless anguish flow.  
From realm to realm her griefs let Io bear,  
And sad Orestes rave in deep despair.

But if you venture on an untried theme,  
 And form a person yet unknown to fame,  
 From his first entrance to the closing scene,  
 Let him one equal character maintain.

'Tis hard a new-formed fable to express,  
 And make it seem your own. With more success  
 You may from Homer take the tale of Troy,  
 Than on an untried plot your strength employ.  
 Yet would you make a common theme your own,  
 Dwell not on incidents already known ;  
 Nor word for word translate with painful care,  
 Nor be confined in such a narrow sphere,  
 From whence (while you should only imitate)  
 Shame and the rules forbid you to retreat.

Begin your work with modest grace and plain,  
 Not like the bard of everlasting strain,  
 "I sing the glorious war and Priam's fate—"  
 How will the boaster hold this yawning rate ?  
 The mountains laboured with prodigious throes,  
 And, lo ! a mouse ridiculous arose.

Far better he, who ne'er attempts in vain,  
 Opening his poem in this humble strain :  
 " Muse, sing the man who, after Troy subdued,  
 Manners and towns of various nations viewed ; "  
 He does not lavish at a blaze his fire,  
 Sudden to glare, and in a smoke expire ;  
 But rises from a cloud of smoke to light,  
 And pours his specious miracles to sight ;  
 Antiphates his hideous feast devours,  
 Charybdis barks, and Polyphemus roars.

He would not, like our modern poet,\* date  
 His hero's wanderings from his uncle's fate ;

\* Antimachus, who wrote on the return of Diomedes and absurdly began his poem from the death of his hero's uncle Meleager.

Nor sing ill-fated Ilium's various woes,  
From Helen's birth, from whom the war arose ;  
But to the grand event he speeds his course,  
And bears his readers with resistless force  
Into the midst of things, while every line  
Opens, by just degrees, his whole design.  
Artful he knows each circumstance to leave  
Which will not grace and ornament receive :  
Then truth and fiction with such skill he blends,  
That equal he begins, proceeds, and ends.

Mine and the public judgment are the same ;  
Then hear what I, and what your audience claim.  
If you would keep us till the curtain fall,  
And the last chorus for a plaudit call,  
The manners must your strictest care engage,  
The levities of youth and strength of age.  
The child, who now with firmer footing walks,  
And with unfaltering, well-formed accents talks,  
Loves childish sports ; with causeless anger burns,  
And idly pleased with every moment turns.

The youth, whose will no froward tutor bounds,  
Joys in the sunny field, his horse and hounds ;  
Yielding like wax, th' impressive folly bears ;  
Rough to reproof, and slow to future cares ;  
Profuse and vain ; with every passion warmed,  
And swift to leave what late his fancy charmed.

With strength improved, the manly spirit bends  
To different aims, in search of wealth and friends ;  
Bold and ambitious in pursuit of fame,  
And wisely cautious in the doubtful scheme.

A thousand ills the aged world surround,  
Anxious in search of wealth, and when 'tis found,  
Fearful to use what they with fear possess,  
While doubt and dread their faculties depress,

Fond of delay, they trust in hope no more,  
Listless, and fearful of th' approaching hour ;  
Morose, complaining, and with tedious praise  
Telling the manners of their youthful days ;  
Severe to censure ; earnest to advise,  
And with old saws the present age chastise.

The blessings flowing in with life's full tide,  
Down with our ebb of life decreasing glide ;  
Then let not youth or infancy engage  
To play the parts of manhood or of age ;  
For where the proper characters prevail,  
We dwell with pleasure on the well-wrought tale.

The business of the drama must appear  
In action or description. What we hear,  
With weaker passion will affect the heart,  
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part.  
But yet let nothing on the stage be brought  
Which better should behind the scenes be wrought ;  
Nor force th' unwilling audience to behold  
What may with grace and eloquence be told.  
Let not Medea, with unnatural rage,  
Slaughter her mangled infants on the stage ;  
Nor Atreus his nefarious feast prepare,  
Nor Cadmus roll a snake, nor Progne wing the air ;  
For while upon such monstrous scenes we gaze,  
They shock our faith, our indignation raise.

If you would have your play deserve success,  
Give it five acts complete ; nor more, nor less ;  
Nor let a god in person stand displayed,  
Unless the labouring \* plot deserve his aid ;

\* At first in the Greek drama only one actor appeared on the stage apart from the chorus. Thespis was his own actor. Æschylus added a second and Sophocles a third. The chorus took an active part in the representation,



Nor a fourth actor, on the crowded scene,  
A broken, tedious dialogue maintain.

The chorus must support an actor's part ;  
Defend the virtuous, and advise with art ;  
Govern the choleric, the proud appease,  
And the short feasts of frugal tables praise ;  
Applaud the justice of well-governed states,  
And Peace triumphant with her open gates.  
Intrusted secrets let them ne'er betray,  
But to the righteous gods with ardour pray  
That Fortune with returning smiles may bless  
Afflicted worth, and impious pride depress ;  
Yet let their songs with apt coherence join,  
Promote the plot, and aid the main design.

Nor was the flute at first with silver bound,  
Nor rivalled emulous the trumpet's sound :  
Few were its notes, its form was simply plain,  
Yet not unuseful was its feeble strain  
'To aid the chorus, and their songs to raise,  
Filling the little theatre with ease,  
To which a thin and pious audience came,  
Of frugal manners, and unsullied fame.

But when victorious Rome enlarged her state,  
And broader walls inclosed th' imperial seat,  
Soon as with wine grown dissolutely gay,  
Without restraint she cheered the festal day ;  
Then poesy in looser numbers moved,  
And music in licentious tones improved ;  
Such ever is the taste, when clown and wit,  
Rustic and critic, fill the crowded pit.

He, who before with modest art had played,  
Now called in wanton movements to his aid,  
Filled with luxurious tones the pleasing strain,  
And drew along the stage a length of train ;



And thus the lyre, once awfully severe,  
Increased its strings, and sweeter charmed the ear :  
Thus poetry precipitately flowed,  
And with unwonted elocution glowed ;  
Poured forth prophetic truths in awful strain,  
Dark as the language of the Delphic fane.

The tragic bard,\* who for a worthless prize  
Bade naked satyrs in his chorus rise,  
Though rude his mirth, yet laboured to maintain  
The solemn grandeur of the tragic scene ;  
For novelty alone he knew could charm  
A lawless crowd, with wine and feasting warm.

And yet this laughing, prating tribe may raise  
Our mirth, nor shall their pleasantry displease ;  
But let the hero, or the power divine,  
Whom late we saw with gold and purple shine,  
Stoop not in vulgar phrase ; nor yet despise  
The words of earth, and soar into the skies.  
For as a matron, on our festal days †  
Obliged to dance, with modest grace obeys,  
So should the Muse her dignity maintain  
Amidst the satyrs, and their wanton train.

If e'er I write, no words too grossly vile  
Shall shame my satyrs, and pollute my style.  
Nor would I yet the tragic style forsake  
So far, as not some difference to make  
Between a slave, or girl, too pertly bold,  
Who robs the miser of his darling gold,  
And grave Silenus, with instructive nod  
Giving wise lectures to his pupil god.

\* Pratinus, who invented a mixed kind of tragedy with satyrs as the chorus. It was called the Satyric drama.

† Young women were usually chosen to dance in honour of the gods ; but in some festivals, as in that of the great goddess, the pontiffs obliged married women to dance.—*Dac.*

From well-known tales such fictions would I raise  
As all might hope to imitate with ease ;  
Yet while they strive the same success to gain,  
Should find their labour, and their hopes are vain :  
Such grace can order and connexion give ;  
Such beauties common subjects may receive.

Let not the wood-born satyr fondly sport  
With amorous verses, as if bred at court ;  
Nor yet with wanton jests, in mirthful vein,  
Debase the language, and pollute the scene,  
For what the crowd with lavish rapture praise,  
In better judges cold contempt shall raise.  
Rome to her poets too much licence gives,  
Nor the rough cadence of their verse perceives :  
But shall I then with careless spirit write ?  
No ! let me think my faults shall rise to light,  
And then a kind indulgence will excuse  
The less important errors of the muse.  
Thus, though perhaps I may not merit fame,  
I stand secure from censure and from shame.

Make the Greek authors your supreme delight ;  
Read them by day, and study them by night.—  
“ And yet our sires with joy could Plautus hear,  
Gay were his jests, his numbers charmed their ear.”  
Let me not say too lavishly they praised,  
But sure their judgment was full cheaply pleased,  
If you or I with taste are haply blessed,  
To know a clownish from a courtly jest ;  
If skilful to discern, when formed with ease  
The modulated sounds are taught to please.

Thespis, inventor of the tragic art,  
Carried his vagrant players in a cart :  
High o’er the crowd the mimic tribe appeared,  
And played and sung, with lees of wine besmeared,

Then Æschylus a decent vizard used ;  
Built a low stage ; the flowing robe diffused.  
In language more sublime his actors rage,  
And in the graceful buskin tread the stage.  
And now the ancient Comedy appeared,  
Nor without pleasure and applause was heard ;  
But soon its freedom rising to excess,  
The laws were forced its boldness to suppress,  
And, when no longer licensed to defame,  
It sunk to silence with contempt and shame.

No path to fame our poets left untried ;  
Nor small their merit when with conscious pride  
They scorned to take from Greece the storied theme,  
And dared to sing their own domestic fame.  
With Roman heroes fill the tragic scene,  
Or sport with humour in the comic vein.  
Nor had the mistress of the world appeared  
More famed for conquest, than for wit revered,  
Did we not hate the necessary toil  
Of slow correction, and the painful file.

Illustrious youths ! with just contempt receive,  
Nor let the hardy poem hope to live,  
Where time and full correction don't refine  
The finished work, and polish every line,  
Because Democritus in rapture cries,  
“ Poems of genius always bear the prize  
From wretched works of art,” and thinks that none  
But brain-sick bards can taste of Helicon ;  
So far his doctrine o'er the tribe prevails,  
They neither shave their heads, nor pare their nails ;  
To dark retreats and solitude they run,  
The baths avoid, and public converse shun ;  
A poet's fame and fortune sure to gain,  
If long their beards, incurable their brain.

Ah ! luckless I ! who purge in spring my spleen—  
Else sure the first of bards had Horace been.  
But shall I then, in mad pursuit of fame,  
Resign my reason for a poet's name ?  
No ! let me sharpen others, as the hone  
Gives edge to razors, though itself has none.  
Let me the poet's worth and office show,  
And whence his true poetic riches flow ;  
What forms his genius, and improves his vein ;  
What well or ill becomes each different scene ;  
How high the knowledge of his art ascends,  
And to what faults his ignorance extends.

Good sense, the fountain of the muse's art,  
Let the strong page of Socrates impart,  
And if the mind with clear conceptions glow,  
The willing words in just expression flow.

The poet, who with nice discernment knows  
What to his country and his friends he owes ;  
How various nature warms the human breast,  
To love the parent, brother, friend or guest ;  
What the great offices of judges are,  
Of senators, of generals sent to war ;  
He surely knows, with nice, well-judging art,  
The strokes peculiar to each different part.

Keep Nature's great original in view,  
And thence the living images pursue ;  
For when the sentiments and diction please,  
And all the characters are wrought with ease,  
Your play, though void of beauty, force and art,  
More strongly shall delight, and warm the heart,  
Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,  
And with sonorous trifles charms our ears.

To her loved Greeks the Muse indulgent gave,  
To her loved Greeks, with greatness to conceive,

And in sublimer tone their language raise—  
Her Greeks were only covetous of praise.  
Our youth, proficient in a nobler art,  
Divide a farthing to the hundredth part ;  
“ Well done, my boy,” the joyful father cries,  
“ Addition and subtraction make us wise.”

But when the rust of wealth pollutes the soul,  
And monied cares the genius thus control,  
How shall we dare to hope, that distant times  
With honour should preserve our lifeless rhymes ?

Poets would profit or delight mankind,  
And with the pleasing have th’ instructive joined.  
Short be the precept, which with ease is gained  
By docile minds, and faithfully retained.  
If in dull length your moral is expressed,  
The tedious wisdom overflows the breast.  
Would you divert ? the probable maintain,  
Nor force us to believe the monstrous scene,  
That shows a child, by a fell witch devoured,  
Dragged from her entrails, and to life restored.

Grave age approves the solid and the wise ;  
Gay youth from too austere a drama flies ;  
Profit and pleasure, then, to mix with art,  
To inform the judgment, nor offend the heart,  
Shall gain all votes ; to booksellers shall raise  
No trivial fortune, and across the seas  
To distant nations spread the writer’s fame,  
And with immortal honours crown his name.

Yet there are faults which we may well excuse,  
For oft the strings th’ intended sound refuse ;  
In vain his tuneful hand the master tries,  
He asks a flat, and hears a sharp arise ;  
Nor always will the bow, though famed for art,  
With speed unerring wing the threatening dart.

But when the beauties more in number shine,  
 I am not angry when a casual line  
 (That with some trivial faults unequal flows)  
 A careless hand, or human frailty shows.  
 But as we ne'er those scribes with mercy treat  
 Who, though advised, the same mistakes repeat ;  
 Or as we laugh at him who constant brings  
 The same rude discord from the jarring strings ;  
 So, if strange chance a Chœrilus inspire  
 With some good lines, I laugh, while I admire ;  
 Yet hold it for a fault I can't excuse,  
 If honest Homer slumber o'er his muse ;  
 Although, perhaps, a kind indulgent sleep  
 O'er works of length allowably may creep.

Poems like pictures are ; some charm when nigh,  
 Others at distance more delight your eye ;  
 That loves the shade, this tempts a stronger light,  
 And challenges the critic's piercing sight :  
 That gives us pleasure for a single view ;  
 And this, ten times repeated, still is new.

Although your father's precepts form your youth,  
 And add experience to your taste of truth,  
 Of this one maxim,—Piso,—be assured,  
 In certain things a medium is endured.  
 Who tries Messala's \* eloquence in vain,  
 Nor can a knotty point of law explain  
 Like learned Cascellius,† yet may justly claim,

\* Messala Corvinus, who inherited the eloquence as well as courage of his ancestors.

† Cascellius Aulus was a Roman knight, one of the greatest lawyers of his time. But his having courage to preserve his liberty in an age of universal slavery, raises his character with greater honour than all his wit and learning. The triumvirs, Lepidus, Antony, and Augustus, could not compel him to draw up their edict of proscription ; nor is it less glorious to Augustus, that a man of such a spirit of freedom should be mentioned with applause by a poet of his court.

For pleading or advice, some right to fame ;  
 But God, and man, and lettered post,\* denies  
 That poets ever are of middling size.  
 As jarring music at a jovial feast,  
 Or muddy essence, or th' ungrateful taste  
 Of bitter honey shall the guests displease,  
 Because they want not luxuries like these ;  
 So poems, formed alone to yield delight,  
 Give deep disgust, or pleasure to the height.

The man who knows not how with art to wield  
 The sportive weapons of the martial field,  
 The bounding ball, round quoit, or whirling troque,  
 Will not the laughter of the crowd provoke :  
 But every desperate blockhead dares to write—  
 Why not ? his fortune's large to make a knight ;  
 The man's freeborn ; perhaps of gentle strain ;  
 His character and manners pure from stain.  
 But thou, dear Piso, never tempt the muse,  
 If wisdom's goddess shall her aid refuse ;  
 And when you write, let candid Metius † hear,  
 Or try your labours on your father's ear,  
 Or even on mine ; but let them not come forth  
 Till the ninth ripening year mature their worth.  
 You may correct what in your closet lies :  
 If published, it irrevocably flies.

The wood-born race of men when Orpheus tamed,  
 From acorns and from mutual blood reclaimed,  
 This priest divine was fabled to assuage  
 The tiger's fierceness, and the lion's rage.  
 Thus rose the Theban wall ; Amphion's lyre,  
 And soothing voice the list'ning stones inspire.

\* " Lettered post." The pillars of the booksellers' shops on which were put the names of the books for sale.

† Spurius Metius Tarpa, a celebrated critic of that time.



Poetic wisdom marked, with happy mean,  
Public and private ; sacred and profane ;  
The wand'ring joys of lawless love suppressed ;  
With equal rites the wedded couple blessed :  
Planned future towns, and instituted laws—  
So verse became divine, and poets gained applause.

Homer, Tyrtaeus, by the muse inspired,  
To deeds of arms the martial spirit fired.  
In verse the oracles divine were heard,  
And Nature's secret laws in verse declared ;  
Monarchs were courted in Pierian strain,  
And comic sports relieved the wearied swain ;  
Apollo sings, the Muses tune the lyre,  
Then blush not for an art which they inspire.

'Tis long disputed, whether poets claim  
From art or nature their best right to fame :  
But art, if not enriched by nature's vein,  
And a rude genius, of uncultured strain,  
Are useless both ; but when in friendship joined,  
A mutual succour in each other find.

A youth who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,  
All arts must try, and every toil sustain ;  
Th' extremes of heat and cold must often prove,  
And shun the weakening joys of wine and love.  
Who sings the Pythic song, first learns to raise  
Each note distinct, and a stern master please ;  
But now—" Since I can write the true sublime,  
Curse catch the hindmost ! " cries the man of rhyme.  
" What ! in a science own myself a fool,  
Because, forsooth, I learned it not by rule ? "

As artful criers, at a public fair,  
Gather the passing crowd to buy their ware,  
So wealthy poets, when they deign to write,  
To all clear gains their flatterers invite.



But if the feast of luxury they give,  
Bail a poor wretch, or from distress relieve  
When the black fangs of law around him bend,  
How shall they know a flatterer from a friend ?

If e'er you make a present, or propose  
To grant a favour ; while his bosom glows  
With grateful sentiments of joy and praise,  
Never, ah ! never let him hear your lays !  
Loud shall he cry, " How elegant ! how fine ! "  
Turn pale with wonder at some happier line ;  
Distil the civil dew from either eye,  
And leap, and beat the ground in ecstasy.

As hirelings, paid for their funereal tear,  
Outweep the sorrows of a friend sincere,  
So the false raptures of a flatterer's art  
Exceed the praises of an honest heart.

Monarchs, 'tis said, with many a flowing bowl  
Search through the deep recesses of his soul,  
Whom for their future friendship they design,  
And put him to the torture in his wine ;  
So try, whene'er you write, the deep disguise,  
Beneath whose flattering smile false Reynard lies.  
Read to Quintilius, and at every line—

" Correct this passage, friend, and that refine."  
Tell him, you tried it twice or thrice in vain—  
" Haste to an anvil with your ill-formed strain,  
Or blot it out." But if you still defend  
The favourite folly, rather than amend,  
He'll say no more, no idle toil employ—  
" Yourself unrivalled, and your works enjoy."

An honest critic, when dull lines move slow,  
Or harshly rude, will his resentment show ;  
Mark every fault, and with his pen efface  
What is not polished to its highest grace ;

Prune all ambitious ornaments away,  
And teach you on th' obscure to pour the day ;  
Will mark the doubtful phrase with hand severe,  
Like Aristarchus, candid and sincere :  
Nor say, for trifles why should I displease  
The man I love ? for trifles such as these  
To serious mischiefs lead the man I love,  
If once the flatterer's ridicule he prove.

From a mad poet, whosoe'er is wise,  
As from a leprosy or jaundice, flies ;  
Religious madness in its zealous strain,  
Nor the wild frenzy of a moon-struck brain,  
Are half so dreadful : yet the boys pursue him,  
And fools, unknowing of their danger, view him.  
But, heedless wandering, if our man of rhyme,  
Bursting with verses of the true sublime,  
Like fowler, earnest at his game, should fall  
Into a well or ditch, and loudly call,  
“ Good fellow-citizens and neighbours dear,  
Help a poor bard ”—not one of them will hear :  
Or if, perchance, a saving rope they throw,  
I will be there, and—“ Sirs, you do not know  
But he fell in on purpose, and, I doubt,  
Will hardly thank you, if you pull him out.”

Then will I tell Empedocles's story,  
Who nobly fond of more than mortal glory,  
Fond to be deemed a god, in madding fit  
Plunged in cold blood in Etna's fiery pit.  
Let bards be licensed then themselves to kill ;  
'Tis murder to preserve them 'gainst their will.  
But more than once this frolic he hath played,  
Nor, taken out, will he be wiser made  
Content to be a man ; nor will his pride  
Lay such a glorious love of death aside.

Nor is it plain for what more horrid crime  
The gods have plagued him with this curse of rhyme ;  
Whether his father's ashes he disdained,  
Or hallowed ground with sacrilege profaned :  
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FRANCIS.

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A2 lated by the most eminent English scholars and poets, includ-  
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